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L'Isle Paul

THE SHOE AND CANOE

OR

PICTURES OF TRAVEL

IN

THE CANADAS.

38167

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THEIR SCENERY AND OF COLONIAL LIFE;

WITH FACTS AND OPINIONS ON EMIGRATION,
STATE POLICY, AND OTHER POINTS OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

With Numerous Plates and Maps.

By JOHN J. BIGSBY, M.D.

HON. MEM. AMERICAN GEOLOGICAL SOC., LATE SECRETARY TO THE BOUNDARY COMMISSION UNDER ART. VI. AND VII. TREATY OF GHENT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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"There He setteth the poor on high from affliction; and maketh him families like a flock. The righteous shall see it and rejoice."—*Ps.* cvii.

"Make my grave on the banks of the St. Lawrence."—LORD SYDENHAM, *late Governor-Gen. of British North America.*

PREFACE.

HAVING in comparative leisure, for a period of six happy years, wandered, pencil and pen in hand, over the greater portion of the Canadas, I purpose, in the following pages, to present to the reader a group of popular pictures of their scenery and social condition.

Through the medium of a series of excursions, it is intended to pourtray the objects which fill the traveller's eye, the life he leads, and the company he meets with, in this romantic and fertile part of North America.

A ready opportunity will thus be afforded

of noticing many important topics: such as emigration, colonial policy, Christian missions, the late Boundary Commission, the Hudson's Bay Company, and of placing on record some new topographical details.

My humble but earnest wish is (and most disinterestedly) to show my fellow-countrymen that Western Canada in particular is a pleasant land; that it presents a variety of enjoyments—sport to the sportsman, inspiration to the poet, excitement to the brave, and health to the delicate; while, at the same time, it offers unfailing abundance to the destitute, and a haven to the homeless.

Many who go thither for a year choose to stay all their lives; and not a few, having left it, are sad and ill at ease until they once more stand upon the breezy shores of Lake Ontario.

Like all who possess personal information on the subject, from the late Lord Metcalf

downwards, I beg to recommend and urge a large planned emigration, under the auspices, though not altogether at the expense, of Government.

With the most complete and gratifying success of previous efforts at colonisation, with the full consciousness of wide-prevailing distress at home, and well aware of the millions of rich acres in our American dependencies ready for occupation, the continued apathy of the British people and their rulers seems to call for the expression of no common indignation.

Let us then leave for a brief space the miseries we do not solace, the tears and crimes of our towns and villages, for the great lakes of Canada, reservoirs of crystal waters and wholesome airs, for the broad forest streams which pour into them, whose banks are peopled and peopling with our own energetic race.

Let us contemplate the diligent stirs and

exhaustless plenty of the new world. We shall find much to interest us in the august and singular features of the country, in its natural history, and in its population; among whom, besides the solemn Indian, the stereotyped French Canadian, and the enterprising New Englander, we shall meet with many originals from Europe; some hiding in woody nooks, others standing openly in the sight of a community too busy to bestow upon them more than a passing glance.

As my pages are meant to chronicle with fidelity actual incidents, feelings, and facts, they will tell of few extraordinary adventures, and of neither miracles nor monsters.

I deal not with the perishing things of the hour—with statistics, which (good in their place) are, in Canada, a kind of "dissolving view," so fugitive,—that truth to-day is falsehood almost on the morrow. Who can cope with the statistics of a great country like Canada West, whose popula-

tion and capital sometimes double in eight years? *

My object is, I repeat, to delineate, not the evanescent, but some of the fixed aspects of this noble colony—in its waters and forests, in its red and white inhabitants, their manners and prospects; and this from notes carefully made on the spot, with frequent corrections up to the present day.

Both my duty and my pleasure took me out of the common track,—into Lakes Simcoe Huron, Superior, &c.; into a portion of South Hudson's Bay, and up the River Ottawa, into Lake Nipissing, as well as to the rarely-visited Highlands of the St. Lawrence below Quebec.

Mine is a personal narrative. The reader's indulgence is, therefore, requested for the egotism which is unavoidable. The impersonal is unreadable: it is the current incident of the day which gives transpa-

* As in 1822–28, according to Sir F. Head and others.

rency and life. Some may say, that I gossip a little. This possibly may be so. It has happened to the wisest of men when beguiled by an agreeable theme. The cheerful get-along style which I desire to adopt is now acknowledged to be the true descriptive; and the stately and sonorous circumlocution of our forefathers is happily out of fashion.

But I must not abuse the great modern privilege of paper and ink in abundance, with the best of pens. A preface should be a title-page developed—a short letter of introduction, prophetic of the coming story, and no more.

Cicero, too, it is well to remember, somewhere lays it down that an auctioneer is to be allowed one puffer; but he does not say the same of an author.

P.S.—The public may be congratulated on the possession, at a moderate cost, of the

two charming volumes of "Canadian Scenery," by Mr. Bartlett. His views are equally beautiful and true: mine represent places which that gentleman did not visit, and were selected less for the extremely picturesque than for the characteristic.

London, May 1850.

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THE

VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.

VOYAGES across the Atlantic are such every-day events that I shall say but little of mine. They seldom have pleasant reminiscences; and the exploits of young gentlemen in shooting gulls and petrels, or in catching to their cost the stinging medusæ, have ceased to interest.

Steamboats have now converted such passages into mere courses of good eating in good company for prescribed periods, except for ambassadors, governors of colonies, and such-like, who must still submit to the honours and head-winds of the Queen's frigates.

I embarked as the medical officer to a large detachment of a German Rifle Regiment in the English service, amounting, together with a few emigrant families, to the number of three hundred and forty souls.

I think it was inconsiderate in our worthy

sea-captain to direct his course so near the pleasant coasts of Hampshire, Dorset, and Devon, that, as we left our native isle, we could see the slow wain and the gay chariot journeying on the high-roads—the country-seats and farmsteads surrounded by luxuriant crops, in large chequers of yellow, green, and white. Lovely did they look, and hard to leave. A wistful, regretful expression, was strong in every face on board; and when the night closed in, dark, raw, and showery, a young emigrant leaped into the sea, and was lost.

It may seem culinary and mean; but so it was;—much of our comfort came from the cooking talents of a worthy Major, who regulated our mess. He is now a Major-general, and knighted, for his services. I shall never forget the felicity with which he daily added to our soup two powders, pinch by pinch; the one a bright orange, and the other of a chocolate colour. Their nature I know not; but their effects on the soup were very gratifying.*

Except a few frights among the ladies, which ended in nothing serious, we had no mishaps

* A very elegant poet and accomplished man, who had spent a day for the first time at Newstead Abbey, was asked, when he returned to the house where he was staying, what he had enjoyed most. His answer was, "I think, my dinner." This, of course, was half a joke; but only half.

worth relating but one. It forms what may be called "the doctor's story."

We had had four or five days' dirty weather, contrary winds and high, with rain,—the seas sweeping over the deck so freely and often that the main-hatchway was usually closed, to the great detriment of the air between decks.

The sky being still dark and squally, I proceeded to fumigate this place, the fetid abode of at least two hundred persons, with sulphuric acid and the nitrate of potass.

The sentinel stood, as usual, over the hatchway, with drawn cutlass, to transmit messages below and to maintain order. He was a fair-haired young German, with the mild, simple look so frequent among his countrymen. I gave him my bottle of strong acid to hold while I descended by the unsteady ladder, so that he had both hands full. At that moment a heavy sea struck the ship, threw the poor German upon the deck, and scattered over him nearly the whole two ounces of burning liquid. Down came his cutlass upon me. He fell bellowing and rolling on the slushy deck like a madman. I thought he would have pushed through the loose flap of the bulwark into the sea. His shrieks and contortions were dreadful.

I took off the upper parts of his dress, and saw that the vitriol had burnt off large strips of skin and flesh from the face, all down the back and breast. I dashed magnesia water over him, and, laying myself down by the poor fellow (as the only means of making him drink), I contrived to pour down his throat, in spite of his convulsive throes, an hundred drops of laudanum.

This produced a lull. I repeated the dose twice at small intervals, until he was pretty well stupified. As the hot, stifling berth in the hold would do harm, I allowed him to lie in the rain on the wet deck for three or four hours, and only padded his sores with fine cotton—giving from time to time a little more laudanum.

As he was then becoming cold, we placed him in a berth below; and he was very grateful for some warm tea.

On stripping him further, we found his legs, too, were peeled. For three days he was in great torment; and a month elapsed before he was convalescent.

I remember but few cases where my feelings were so painfully drawn upon as in this of the amiable and patient German. The rolling, greasy deck, the sheets of drenching spray, the falling rain, and the crowding of affrighted spectators—

together with the agony of the young soldier (caused by myself), made out a scene of gloom and misery which quite overwhelmed me.

During his medical treatment, the doctor and patient became great friends. Many were the tit-bits begged from the officers' mess; and books were supplied, to give pleasure and profit to the weary hour.

As we lay becalmed on the banks of Newfoundland, fishing for cod was a great treat to all ranks on board; both in the catching with hook and line, and in the eating.

The fog was so penetrating as to soak with moisture the blankets in our state-cabins: and yet no one caught cold; and so dense was it, that sometimes we could not see the length of our small vessel.

Not being certain of our position, a boat, into which I jumped, was sent out to sound. The sailors soon learnt where they were from the nature of the bottom.

During our absence, kettles, bells, and bugles, were kept sounding terrifically on board the good ship, or we never should have found it again; for at twenty yards' distance we lost sight of her. I shall never forget the vast magnifying effect of the mist on the ship, her spread sails, shrouds, and cordage. She loomed into sight an im-

mense white mass, filling half the heavens. Young travellers should, on principle, be always placing themselves within reach of new impressions.

Our German soldiers were remarkably docile and good-humoured. Every tolerable evening, a party of them sat in the forecastle, upon the beam which carries the ship's bell, and sang in parts the beautiful airs of their fatherland.

We sailed close past the Isle of St. Paul in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and thence onwards, very favourably. One fine morning, looking through the porthole of my little cabin, with joy and surprise I saw a pretty shore about half a mile off—a crescent beach of bright yellow sand, with low rocks and woods behind. It was a bight on the coast of Labrador, where we had anchored during the night in a fog.

We soon set sail again, and in due time anchored off Apple Island, sixty or seventy miles below Quebec.

While waiting for a favourable tide we went on shore, and found the island loaded with ripe bilberries (*Vaccinium Canadense*), and in its centre a spring of pure fresh water, bubbling up from beneath a smooth brown rock. The sugar-loaf mountains of New Brunswick were on the south-east in the remote distance, and a low,

rugged wilderness on our north, with a few fishermen's huts on the margin of the water.

Only those who have been pent up among the evil scents and dissonant noises of a ship can estimate the pleasure of a wash, a fragrant stroll, and a banquet upon the juicy fruit of America for the first time.

Awaking early next morning, we found the anchor raised and our ship driving rapidly up a magnificent but slowly narrowing gulf, twenty to thirty miles broad. On our north were mountainous forests, dimpled and cut through by populous valleys (Eboulements. St. Paul); while on the south shore we saw gentle uplands, for the most part cultivated, with the white dwellings of the peasantry picturesquely beading the edge of the river St. Lawrence.

By this time we had a first-rate river-hurricane. Two sails were blown to rags. Tide assisting, we drove on under bare poles, at the rate of seventeen to eighteen miles an hour. The winds tore off the sharp white crests of the waves, and dashed them in our faces. Two or three of those sportive fish called "thrashers," a kind of whale, of a shining white colour, were not far off, rushing about in uproarious pastime, and occasionally flinging themselves out of the sea bodily. It was a most animating scene.

We soon came abreast of the large island of Orleans, and pursued a narrow channel between it and the south shore for ten or twelve miles, when a most splendid panorama burst upon our sight, as we began to cross a basin in front of Quebec, more than a league broad.

To the left we had the pine-clad rocks, scattered white houses, and trim churches of Point Levi; to the right, the lengthy village of Beauport, and the graceful cascade of Montmorenci, screened by purple mountains. Before us, in front, was the fine city of Quebec, crowning a lofty promontory, and alternately in gloom and gleam with the scud of the tempest; while the battlements of Cape Diamond, overlooking the city, were seen to extend out of sight up the now contracted river. Some vessels of war, with crowds of merchant-ships and steamers, fringed the shore.* Imagination had no difficulty in placing this noble and varied picture in its appropriate frame, "the amplitudes of savage and solitary nature" all around, and reaching to the Arctic circle.

* Among other vessels was one which left Portsmouth on the same day that we did, and arrived three hours before us, without our having once seen each other on the voyage.

The dotted lines represent roads.
QUEBEC AND ITS VICINITY.
Charlebourg
Old Loretto
Mill
Inn
Beauport
Patersons Works
NORTH CHANNEL
THE BASIN
R. St Charles
Canardiere
St Foix
C. Rouge
Plains of Abraham
Diamond
St Joseph
ISLAND OF ORLEANS
SOUTH CHANNEL
RIVER ST. LAWRENCE
Wolfes Cove
Pollery Cove
New Liverpool
Caldwells Mills
Ferry
Trompe Souris
Telegraph
Trail to the Falls
Great Falls
R. CHAUDIERE
R. ETCHEMIN
Arlaca
VINCENNES
Day & Son, lith.rs to the Queen

QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS.

SCENERY AND SOCIETY.

Walk round Quebec — Winter — The Irish Poor — Society, its Materials — Anecdotes — Charivari — Public Institutions — The Vicinity, &c.

We soon cast anchor. I landed on one of the quays of the lower town, and found myself amid a jumble of dingy, heavy-built houses and warehouses, overhung by very high, perpendicular rocks in smooth sheets, and bearing on their brow, so far as I could see from hence, principally, the broad façade of the Château St. Louis, the residence of the Governor-general.

A little way from the water's edge, Mountain Street begins to wind up a cleft in the precipice laboriously steep.

One-third of the way up I looked down Break-neck Stairs,* a long flight of steps leading down to the narrow and picturesque Champlain Street.

* So called from an officer having ridden down them without breaking his neck.

Continuing my upward course, I at length thankfully found level ground on the terrace of the House of Assembly, from whence, sitting on a shotted cannon, my sailor friends and the whole river scene could be espied.

A few stone steps and the turning of a corner or two soon brought me to the Albion Hotel, in the Place d'Armes, the open space near the English church, where I found my military fellow voyagers refreshing themselves right merrily.

This having been done to our complete satisfaction we determined upon a ramble, and thought it best to make for the highest point first; from thence to master the principal bearings and features of our new home, for such to most of us was Quebec to be.

We soon stand upon one of the summits of Cape Diamond, 347 feet above the river.

Of the fortress itself we may only prudently say that it is, externally, an assemblage of low, thick, stone walls, pierced with portholes, running here and there according to the form of the ground and the rules of art. Walled ditches are without, and low barracks, storehouses, and magazines within; and everywhere officers, soldiers, and artificers, are moving about in their different vocations.

From this commanding elevation the eye de-

lights itself in a scene unrivalled in the western world for grandeur, variety, and picturesque beauty. There is nothing comparable, either at New York, Boston, or Philadelphia.

South-westwards (up the river) we have, rising in woody steeps, about 300 feet above the St. Lawrence, the battle-plain of Abraham, now a stony pasture and race-course, but for ever memorable as the spot where died Wolfe and Montcalm, —men of views, and aims, and qualities far in advance of their age. The plain is shut in by pine-woods, which hide several pretty villas and all the country beyond.

Behind me, as I now stand, and far below, the tide runs roughly and swiftly up the river.* Immediately at our feet lies the dusky and dense city of Quebec, with its houses, churches, convents, barracks, and other public edifices, all gloomy and heavy roofed, stretching away into the gradually vanishing suburbs of St. John and St. Roque.

* The river channel was not worn down and formed by itself, but left after some great convulsion, which raised the promontory of Quebec to its present height. Its rocks have been upheaved and torn violently from the adjacent and continuous horizontal strata of limestone. The black limestone of Quebec is perpendicular, or at a very high angle, while its kindred rock all over Canada and the state of New York is horizontal, lying now as it was deposited.

We observe that the city is completely girt with military defences, with occasionally a massive gate, and empty spaces within the walls, either for promenades or markets.

We hear a regimental band playing on the esplanade, near the St. Louis gate, before a crowd of soldiers and spectators.

Passing the eye northwards over the city, it crosses seven miles or more of a rough, partially-cultivated country, dotted with houses, to rest upon a range of steep wooded mountains, which strike the St. Lawrence at Cape Tourment; a black headland, remote, but still high and imposing.

Looking now easterly, we have below us the ample basin of Quebec, alive with ships; and the placid island of Orleans on the far side, twenty miles long, and almost filling up the river.

The immediate south shore, we perceive, is rugged and high, occupied with dwellings, and farms near at hand, while the more distant region, the valley of the Chaudière chiefly, is a sea of undulating forests, extending within sight, I verily believe, of the frontiers of the United States.*

* In winter this whole scene is most splendid, but in a different way. With the exception of the high-pitched roofs of the houses in the town beneath, whose smooth metallic coverings will not allow the snow to rest, the hues of summer are gone. The whole region—the city, suburbs, environs, the plains and slopes, with

Let us now descend into the town. It is a strange place to the mere English. In its architecture it is French, or perhaps it resembles yet more the semi-palatial massiveness of Augsburg.

Standing aloft in the air, swept in winter by Siberian blasts, thick walls and double windows are indispensable at Quebec.

the farm fences—lie asleep, as it were, under a vast envelope of snow, crystalline and dazzling white, while the steeper parts of the sugar-loaf mountains are of a glowing purple.

The St. Lawrence looks dull and leaden, full of ice-fields, with here and there an up-torn tree, the sport of the incessant tides, forming a singular contrast by its drear aspect with the glittering snow and sapphire sky.

Every morning during winter, while at breakfast, I had before me the animating sight of hundreds of the peasantry crossing with laden canoes the boisterous strait between Point Levi and Quebec, at one time pushing their canoes across the floes, and at another paddling through clear water. About every third winter these wandering sheets of ice become fixed, jammed up by a strong wind, and cemented together by two or three sharp nights. This is an event of public interest, and very useful.

A couple of hundred soldiers are sent to mark out the road, by planting young pines at short distances, and winding among high mounds of upheaved sheets and blocks of ice.

A very picturesque scene it is. We are in a deep trough or chasm: on the one side are the Lauzon Precipices (Point Levi continued), fringed with pines; and on the other the city, with its roofs and spires sparkling under a cloudless sun. Indeed the skies are here perfectly Italian, except during the snow-storms, which, by the way, for violence must be seen to be appreciated.

I have repeatedly observed, in severe frosts, the singular fact,—that when the snow has been hard packed it rings on being struck, or clinks, like basalt or greenstone.

This elevation, however, has its advantages also, particularly in the heats of summer; and there is scarcely a turn or opening in any of the streets which does not present to the surprised and charmed sight an exquisite picture of bright waters and mountains, framed in the time-stained rampart or mouldering convent wall. My friend, Mr. Adams, C. E., made a beautiful series of coloured sketches of these peeps, which I greatly coveted.

As I am not writing topography, I shall simply say that we soon found ourselves in a grotesque old market-place, admirably delineated by Bartlett, with a blackened Jesuits' college, now a barrack, on one side, and a large unsightly Roman Catholic church opposite; the two other sides being filled up with antique dwellings, their roofs pierced with windows.

From the market-place there diverge a number of streets with stiff, beetle-browed houses, and some sleepy retail shops, leading either into the country by some sentinelled gateway, or down to the Lower Town.

East of the market-place is St. Louis Street, long, broad, and handsome, the residence of many officials. It has the esplanade, already alluded to, at its south-west end; the English church, the Place d'Armes, and, until lately, the Château

St. Louis, at its north-east end. The château was burnt down not long ago, and its site converted into a promenade of extreme beauty.

There is at the head of Mountain Street a convenient House of Assembly, overlooking the St. Lawrence Basin, and an extensive pile of buildings used as a Catholic seminary.

Having mentioned the respectable Court of Justice and the Albion Hotel, now converted into public offices, I do not leave unnoticed any very prominent structure.

The suburbs of St. Louis, St. John, and St. Roque, although large, are mere rectangular streets, of wooden houses, for the most part unpaved, and only with an edging on the side-walks, of squared logs, to keep the pedestrian out of the deep quagmire which six months out of the twelve reigns triumphant in the carriage-way. Near St. Roque is a spacious and handsome hospital, built under the French *régime*. It is in full employ.

Near St. Roque, also, the River St. Charles passes from the mountains to join the St. Lawrence. Around its slimy embouchure are various breweries and ship-building establishments, which with the timber trade form the staple occupations of Quebec.

We were never allowed to forget that we were

in a military stronghold, especially when we approached the outskirts, bristling and defiant with its covered ways, walls, and bastions, its cannon and pyramids of iron balls guarded by jealous sentries innumerable. We meet not only the French shopkeeper, the active and somewhat assuming English merchant, the sea-captain and his ruddy, whiskered sailors, but everywhere and continually, military of all arms, palpably forming an important portion of the general population.

The French physiognomy and manners everywhere prevail. The young have usually slight figures, short faces, and dark, quick eyes; the old are very wrinkled, but the step is firm, the fire of the bright eye unquenched, and many a mouth is made happy by a short pipe.

I was surprised to find pigtails lingering among the old men, among other relics of the days of Louis XV., and therefore did not wonder in 1837 on being told that a grenadier of Austerlitz and Friedland finds himself at home as beadle of the large church of St. Mark on the banks of the Richelieu.

All the native Canadians of the working class are dressed in a coarse grey cloth of their own manufacture, with the warm hooded capote in winter, of the same colour, bound close to the body by a worsted sash of many gay hues.

The women of the lower orders, dressed in purple and red, as in Normandy, are noisy and brisk. They have the easy, elastic walk, and the amiable look, of their sisters in France, the same neatly-clad feet, the same ready ability and self-confidence. You may see some few charming faces and figures among the very young; but the climate, the stoves, the hard work, and especially the early loss of teeth, destroy all this before the attainment of their thirtieth year.

We do not go far into the streets without meeting an Indian or two, squalid and abject, not revelling in vermillion and feathered finery, like their brethren of the far interior. In the course of the ensuing winter I soon found out, that if we hear the multitudinous barking of curs in the street, it is caused by their besetting and snapping at Indians, who have come from the woods, or from their village of Lorette, to beg, or to sell game and baskets.

The extreme antipathy of town-bred dogs to Indians partly arises from their peculiar odour, which is perceptible at some distance, but to me is not disagreeable.* The Indians take little more

* A short time ago the Indians of the Red River settlement memorialised the Church Missionary Society to send them a missionary—not a new one, but the Rev. Mr. Cockran, who, said they, "was accustomed to their stink."

notice of this annoyance than an occasional lunge with a stick at any dog who comes too forward. The troops of large wolfish dogs which rush upon the traveller, riding or on foot, as he enters any Canadian village, is a great nuisance. They accompany him, as he traverses the place, with open mouth and loud cries, beyond the very last house.

It is high time to put an end to this our first and very gratifying walk round Quebec. On our return to the hotel, our affable landlady surprised us at supper with some prime beaver-tail, which gave rise to much talk and many opinions as to its merits; and the next day, dining at a regimental mess, I partook of a sparerib of bear, and found it excellent.

In common with several of my ship companions I wintered in this city, and collected the desultory observations which now follow.

I scarcely know of anything more interesting to a man of an active and inquiring spirit than a winter residence at Quebec.

If it be pleasant to dwell among an intelligent and proverbially social community; if, taking higher ground, it be pleasant to be a sympathising observer amid a people educating for great destinies, busily working out their material prosperity

by means of their great river, and its mediterraneans of fresh water (gifts inestimable), planting and fostering the institutions of science, charity, and religion; then Quebec is an eminently desirable abode and watch-tower.

At Quebec we have all the singularities and novelties of Tobolsk, without a Russian governor, his fiery beard, and fetters.

The town stands so high that all the atmospheric changes of a Siberian climate, so gloomy and so brilliant by turns, are in full display. Many of the houses look directly upon the wilderness, its mountains and floods, so that from your double-windowed drawing-room you can witness in their birth and explosion either the black-grey, blinding, choking snow-storm of the cold season, or the almost unequalled electric tempests of the warm. To gaze upon the aurora borealis of this region is worth a long voyage.

In the streets we walk, with spikes in our shoes, upon ice three and six feet thick, in heavy fur caps and wrappers. We meet with milk for sale, carried about in cabbage-nets; frozen fish, which come to life again; we see stout little horses pinned, or all but pinned, to the ground by icicles hanging from their noses, sometimes three feet long.

Twice within five minutes I have informed persons that their nose or ear was frost-bitten.

Sunshine and the heavens are usually as bright as in Italy.

It is then that you daily hear in the streets a concert of musical horsebells, giving notice that one or other of the numerous cavalcades of elegant sledges are in motion, filled with beauty and fashion, lying warm in a profusion of furs. They are on their way, in long lines, to some well-known place of resort, as Lake Charles or Montmorenci, or are merely parading the town, as the wont is; and it is a charming sight.

The sportsman has free scope for his skill and endurance in the neighbourhood of Quebec. Elks, bears, and deer, may be found in their native woods at no great distance, but fifty or sixty miles off they are always to be encountered, with the assistance of the Lorette Indians. Snipe, wild duck, &c. &c. are abundant much nearer.*

It is true that Quebec, in north latitude 47°, has the winter of St. Petersburgh in north lati-

* To see a sportsman, as you may here occasionally do, drifting slowly down a wintry river in a white boat, disguised by an ice-like pile of white calico, towards, and finally into, a flock of wild ducks peacefully feeding, is a painfully interesting sight. The discharge takes place. Up rise the affrighted birds; ten or twenty are struggling, wounded, in the water; and the exulting fowler collects his prey.

On this subject I know no book so life-like and entertaining as Tolfrey's "Sportsman in Canada." To this inexpensive work I refer the reader altogether for information on this head.

tude 60°, and, at the same time, a summer more oppressively hot than Paris.

Its mean annual temperature is 37° 5′ Fahr., that of London being 49°. There is perhaps no part of the world where the annual range of the thermometer is greater than at Quebec; it is here 128°. In the course of a day I have seen a descent of from 37° Fahr. to 28° below zero.

Three principal reasons have been adduced by Dr. Rolph of Toronto to explain the fact of North America being much colder than Europe in the higher corresponding latitudes.

They are, first, the greater proximity of the vast body of ice and snow stretching southwards from the Arctic regions; secondly, the multitudes of frozen lakes in Hudson's Bay; and thirdly, the absence of a mountain barrier to screen the Canadas from the cold winds of the north-west and west.

These, I may add, are the prevailing winds, and bring to the Atlantic coasts not only the Arctic temperature, but the extreme cold of the Rocky Mountains, and the bare and lofty plains on their east.

Lower Canada is, in fact, placed in the zone of transition between the polar and temperate climates, and would have been probably far colder than it is, were it not for the admirable provision

of nature, that water, in freezing, liberates a large amount of heat which had been latent, and so raises the general temperature.

It is remarkable that the longer the European remains in Lower Canada the more susceptible he becomes of cold. For the first two or three winters he scarcely feels it; but afterwards his wrappings gradually increase, till at last he is buried in furs and woollens. So it is with the heats of India.

Dr. Kelly, in an excellent paper published in the third volume of the "Literary and Historical Society of Quebec," mentions that the average mortality of Canadian towns is nearly double that of the country. He accounts for this by stating, that at Quebec, &c. (I know it too well) there is no regular system of cleaning the streets; that the public sewers are in such a state that some of the houses in one of the principal streets are scarcely habitable at times from stench. He adds, that the sewers open into the lower town most offensively. The suburbs, with few exceptions, have neither paving nor sewers. After the melting of the snow, in April and May, the streets of the flat suburb of St. Roche become ponds or sloughs of ice, melting and mixing with the accumulated putridities of the whole winter.

I hope there are few towns in Christendom where such an amount of disease and destitution exists as in Quebec. There are still fewer, I am sure, where it is met by a charity so untiring by the various Christian denominations. I shall not record the names of those who were most conspicuous in this holy labour; they have no wish to be known beyond the sphere they adorn and bless. This misery does not touch the native poor, but the fever-stricken, naked, and friendless Irish — a people truly "scattered and peeled" — who year after year are thrown in shoals upon the wharfs of Quebec from ships which ought to be called "itinerant pest-houses."

These unwelcome outcasts are crowded, without proper provision, into vessels fitted up almost slave-ship fashion, by the agents of impoverished and unprincipled landlords, who rely on the public and private commiseration of the western world; and it has been taxed beyond endurance. Much of the guilt, certainly, lies upon the Irish Government, who do little or nothing to prevent so frightful a state of things. Thus matters continue to the present hour, I believe; worse rather than better.

These poor creatures, on landing, creep into any hovel they can, with all their foul things

about them. When they are so numerous as to figure in the streets, they are put, I believe by the Colonial Government, into dilapidated houses, with something like rations, of which latter the worthier portion of the emigrants are apt to see but little: they are clutched by the clamorous.

The filthy and crowded state of the houses, the disgusting scenes going on in them, can only be guessed by a very bold imagination. I have trod the floor of one of such houses, almost over shoes in churned and sodden garbage, animal and vegetable. It required dissecting-room nerves to bear it.

After starving about Quebec for months, the helpless Irishman and his family begin to creep up the country on charity or government aid, and thus strew the colony with beggary and disease. A Quebec winter does not allow of lazzaronism. Some perish, some are absorbed into the general population, and many more go into the United States.

For six winter months I was medical officer to the emigrants at Quebec, whether in hospital or in forlorn lodgings; until, in fact, I nearly lost my life by typhus and dysentery. While so employed, I have often been deeply interested in the history of individual families, in their misfortunes from villany, inexperience, sickness, and the like.

The resignation manifested by young and old has been marvellous; and more than once have I had the pleasure of seeing my poor friends led on, in the course of time, even to prosperity.

Many of the beds in the low lodging-houses of Quebec are in recesses made in the walls. Not unfrequently, when I have entered on duty a dark and crowded apartment, containing several of these impure holes, I have seen a large black mass of clothes half thrust into one of them. It was the present excellent Bishop of Montreal (Dr. Mountain), in his bulky winter dress, administering religious instruction to the sick, utterly regardless of the poison he was breathing, and anxious only to console and succour.

His lordship reads the service of Common Prayer in a very singular manner, no doubt unconsciously. On my first hearing him, and not being acquainted with his apostolic character, I could not help smiling; but when I found out whose faithful disciple and servant he was, I smiled no more.

The remedies for the miseries I have been briefly describing lie in a well-paid and well-organised system at home for the licensing and inspection of emigrant ships; and another in the colonies for the reception and distribution of the

new comers, especially during the present transition state of Ireland.

Society at Quebec, in the usual accepted meaning of the word, as formed of people of talent, acquirements, good income, and good temper, is of a very superior and varied kind; not, however, in summer, because then every one is either absent or extremely busy.

The materials for this good society are furnished by the vice-regal court, the ministers of religion, the numerous members of the Colonial Legislatures, the courts of law, the French gentry coming in from their seigniories, the professions, the large garrison. I am sorry to place (accidentally) last in this list the truly respectable and hospitable class of resident merchants and their families, who, although overworked in summer, are permitted in winter to indulge in a well-earned repose. During this season the Canadian capital exhibits a perpetual flow of dinners, balls, concerts, governor's receptions, pic-nic parties, &c. &c., for men of good income. For the poor soldier, and the labouring class generally, the only recreation is, or was, that of the dram-shop and canteen.

I served under two governors-general, the late Duke of Richmond and the late Earl of

Dalhousie,—two men, though both Scotchmen I think, as dissimilar as could well be found.

The Duke was Irish all over, frank, benevolent, sanguine, expensive, a lover of sporting men, and of an occasional gentlemanly carouse.

In the exercise of his public functions he was most probably bound hand and foot to the narrow policy of the Castlereagh ministry.

The Duke of Richmond died of hydrophobia very distressingly in the backwoods of the River Ottawa. A Plantagenet dying thus in a hovel in a Canadian wild might be made a very searching text. He was popular and much lamented.

Lord Dalhousie was a very favourable specimen of the Scottish mind. He was a quiet, studious, domestic man, faithful to his word, and kind, but rather dry. He spoke and acted by measure, as if he were in an enemy's land; and so, in truth, he was, because, in the face of the most powerful and determined opposition, he was honestly carrying out, as well as he could, the instructions of ill-informed men residing three thousand miles away.

Both these noblemen exercised a generous hospitality.

Lady Dalhousie was a pattern of every virtue to the whole colony, an accomplished and highly educated person. She received her company

with a quiet, self-possessed grace, which, while it encouraged the timid, repelled the undue familiarity of her promiscuous visitors. She had the precious art of making the right people talk, and to some agreeable or useful purpose. She herself excelled in miniature-painting and botany.

I have little to say respecting the Quebec clergy. They were personally amiable. They worked the outward machinery of the Church of England with professional accuracy, but I fear they did little more than visit and relieve the sick when called upon. The archdeacon, Dr. Mountain, however, of whom mention has already been made, was a priest after another and a better order.

How beautiful it is to watch the effects upon a congregation of an earnest ministry—to see how the little, secret lamps of love and service light up, one after another—how they brighten, enlarge, and multiply under the teaching, until suddenly they burst into one great and beneficent illumination, which cannot be hid, and which manifests itself in painstaking labours for the souls and bodies of men.

A congregation thus becomes one compact spiritual host, prepared to work for their Master's glory in a thousand ways,—as a refuge for the sinful and miserable, a training-school for the

young, a support to the feeble and aged, and a buckler to the oppressed.

But what is a congregation now, too frequently? Its members know nothing of each other; and often sit as coldly and unconcernedly in a church as in a railway waiting-room.

Quebec always had a well-conducted garrison, men and officers in a high state of efficiency and discipline.

I recollect well that we had the dashing and dressy ensign, the more prudent lieutenant, the sententious field-officer, and the thoughtful and reserved general in command, with his high-bred aides-du-camp,—the latter, frivolous as they may occasionally seem at his excellency's table, when the pinch comes usually shew that they are gallant and capable men.

There were here in the army a few fast men—some of them full of misapplied talent—fountains of fun and laughter which never failed. I think it hardly possible to excel the mime and pantomime of two gentlemen in particular; whom to describe more nearly would not be fair, as they are yet among the living, and not noted for gravity.

I shall never forget the life-like description, pronounced and acted by one of these merry

sprites, of an old original Dugald Dalgetty (a German colonel), being canted out of a sledge into a snow-wreath—the torrent of abuse in bad English —the grimacings, the flight of passions across his face, the groom's explanations, and the final settling of the storm into the good colonel's usual stiff and silent complacency.

Of course the fast men were often in difficulties. There was in the garrison a very handsome lieutenant (now dead). He was an universal favourite for his various social qualities; but he had little or no private fortune, and good society requires a full purse. He therefore got into arrears with his tailor and others.

At this time there resided at Quebec a man of immense wealth and much generosity. The lieutenant one morning boldly laid his case before this Crœsus, as many other respectable persons had done theirs, and successfully. He instantly received a cheque for the required amount. Six months afterwards the young officer returned with a similar tale. The rich man looked very blue upon him, and saying, "Sir, I am sorry to perceive that your indebtedness is not an accident, but a habit," he retired into his bedroom. After waiting for his return in vain for a quarter of an hour, Lieutenant W. retired.

Mr. N. was a plain, quiet man, of about fifty years of age, and occupied a parlour and bedroom at a hair-dresser's in Mountain Street. His charities were very large, and at the same time judicious. He had been very poor at Quebec a year or two previous to succeeding to a fortune of from 15,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* per annum, about the year 1822, and was then glad to accept an occasional dinner from a little schoolmaster in the Lower Town. Upon him Mr. N. settled an annuity of 200*l.*

The whole history of this gentleman is a romance — his agreement with the schoolfellow who left him his fortune that the survivor should take all; their separation for life; the shipwreck and other misfortunes of Mr. N.; his cultivating a little barren patch in Labrador when advertised for as the owner of a princely property; his subsequently living on one of the lonely but beautiful Hero Islands in Lake Champlain, made celebrated in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans;" and his final removal to one of the less frequented cantons of Switzerland, where he became naturalised, and not long after died.

Among the great variety of capacities and dispositions afforded by the other portions of general society there was ample room for selection, from grave to gay, from the scientific to the elegant

and accomplished. In the days I speak of, a man fond of discussion, full of wit, anecdote, and startling notions—not always the soundest—the highly-gifted son of the most popular of our law-writers (Judge Blackstone), was always happy to descant over a moderate wine-cup with a kindred spirit until sunrise.

Another son of the law, a district judge, was quite as remarkable a personage. He was a large pale-faced man, odd, absent; unequal, ingenious far beyond ordinary men, learned and eloquent, abounding in all knowledge save that which might profit himself. He was as artless as a child, ever in perplexity, but ever ready to serve others (Judge Fletcher). He fancied he had been bitten by a mad dog, and sat all day long (for a time) on his door-steps in colonial simplicity, calling out to the passer-by that the poison was ripening, and that he should explode soon in hydrophobic rage. He was mistaken, and lived several years after to lose his office by some blunder or other. He died in the Eastern townships. He possessed a very large and excellent library.

Any one fond of politics might interest himself, but not mingle, in the fierce and unceasing struggle going on between the Governor-general with his officials and the House of Assembly;

both parties ardent and able, the foremost on each side trained by an European and legal education, as well as thoroughly well informed in everything relating to the personages and transactions of the mother-country.

In Lower Canada there is a very considerable number of ancient French families, worthily bearing the high-sounding names of Old France, such as Du Plessis, De Salaberry, and Montizambert. Some possess a good deal of landed property; others hold secondary official situations. From one reason or another—the late dinner-hour or the stiff manners of the English—they seldom appear out of their own national coteries, save from time to time at the Château St. Louis. This is to be lamented.

The French families are very sociable among themselves; and together with the French figure and general appearance display in their gestures and tones the same vivacity and eager interest in trifles we see in them at Paris. They are attentive to their religious duties, and keep up many old observances which elsewhere are dying away. The Continental custom of visiting all acquaintances on New-Year's day, so useful and laudable, is practised at Quebec with great spirit, and not only by the French gentry, but by the English of all classes. I believe that many a rising

enmity has been dissipated by the kind words and small presents which on this day are exchanged.

The French children are very interesting little creatures. When arrived at their teens they have an exceedingly pretty dance, called "La Ronde," which, from great ignorance of the saltatory art perhaps, I never saw before. It is accompanied by an air and words of its own, both lively and musical.

The French Canadian has brought from his dear France one remarkable custom,—the charivari, and has improved upon it. It is intended to reach delinquents not amenable to the common process of law—offenders against propriety and the public sense of honour. Ill-assorted marriages are its especial objects. I need not say that a charivari is an unpleasant incident in an honeymoon—itself perhaps none of the sweetest. It is a procession on a large scale by torchlight in the evening. In many cases the attack is met courteously, with lighted halls and a cold collation to the principal actors, when the din and hubbub cease, and the thing ends. But it is not always so;—not in the charivari I witnessed.

I fear that these celebrations are sometimes unjust. It perhaps was unfairly applied in the instance which I am about to sketch.

Here a stout, high-spirited young adjutant of a marching regiment, thought well to marry the widow—still handsome and but little past her prime—of an opulent brewer. She was of a good French family, and resembled the famous widow of Kent in having a most agreeable annual income. For aught I know she may have thrown off her weeds too soon, or was thought to have made a *mésalliance*. Be these things as they may, there was a charivari.

I was at home, in one of the principal streets, when my ears were assailed with loud, dissonant, and altogether incomprehensible noises, gradually drawing nearer and nearer. A broad red light soon began to glare upon the houses and fill the street. The throng slowly arrived and slowly passed my door. I will try to describe some parts of the show.

First came a strange figure, masked, with a cocked hat and sword—he was very like the grotesque beadle we see in French churches; then came strutting a little hump-backed creature in brown, red, and yellow, with beak and tail, to represent the Gallic cock. Fifteen or sixteen people followed in the garb of Indians, some wearing cows'-horns on their heads. Then came two men in white sheets, bearing a paper coffin of great size, lighted from within, and

having skulls, cross-bones, and initials painted in black on its sides. This was surrounded by men blowing horns, beating pot-lids, poker and tongs, whirling watchmen's rattles, whistling, and so on. To these succeeded a number of Chinese lanterns, borne aloft on high poles and mixed with blazing torches—small flags, black and white—more rough music. Close after came more torches, clatter, and fantastic disguises—the whole surrounded and accompanied by a large rabble rout, who kept up an irregular fire of yells, which now and then massed and swelled into a body of sound audible over all the neighbourhood.

The whole city was perambulated before proceeding to the fated mansion of the widow-bride; but at last they arrived at her door and drew up before it. The large, handsome house, was silent and dark—the window-shutters were closed; there was evidently to be no friendly feast—perhaps some music, but no harmony.

The charivari was puzzled, but shewed pluck. It brayed, and blew, and roared, and shook torch and lantern, and might have done so all the bitter night through, as it appeared to me, standing at a cowardly distance, when on a sudden the large front door opened, and out rushed the manly figure of the adjutant, with ten or twelve assistants in plain clothes, (brother officers, I

fear), and armed with cudgels. To work they went upon the defenceless crowd, and especially among the masquers, where the torches gave useful light. The whole attack and flight was an affair of a few moments—the fun-loving crowd, actors and spectators, fled amain—and gone in an incredibly short space of time were torches, lanterns, coffin, kettles, buffaloes' heads, &c.

One unhappy little hunch-back, in the disguise of a Gallic cock, the bridegroom seized and began to belabour, but he most piteously confessed himself to be the well-known editor of a local paper, and was dismissed with a shake, and told that in future cripples crowing in charivaris would always be treated as able-bodied men. I cannot but think, with the insulted lady, that the mummers were well served.

The philanthropic institutions, supported by private or public funds, are very numerous. Among the principal may be mentioned several hospitals, a lunatic asylum, dispensary, emigrants' friend society, savings' bank. The same Bible and Missionary associations which are to be found throughout the British dominions also flourish here, and are the fairest ornaments of our times and nation.

There is an exceedingly good library, for the use principally of the military; another as good

belonging to the House of Assembly; and several private collections of great value. Booksellers' shops in my day were few and poorly provided. Monsieur Rousseau, a dealer in French books, shewed me many copies of a "History of Canada," in 2 vols. octavo, written with great talent and research by the Hon. R. Smith, late Chief Justice of Canada, the author of a "History of the late Province of New York." This work, as far as I am aware, has never been put into circulation, on account of some strictures it contains on the conduct of a late Governor-general. (It has been published since.) The "History of Canada" I do not intermeddle with; but I know of no war-story so interesting, so full of vicissitudes, gallantry, and heroism in suffering, although it extends over but a brief space of time. This has arisen out of the remarkable qualities of the three races, the English, the French, and the Indian, who have contended for the mastery in a country abounding in hazards from climate, from woods and waters. I cite the spirited history of the "Conquest of Canada," by Captain Warburton, R.A., in proof of this assertion.

There are few cities in any quarter of the globe so rich as Quebec in attractive spots for summer excursions; its whole environs are very lovely—

there is nothing plain or ordinary about them; and each has its own new charm—from the sweet dingle of Sillery to the Natural Steps and Cascade of Montmorency.

They have been so often described that I shall pass rapidly over them. The principal are Lakes St. Charles and Beauport, and the Falls of the Chaudière, Etchemin, and Montmorency, the woods and cliffs of Carouge, and the Bridge of Jacques Cartier, Lorette and Point Levi. (*Vide* diagram.)

It will take a whole summer's day to visit the Indian Village and Lake St. Charles. They lie on the same road. In the first we see, in his neglected dwelling and ill-cultivated field, how unequal at present the Indian is to continuous labour. In his own face, at once a history and a prophecy, we read much that is Pagan, notwithstanding the large silver cross slung across his wife's back, and the Roman Catholic church on the village green. At the same time I am persuaded that the ministers of that church are largely the poor Indian's benefactors.

But descend into yonder chasm—deep, dark, and fringed with elegant foliage. It contains the River St. Charles. The painter will rejoice in its torn, uplifted rocks, and fierce billows, while the geologist will be rewarded by some rare fossils.

Lake Charles is a small but picturesque body of water, divided into two unequal parts by a long headland; it is twelve miles from Quebec, among the nearer mountains, and is well worth a visit.

The Bridge of Jacques Cartier, thirty-three miles from Quebec, is well sketched both by Dr. Beattie and Mr. Tolfrey. The Jacques Cartier is an impetuous and rocky stream in a pine forest, abundant in fine fish.

Few visitors will fail to spend a day at the Falls of Montmorency, nine miles from Quebec; it is the first cascade with which the traveller from Europe by the St. Lawrence makes acquaintance. It has been described and sketched times innumerable, and is well worthy of its reputation. Its dress and appearance are very novel in winter; the surrounding pines loaded with masses of snow, and the rocks hung with rows of large icicles; but the cove below is the most remarkable winter feature. "When the St. Lawrence is frozen below the falls the level ice becomes a support, on which the freezing spray descends as a sleet; it there remains, and gradually enlarges its base and its height, assuming an irregular conical form: its dimensions, thus continually increasing, become, towards the close of winter, stupendous. Its height varies each season; it has not been

observed higher than one hundred and twenty-six feet (1829): the whole of the preceding season had been unusually humid. The face of the cone next the falls presents a stalactitic structure not seen elsewhere; sometimes it is tinged with a slight earthy hue."—(Mr. Green, *Quebec Historical Society Transactions*, vol. ii. 218.)

The so-called "Natural Steps" are rather more than half a-mile above the Falls of Montmorenci. I do not think Dr. Beattie has succeeded in his delineation so well as usual—the wildness is well given, but not so the artificial look of the rock. Their ascent, in many parts, from the water is by regular ledges, or steps of horizontal rock. It is a singular spot. The river has been wandering over gently undulating meadows for a few miles, when on a sudden it enters and rushes through a trough, twenty to thirty feet broad and eight hundred to one thousand yards long, cut through a barrier of rock, and thus makes its way to the St. Lawrence.

The Fall of La Puce is also very graceful, and should be seen,—it is seven miles beyond the Fall of Montmorenci. I should be ungrateful did I not add, that there is a clean and comfortable inn near the latter fall, where the guest will meet also with that cheerful civility and the

moderate charges we so often experience at the inns of French Canada.

The falls of the rivers Etchemin and Chaudière, respectively, about seven and nine miles from Quebec, must not be forgotten. They, too, with a little diligence, may be seen on the same day, being southern affluents of the St. Lawrence.

Both are very effective combinations of pine-woods, falling waters, and rocky heights; that of the Chaudière especially, which has no need to retire in shamefacedness before any of the cataracts of Canada—a very few excepted.

They have been so often described, that I shall pass on to relate a few circumstances which occurred at one of my visits to these rivers, as illustrative of a Canadian holiday.

I had two officers for my companions, equipped in the stiff, hot military dress, cocked hat and feathers, enjoined in almost every climate by general orders. Our nags were brought out into a parade-ground full of soldiery. Being of varying qualities, external and internal, we cast lots for choice. A very sorry beast fell to my share; but I mounted, and was suffered there to remain. My friend of the Royal Engineers, while in the act of alighting in the saddle, was pitched by a sudden elevation from behind some feet over, and

before the horse's nose, on the soft sand—hat and whip also. Some brother-officers came up, and gave them to him with a sort of quizzical solemnity.

Off we set at length, rode through the town with great decorum, and crossed the river by the horse-ferry to Point Levi. Scarcely, however, had we set foot on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, when the horse of my second companion rushed up the steep road close by at a gallop. We followed pretty fast; but, on gaining the summit, we saw our commissariat friend, an old Spanish campaigner, far away on the road, flying at full speed. Every now and then we caught a glimpse of him, pushing on in the same involuntary haste. He rode well; so that we were only amused, not alarmed, and quietly jogged after him. We came upon him suddenly, after a ride of four miles, sitting upon a low fence, in front of a decent house, with a stable in the rear. His features were discomposed, and not very clean. He looked shaken, too, and one side of his dress was plastered with the mud of an adjacent ditch. In fact, he told us that the horse, in spite of all he could do, continued at high-pressure speed until he came to this place, where dwelt an old master of his, and where, turning suddenly and unexpectedly to the left, he landed our friend in the ditch, and him-

self at the stable-door—and not for the first time, as his former owner told us. Being an indifferent horseman, I was glad my animal was of a mild disposition. We were pleased with both the Etchemin and the Chaudière; and towards evening we all, three abreast, slowly returned to Quebec and our duties.*

The scenery along the road is worth all the journey. It passes by a line of farms on the high grounds skirting the St. Lawrence. The dwellings of the peasantry, in some parts, formed quite a street; in others, we rode through fields and copses. At the mouth of the Etchemin, where the road descends to the tide-level, we found myriads of logs from the Ottawa, stranded at low water; and many rafts lying out in the St. Lawrence, waiting to be received into harbour at New Liverpool, as some houses and a timber establishment here are called.

We all agreed that the most solemn and captivating view of Quebec anywhere to be met with is obtained from the high grounds we were then riding over, near the Etchemin River. The spectator here stands on a lofty cliff, and is master of a large horizon; in the centre of which, with

* Gold in dust and grains has been found on the River Famine, a tributary to the Chaudière. Sir James Alexander, in his pleasant "L'Acadie," says he has seen some.

many a domestic bower unseen, in those thick woods on the west, stands the great escarped rock on which is enthroned the first-class fortress of Cape Diamond, its vast buttresses, bastions, and batteries encircling, in prolonged curves, the nearly hidden city, with its steeples and spires; overhanging, too, the restless St. Lawrence, and the battle-plain of Abraham, while from this point of vantage we take in fully the glorious framework of grey mountains and dark green woods in which it is set.

The evening had toned down all discordant tints. None of the disenchanting details of ordinary life met the eye. We irresistibly felt ourselves in the presence of the Ehrenbreitstein of the West, or rather of a great war palace of Odin, guarding the Scandinavia of America.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Bartlett did not transmit this view to Europe. His other views of this neighbourhood are admirably selected.

EXCURSION THE FIRST.

TO HAWKSBURY, ON THE RIVER OTTAWA.

Typhus Fever at the Hawksbury Settlement—The Seigniory of St. Anne de la Perade—Steam Voyage to Montreal—The company on Board—Montreal—Baggage Lost—Irish Emigrants at Point Fortune—Local Politics—Hamilton Mills—Settlers in comfort—Colonial Department—Emigration—Walk to Montreal—Insane lady.

In the month of August, after a hot summer, typhus fever appeared, both extensively and fatally, in a portion of the township of Hawksbury, on the River Ottawa, 260 miles from Quebec, and recently settled by a large party of Irish. As it continued with undiminished severity throughout September, Government determined to send a military medical officer to take charge of the sick, and to report on the causes and nature of the pestilence.

I was selected for this errand of mercy, and now present to the reader a non-professional sketch of the excursion.

Although I did not embark at Quebec, it will be well to premise that the River St. Lawrence, for thirty or forty miles above that city, is eminently picturesque, being for the most part bounded on both sides by woody steeps, or dusky red cliffs, of which the most prominent are Carouge, Point des Trembles, and Cape Santé. It is then ascended for 140 miles through a level country, with little change of feature, save at Lake St. Peter.

Above Cape Santé the visible population begins to thicken; and from this point, the north shore especially, seldom exceeding ten or twenty feet in height, is embellished with a pleasing line of white houses and churches, extending, with few interruptions, for 800 miles westward. The high-road runs close to the river. The traveller, on horseback or in a calash, is within view of us for miles, not seldom beset by a train of clamorous dogs.

The strong rapids of the Richelieu occur forty-five miles above Quebec, and are caused by a contraction of the river's breadth to half a mile, and its obstruction by reefs and rolled blocks.

Having a couple of days to spare, on account

of certain official credentials not yet ready, and the fitting up of a medicine chest, I made my way by calash to the Seigniory of St. Anne de la Perade, sixty miles above Quebec, and six miles below the large River Batiscan, a northern affluent of the St. Lawrence, and once famous for its bog ore and ironfoundry.

The excellent Seignior, the Honourable Colonel Hale,* had invited me to pay him a visit at St. Anne. I gladly embraced the opportunity thus afforded of observing the position of a proprietor in Lower Canada, which, with a little tact, firmness, and moderation, is far from being an uncomfortable one. Kindness goes far with the Canadian *habitans*, as the rural population are called.

My friend had a roomy, lightsome house, built mansion-like, one hundred yards from a trout-stream, the St. Anne de la Perade, on the upper edge of a large park-like meadow, which runs down to the St. Lawrence. From the house we saw the river, a woody islet or two, close in shore, and had between them a momentary glimpse of the passing steamers.

The Seignior had at this time 300 acres in his

* The modest but sufficient prosperity which has attended me through life began in the disinterested kindness of this eminent person. I am glad of this opportunity of acknowledging it.

own hands, partly for profit, and partly as a model farm for his tenants. The remainder of the cleared portion was held under peculiar French tenures, and divided into about 500 holdings. But still the greater part of the seigniory was in a state of nature, and was altogether about 70,000 acres.

For the most part, the tenants had clustered round the church in the form of a very rural-looking village, with a comfortable little inn. As the proprietor spoke French excellently, was affable and obliging, and was extending and improving the roads in the back settlements, a walk through the village with him was a very agreeable thing. It was a promenade of unconstrained greetings and pleasant looks. Red worsted caps and uncouth hats were doffed at every turn.

The revenues of a Canadian seigniory are derived from several sources. There is a rent of a dollar a-year from every tenement having a fireplace; a considerable fine upon every transfer of the numerous small tenancies, or rather properties; and the profits of the seigniorial flour-mill—the law compelling all the *habitans* to grind their corn there. There are other dues of less importance. A satisfactory interest is derived from the usual amount of purchase-money laid out upon an estate of this kind.

We embarked at St. Anne's for Batiscan in a canoe, and, after a pleasant row of six miles, mounted the deck of one of the great steamers going to Montreal, which makes Batiscan a stopping-place.

Glancing at the scene in the steamer, we were a good deal dismayed. The whole of the fore deck was crowded by horses, cows, pigs, carriages, and furniture, as well as by dirty and destitute Irish emigrants, one of whom was fighting drunk. Having been, and continuing to be, extremely troublesome, he was forcibly set on shore, ignorant both of the people and the language. As we paddled off, I saw him, shillelah in hand, — for it had been thrown to him, — vapouring away alone on the beach, by the side of his little bundle.

We counted thirty-two cabin passengers of various qualities; some of them were of great eminence, and would have become so in any country. A chance gathering like this is quite different from the company on board of an European pleasure-steamer. There were no coronetted families and their liveried domestics—not a single English snob, or bearded French *flaneur*, in his white-jane boots. Most of the passengers were on business.

We did not make acquaintances at first. The

Although extremely poor, and, to their honour, laden with their grandsires, I afterwards heard that they prospered, and are now comfortable.

Point Fortune is a cluster of houses, inns, and stores, on the west bank of the Ottawa, at the foot of the Long Sault Rapid, which is nine miles long, very violent, full of narrow passes, rocky bars, and tall fir-clad islets, delightful to the painter. Their whole descent is fifty-six feet—commencing at Hamilton Mills, the place of my destination.

I found an uneasy bed and a suffocating room at the principal tavern—boarded off from a club-room, full of tobacco-smoke, whisky-fumes, and a crowd of the chief inhabitants of the west bank of the river. They had met to assess themselves for the formation of a road along the river side, in opposition to one on the east bank. I heard and suffered all during the tedious orgies of a hot night. It was a fine exhibition of drunken shrewdness. Personal dislikes and ill-will gave way after a few skirmishes. They resolved that, without the road, their lands would be worthless—that trade and transport would fix on the opposite bank—and that they would be ruined.

The matter was plentifully *spoken*, and I believe it was afterwards well *done;* for they soon

had a road—a good road; and not such an one as the next morning I passed over, mostly through woods, in a cart—first descending at a leap ledges a yard high, then wading in a slough up to the horse's belly, and often foot-fast in a net-work of tree-roots far below.

Hamilton Mills is a large establishment for sawing up the timber which the lumberer rafts down from the higher parts of the Ottawa;—the adjacent rapids furnishing the motive power. I was afterwards astonished at the quantity of logs I saw floating in a back water—at the easy manner in which each was presented and held to the saw—and the number and vast force of the saws.

The immediate vicinity of the mills was all but in a state of nature. The mill, that is, the building containing the saws, was merely a large oblong wooden shed:—the proprietor's dwelling-house (barely comfortable) was surrounded by offices, forges, workmen's dwellings, and stables. A kitchen-garden there certainly was, with little patches of wheat here and there; but the eye saw little else than the charred stumps of trees, clumps of young beech and alder on a rugged surface, covered with rocks, stones, and sand, and hemmed in by the virgin forest. Around the mills for half a mile

the accumulation of foreign loose rocks is so enormous and so various that almost every known rock formation has its representative. Many of the blocks of granite are from twenty to thirty feet long. They have been left here by an ancient still-water at the point of obstruction, created by a sudden narrowing of the river, when at a higher level.

I felt not a little awkward in presenting myself to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton of the mills, at whose house, as the principal person in the settlement, it was arranged that I should reside—not only from the extreme slenderness of my personal effects, but for want of my introductory letter and public credentials, then somewhere on the banks of the river Hudson.

I explained my situation in a few words, shewed my stock of galenicals, and observed that few evil and designing persons would travel as I had done, sixty miles into a wilderness to catch the typhus fever gratuitously. They had been surprised, but were easily satisfied.

I passed a pleasant and busy month at their hospitable dwelling, and hope never to forget their united kindness.

A very few years after this visit, their four children requiring education, Mr. and Mrs.

Hamilton embarked in a stout boat for Montreal, as is done every day.

While descending the Long Sault Rapids, which are close to the mills, the boat upset, and every soul perished, boatmen included, except the father and one child. He lived only a year or two after, a broken man.

The Hawksbury settlement, now called Hawksbury West, is an oblong block of heavily-timbered land, of variable fertility. Its exact dimensions I do not know. There are many swamps and sand-hills; but in places I noticed many excellent crops of wheat growing among the tree-stumps. It now contains about two thousand inhabitants, and on the whole is healthy.

Mr. Hamilton furnished me with a horse, and was so good as to accompany me to my scattered patients on the first day: otherwise most certainly I should not have found my way, along primitive bye-paths, over crazy bridges, through morasses and woods, whose pines were of a size and height I never saw equalled elsewhere.

As very often happens, the fever had nearly spent itself before the greatly-needed aid arrived. During my stay the sick became rapidly convalescent, and no new cases occurred; but it was

thought best to detain me a week or two longer than absolutely necessary.

My duties lay among a young colony of Irish planted apart in the woods, and were pleasant, because the people were truly grateful. I was much pleased by the universal cheerfulness (except in the houses of the sick), the friendly feeling, the great readiness to assist each other which prevailed. Several times did I meet hearty, smiling young Irishwomen on horseback, laden with dainties for distant sick acquaintances.

I had a young single man under my care, exceedingly reduced, living alone in a one-roomed hut. He had a fine crop of wheat on a patch of ground close to his house; but he was totally unable to reap it. This his neighbours did for him; doubtless expecting that on some emergency he would do the like for them. I have the merry scene, only lasting a few hours, before my eyes now. Such a working party is called a "Bee," and extends to every in-door or out-door operation requiring numbers.

Hawksbury is not in the far-off wilds: there are settlements all around; too much severed by bad roads, except where the Ottawa offers easy transport, and especially to the good market at Montreal. These emigrants, therefore, were not beyond human help, like the solitary squatting

families. These people had placed their rude but warm log-huts either in the form of a straggling street, or else each on his own land, according to temper or circumstances.

The advantages of public worship and of schools were within their reach. The comfort and security which they either had, or saw that with the blessing of Providence they should attain, had a striking effect on the expression of their countenances, which was happy, friendly, open, and intelligent.

I was much pleased with an Irishman's place who had been three or four years on the spot, with a large family of sons and daughters—he himself still in the full force of manhood. He lived in the social street, his farm of twenty or thirty acres cleared, being in the bush. He had built a log-house, thirty-five feet long by twenty, in the clear. The ground-floor still remained a single apartment, save that a thick green curtain screened the female sleeping-place, while the young men found their lair in the roof by a ladder. The walls were lined with bags of flour, Indian corn, pumpkins, onions, mutton or pork hams, flitches of bacon, and agricultural tools.

The sick daughter on whom I attended sat often in the fresh air before the door, much interested in the visit of the Government doctor sent

from Quebec "to her and her likes." I have little fear but that by this time the green baize curtain is replaced by a strong partition of boards —or rather, I feel pretty sure that the house is a stable, and the family are occupying a new one, with sash windows and green shutters. The good looks of every member of this Irish family, their activity, the interest they took in their little world, bespoke satisfaction and rough plenty.

Two or three days before my first visit, one of the lads, about thirteen years of age, was chopping fire-wood in the bush, with a much younger boy, when a large bear came out of the wood and put a fierce foot on the very log he was working at. The boy faced the animal with uplifted axe, and drove him away.

I have very strong convictions on the subject of emigration from Great Britain and Ireland, and shall here place nearly all I have to say upon the subject.

Deriving all I know from personal investigation on the spot, I desire to be literally "*vox clamantis è deserto.*"

I declare in all sincerity that one of the most distressing thoughts of my whole life has been called forth by seeing millions and millions of acres of fertile land, in a healthy climate, lying waste, while my countrymen, in multitudes at

home, are left in profound misery, and under the strongest temptations to crime.

There is a field in Canada alone open to capital and to labour which it will take a busy century to occupy, opening new lands and giving additional value to those already in use; while the systematic developement of the resources of British North America, so far from being a drain on the mother-country, will be of immediate and signal advantage to her.

Not to press forwards emigration is to partake of the guilt and sin brought on by the crowded state and the social inequalities of Great Britain.*

* The following painfully instructive statement leads us to believe that misery has been the lot of the bulk of our fellow-countrymen from early times. The condition of the poor has sensibly improved, but not so much as that of the easier classes:—

"By a survey of Sheffield, made Jan. 2, 1615, by twenty-four of its most sufficient inhabitants, it appeareth that there are in the town of Sheffield 2207 people, of which there are,

725 who are not able to live without the charity of their neighbours. These are all begging poor.

100 householders who relieve others. These (though the best sort) are but poor artificers: amongst them there is not one who can keep a team on his own land, and not above ten who have grounds of their own that will keep a cow.

160 householders not able to relieve others. These are such (though they beg not) as are not able to abide the storm of fourteen days' sickness, but would be drawn thereby to beggary.

1222 children and servants of the said householders, the greater part of which are such as live of small wages, and are constrained to work sore to provide themselves necessaries."

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HUNTER'S *Hallamshire*, p. 118.

But it must ever be remembered that emigration is only one of many remedies. The mere removal of surplus population does but little, happy as the change may be for the individuals. The gap is filled up almost immediately.

The British people must do their own work, stirringly and earnestly.

I have little hope in any ministry in the present inefficient state of the Colonial Office. Until a costly and bloody revolt takes place, carrying desolation to the hearths of hundreds, or thousands perhaps (as in Ceylon, Canada, Ireland, South Wales), Government will allow almost any grievance to pursue its melancholy course. The wretchedness, which the official eye seeth not, goes for nothing; and this, not from any inhumanity inherent in the man, but from the immense amount and distracting variety of his labours.

Emigration is too expensive, it is said; but let there be a whisper only of war, and millions are at once squandered on every imaginable engine of devastation. The arsenals of the Tower, of Woolwich, and Portsmouth, shake with the preparations.

All our ministries are alike. The air of office is soporific. I really think that the higher officers of the Colonial department may be fairly likened to certain curious shell-fish in the British seas.

During the first half of their existence (out of office) they swim freely about, and have eyes, ears, and feelers, which they use as freely; but as soon as their great instinctive want is supplied —that of finding a berth, a mooring-place, on a rock or on a fish, these important organs, one by one, successively drop off, and they perform but one act—that of feeding. They descend into a lower rank of animal life, and become what are called barnacles. So it seems to be in the Colonial Office. It appears to be comparatively deaf and sightless.

I am immeasurably astonished that men of undoubted conscientiousness and talent, of high birth and ample fortune, like Earl Grey, will undertake impossible duties, and thus consent to injure their fellow-subjects, through unavoidable oversights, misinformation, and crude views. And yet, seeing all this, they are the last to call out for a remedy, when in the sight of all thinking persons they are themselves equally sufferers.

The fact is, that through the lapse of time the Colonial Office requires to be reconstituted. The whole responsibility of governing forty-three most dissimilar colonies should not be thrown, as it truly is, upon one man, whose tenure of office is but, upon an average, two years.

As Mr. Scott stated in Parliament, in the spring

of 1849, "the duties of the Colonial Secretary are of the most varied and embarrassing nature. They are legal, judicial, political, naval, and military. They are connected with the ordnance, the church, the state, with convicts, with old and new colonies, to preserve ancient possessions, and establish fresh settlements."

Earl Grey, then Lord Howick, in 1845, stated himself that it was not possible for any man, be his powers what they may, adequately to administer the complicated affairs of the British colonies.

The work of the Colonial Office ought to be immediately distributed into three or more departments, separate, or conjoint in the form of a Board. Let one principal Secretary, with an adequate staff, preside over (and be responsible in Parliament for) our North American colonies; another for those in the West Indies, Africa, and South America; and a third for our Australian and other dependencies in the South Seas. Our possessions in the Mediterranean may be otherwise attended to. If we confide to this board, or to these three secretaries, the superintendence of emigration, in addition to the ordinary business of the colonies, there will be plenty to do.

When Sir George Murray was Secretary of the Colonies, with Mr. Wilmot Horton as one of the

Under-secretaries, it was proposed to form a Colonial Board; but the project unfortunately fell through, like many other good things in which neither party nor personal interests were concerned.

Diligent and enlightened men to undertake these important departments abound; their salaries would be repaid to the country a thousandfold.

The work of emigration is eminently government work, says Mill, the political economist. It is called upon to remove, or rather re-distribute supernumeraries (not as a cure, but as a relief), by its being the great colonial landowner, by its capital and credit, by its possession of various public depôts (buildings, &c.) both at home and abroad, and likewise of experienced agents.

It might feel itself urged to assist emigration by a decent sense of the duty it owes to its distressed constituents, by the facility and certain success of the task (would there were a working will!), and by the sure gratitude of a delivered people.

There is no occasion at this time of day to argue about the advantages of emigration, both to the mother-country and to the new colonist. These have long been known to be great, but especially to the latter. Mill and Malthus, common

sense and ample experience, all speak the same language upon this subject.

As long as a man can obtain a fair day's wages for a fair day's work there is no occasion for him to leave his birth-place on the score of subsistence; but when he cannot, and has no reasonable prospect of doing so, like the labourers of Wilts and Dorset at all times, and like the artisans of Yorkshire, &c. but too often, it is high time to emigrate to some more generous land. The labour-market at home is permanently overstocked.

For myself, if I belonged to either of these classes—if I found my country profitless and hard—if I had here to linger a portionless man—if I were daily growing more wan under privation—with no other prospect than that of a workhouse at last—then I certainly should look around for a soil less ungrateful—for a future more cheering—and towards some corner of the earth where my spade and axe would yield me a manna less scanty. There are hundreds of thousands in Britain thus circumstanced, and they know it bitterly.

The true remedy for this state of things lies deep in the moral nature of man, and will be mainly found there; all others are only secondary. We need the diffusion among our people of such an industrial and religious training as shall direct aright their abundant energies, enable them to

maintain themselves without excessive anxiety, create a desire for, and a hope of, the comforts of life, teach them to appreciate the pleasures of the mind, to postpone present gratifications for a greater future good, and finally to bring them under the easy yoke of Christianity. Then, and not till then, shall we make much impression on the accumulated dissatisfaction and sorrow which prey upon one-half of our fellow-countrymen. But this is a slow process, and must have the aid of emigration and other agencies of like tendency.

I shall now, once for all, put together a few practical observations, as derived from my wanderings among the settlers; but it must be remembered that I am not writing an emigrant's guide.

Emigration by single individuals or solitary families is often unwise, always full of anxiety, and not seldom disastrous;* but the case is altered if the party go out to friends, or to an already selected spot, or be skilled in some much needed handicraft.

Emigration should be prosecuted systematically—such should be the rule. People should

* It may be said that the poor emigrant may apply to the agent at Liverpool, London, Quebec, or elsewhere; but having no pleasing recollections of officials, he is shy of approaching them abroad.

leave these shores in such organised bodies, so selected and so led, from the first step to the last, that as little as possible should be left to chance.

This is the *great desideratum.* Having provided a district of country—with due regard to health, markets, fertility, and a few other points—thither *direct* should be taken, in the month of May, one, two, or three ship-loads of emigrants, assorted according to age and sex, as well as to trades and occupations, adapted to supply the wants of the whole emigrating community. How excellent is the German plan of emigration—that of the whole village (or its greater part) going, and taking with them their clergyman. One or more superintendents (medical men,* if possible), with assistants accustomed to the colony, should remain on the settlement for some time to keep the people together, encourage them, direct their exertions, persuade them to assist each other in hut-building and other heavy operations, and even for a period to work for the common good. Associated labour in the commencement is of especial im-

* A class of medical men, experienced in the superintendence of large emigrant parties, and constantly employed, should be created and encouraged by fair remuneration. The profession contains a large number of men of administrative ability, medical skill, and philanthropic views, who would gladly embrace this mode of life for twenty years or so.

portance, and is almost sure to lead to permanent prosperity.

This is the true system. It may be accomplished in many ways. The working classes may do it for themselves, but they seldom can procure trustworthy and prudent agents. The agent of the operative class is apt to find the handling of large sums of money too much for his honesty; and the whole body is extremely gullible, or they would not think of settling with the Potters' Association in Wisconsin, in a Siberian climate, more than a thousand miles into the interior, when Canada West is nearer, and under every aspect infinitely preferable.

Associated parishes might in this manner send out to some prepared locality their redundant hands, under the guidance of a discreet bailiff. In this case the prospect is not so good, from the inferior capacities of the emigrants; but eventually, in one way or another, good would be done.

Capitalists who can wait for returns would find this kind of planned emigration a safe and sufficiently lucrative investment. I believe the two great companies now at work in this manner in the Canadas are satisfied with their prospects. There are few communities so prosperous as those of Guelph, Galt, and some other townships created under the auspices of the Canada Company.

heat was extreme; so that most of us remained on deck to catch the slender but refreshing breeze. For myself, I went below to finish a letter.

Sitting down, I espy the eyes of a little fat steward lazily twinkling on me from a square compartment full of spirit-bottles, called the bar. Close to me on my right sits, reading with a consequential air, a young American, dressed in the Burgershaft style—his broad shirt-collar descending over his coat-collar, and tied by a black riband; while his luxuriant hair falls over his shoulders in long tresses. Before me are parties playing at picquet, and refreshing themselves with London porter. Several are dozing as comfortably as Prince Aldebaronti himself.

After a time I mount the companion-ladder, and find that we are in the middle of the majestic St. Lawrence, making good way, with the two handsome spires of Varennes Church some distance a-head of us, among trees; over which, in the south-west, I see the storm approaching, of which the sultry heats had given us notice. There is not much to attract the eye beyond a few moments. We see, however, that we are on an American river of the first order, fed by innumerable streams, whose sources are often a thousand miles and more apart.

We meet a tall steamer coming from Montreal,

or a fleet of rafts, the same in form, but larger than those of the Rhine. A wind-bound vessel from Europe is overtaken, or a steam-tug labouring up the current, with a reluctant merchantship on each side, and another at its stern. Few words suffice to describe either the Orinoco or the St. Lawrence for a hundred miles together.

In an hour we were in the midst of the storm, in all the usual forms of lightning, thunder, hail, and rain—sweeping the decks of all who could crowd below, fore and aft. The cabin was so full during its continuance that we began to get familiar, and converse.

I soon found by my side a young man of coarse, heavy look and build, not well clad, and indifferently schooled. He was the son of a Scotch peer, sent into the woods of Canada under the charge of an agent, for having married a stout dairymaid, to his lady-mother's great disgust. The poor lad certainly had not his full share of brains. The young wife looked far more respectable and intelligent than himself. A farm had been purchased for them in Glengarry, Upper Canada. And yet the Honourable Mr. C—— had his cogitations. In the course of the voyage a clerical acquaintance of mine observed to me, directing my attention to Mr. C——: "That fat, dense Scotchman has been puzzling himself,

Presbyterian-like, upon an odd subject. Perhaps he thinks he is Adam going to Eden. Noticing my ecclesiastical dress, he entered just now into talk with me; and among other things, he put this question to me: 'Sir,' said he, 'after Eve had eaten the apple, she offered another to Adam. Now, I wish to know what would have become of Eve if Adam had refused to eat;' and what would have been the upshot of the whole matter?' I told him his question was unprofitable, and not worth an answer."

When the grey darkness of the storm had passed away, leaving a clear sky and cool air, much of the cabin company dispersed. Then there came out of a small state-room a foreign lady, of elegant and commanding presence. She was accompanied by her younger brother, a Genevese, like herself. He was an officer of one of our Rifle corps, slight in figure, precise in his dress, with a coat by Stultz, close-fitting pantaloons, strapped to the foreign-made boot. His features were small and gentlemanly, but motionless and resigned, as I have often seen in those who live with clever women.

But I do not wish to forget the lady, Madame de M ——. She took an arm-chair near the doorway of the magnificent cabin, with the officer by her side. A circle soon formed round her;

for she was well known, and was returning to Montreal from a visit to her native land.

When I first saw her, I thought of Madame de Staël and the charms of Coppet, and stuck myself in a corner near her, on an uneasy camp-stool. I had time to examine her while waiting to hear what a lady so gifted and gallant might say.

I had before me a tall lady, of graceful carriage, a trifle too stout, and not now to be called young, —no fault of hers. Her fine features had become somewhat too marked, but were instinct with that superior intelligence which successful culture of a rich soil alone can give. Let me remember. She had an oval pale face, darkened a little by the stoves of her youth; a high nose, exactly chiselled; smooth, round, full forehead, and a kindling dark eye.

After the usual congratulations and mutual inquiries, there was silence for a few moments, when she broke out in the true rhythmical tones of a high-class Genevese *réunion*, with a full, ringing, musical voice, and all the gentle fearlessness of practice in good society — enforcing her words with such pretty cadences, and such an eloquent, but scarcely perceptible, play of feature, eye, and neck, as I never expected to see in western Christendom.

She did not speak of regret at leaving Switzerland,—the social circles of Geneva (hard to relinquish), for the inferior civilisation of a colony; but she said:

"I have been in Canada again for a week, and am anew delighted with my adopted country. I have infinitely enjoyed its natural grandeurs—its splendid suns, wide waters—amid the fragrance of its fine forests I have wandered already. I find an exceeding beauty here—not Swiss, not French, nor Scottish, but Canadian, perfectly distinct, and unspeakably charming."

"Yes," says my friend Col. H——, "you may well be happy here; because, as soon as the steamer draws alongside the quay of Montreal, you will see leaning over the long balcony of a many-windowed mansion overhanging the St. Lawrence, a delighted, expecting group of bright young faces, waving their little kerchiefs, with their *bonnes* and their aunts, while the father is on the pier awaiting you."

"Yes," she replied, "a large measure of good has been bestowed on me. May I be sufficiently thankful!

"I have been rambling over my old Swiss mountains. I had not quite my usual interest in them. I was surprised to see how rapturously

those alpine pictures were enjoyed by my companion, old Professor Pictet, for the hundredth time. And I do feel that there is no comparison between the scientific apprehension of the works of creation and that which is within the reach of the common observer like myself. In the same way, I can conceive somewhat of the prophetic triumph with which the enlightened statesman can look upon the broad and fertile lands among which we are now moving, and rejoice in their splendid and populous, and I trust, happy future."

Madame de M —— had been playing, Staël-like, with a little well-worn magazine, such as are seen everywhere in America, and said,—

"By the bye, I have met in my cabin with a little monthly miscellany, which contains some beautiful ideas. How greatly indebted, under Providence, is the new world to the old! Not only has Europe formed and arranged her daily comforts, filled her libraries with undying wisdom, paid in blood and anguish the price of her present political blessings—having driven the ploughshare of truth through the clods of despotic ignorance—but she goes on to fill the American mind with just and lofty thoughts.

"These little magazines exist chiefly upon the

genius of England. Permit me to read the passage which has given rise to these remarks. It is from Coleridge:—

"'In the middle ages, there was in Europe a continued succession of individual intellects—the golden chain was never wholly broken. A dark cloud, like another sky, covered the entire cope of heaven; but in this place it thinned away, and white stains of light shewed a half-eclipsed star behind it: in that place it was rent asunder, *and a star passed across the opening in all its brightness, and then vanished.* Such stars exhibited themselves only; surrounding objects did not partake of their light. There were deep wells of knowledge, but no fertilising rills.'

"Is not this an astronomical metaphor of extreme magnificence? How else bring into the light of day the vast darkness of the middle ages? From this, modern North America has been spared. In its dispersion, my own townsmen of Geneva have performed a noble part, both now, and at the time when Erasmus read by moonlight, because he could not afford a torch, and begged a penny, not for the love of charity, but for the love of learning."

And thus she went on, with many a friendly questioning from her circle of admirers, giving utterance to her full heart as freely and melo-

diously as ever musician scattered sweet sounds from flute or harp.

She was about to tell us of the delight with which she had witnessed in London the operations of an infant-school, then unknown in Canada,* and not many years ago commenced by Wilderspin, a singular person, who might almost be said never to have attained to actual manhood, but was arrested in a state of perpetual babyhood —an aged and wise baby; and the very individual for his important mission.

She was about to say that she must have an infant-school near her place, when a young physician came and told me that a poor female emigrant had been frightened into premature labour by the storm, and had given birth to a girl, but that she had nothing prepared, and no money. We immediately collected, among the cabin passengers, nearly four pounds, to the no small surprise and gratitude of the sufferer when it was given her in a little bag.

The eloquent Genevese contributed liberally, and greatly encouraged the subscription.

How valuable are such persons in a colony, with their love of order and cleanliness, their finished education and enlarged views!

After leaving the steamboat I never heard

* There are now several in Montreal.

more of this accomplished lady. I suppose she is the light of her quiet home, not far from Mount Belœil, and a winter resident at Montreal.

We passed Three Rivers, the third or fourth town in the lower province during the storm. Here the influence of the tides of the ocean ceases. I shall say little about this place, as I was only five minutes in it once; but it is little better than a large village. It is near the three mouths of the St. Maurice, an important river, with the iron works of the Messrs. Bell on it, and abounding in fine scenery and good land. A very large tract of fertile country ranges from the middle and upper parts of the St. Maurice north-eastwards towards Quebec, and embraces the valleys of the St. Maurice, Batiscan, St. Anne, and Jacques Cartier, more than sixty miles across. But who will face its Siberian climate?

From this time to our arrival at Montreal, most of the passengers were on deck enjoying the tempered breezes, and that homogeneity of atmosphere which brings distant objects so wonderfully near, and gives to the whole landscape a delicious purity, softness, and precision of outline.

I was leaning over the bulwark of the steamer, examining a fragment of rock, with an oblong note-book peeping out of a side-pocket, when M. Papineau, the Speaker (at the time) of the House

of Assembly, came blandly up and entered into conversation with me.

He was then the most distinguished and popular person in Canada; and he has since become still more noted for his share in the late insurrection.

M. Papineau was a well-dressed, handsome man, standing erect, and a little above the middle size, with the black hair and eyes of France, his features regular, rather long, fine, but not ingenuous. He appeared to me subtle, persuasive, confident, and eager for information. He questioned me on the subject of my rock specimen, and on geology. I told him I was only a learner. "True: that may be," said he, "but *un borgne* is king among the blind."

In a short time I had given him the titles and merits of all the best books on the subject, and the way to procure from London labelled cabinets of mineralogical and rock specimens.

He left me high and dry. I had nothing more to tell. I wished to talk political economy with him, and perhaps a little politics; but no, there was to be nothing given in exchange. I was left courteously, but before I had received my reward, which was unpleasant.

Some are surprised that M. Papineau did not fight in the insurrection, but without reason. I

am sure that he values life and limb at no higher rate than other people; but it is not fair to expect the same man to be the slashing hussar and the astute parliamentary tactician.*

He has taken advantage of the amnesty so wisely proclaimed by the British Government, and is again a leader in the House of Assembly.

The rebellion which M. Papineau at all events stimulated, was sanctioned in heart by the great majority of the Lower Canadians; but it was mainly defeated by the Roman Catholic clergy, who are salaried by the British Government, and have little faith in the mercies of the cabinet of Washington. If it had been successful, M. Papineau would probably have been the first president of a new people, and an historical character.

As far as Lake St. Peter, a few miles above Three Rivers, we were passing up broad waters, with distant shores, and here and there a tributary stream, the banks of the St. Lawrence occasionally running out into points, marked by a church, a windmill, or a line of tall poplars. Once or twice, soon after the storm, all these objects,

* Since writing the above I have had reason to believe that M. Papineau was not for trying it out in arms, and took no share in the late insurrection. As long as he confined himself to constitutional measures, M. Papineau was a freeman contending against despotism. Nearly all that was sought has since been conceded.

while distant, were raised picturesquely high above the river by a thin haze, and later in the evening steeped in the ruby glow of the setting sun.

We found Lake St. Peter to be a shallow expansion of the St. Lawrence, nine or ten miles broad and twenty-five miles long, with many islands at its upper end, used as pasturage by the farmers on the densely-peopled mainland.

Being a zealous geologist, I longed to jump ashore on one of these islands to examine their stony beaches, which we were successively grazing,—a propensity which had nigh cost me dear at Sorel, a village-town on the south shore, forty-five miles below Montreal, at the mouth of the large river Richelieu, the outlet of Lake Champlain, and remarkable for being much smaller at its mouth than at its head.

The steamboat having stopped here to take in wood, I stepped on shore (contrary to rule) to gather a specimen of a rock I saw in the river bank. While thus employed the steamer started. Seeing this, I jumped into a canoe with a little boy in it, and paddled after, urging and screaming to the top of my powers, when the owner and captain, worthy Mr. Molson, kindly backed ship, and took me in.

When I had cooled after my exertions suffi-

ciently to cast a glance around, I observed a group deeply interested in the explanations of an athletic American in the garb of a master-mechanic. He was exhibiting the model of a bridge invented by himself, of wood, cheap, strong, and durable. It was formed by a simple but very ingenious interlacement of bars of wood, the longitudinal being about eight feet long, and the cross-bars about five. Besides having the qualities just stated, it had the important one of an equally diffused strain under burthens. It was particularly adapted to rapid rivers and such as are liable to floods. He had built one in Canada and several in the United States. The bars having been put together, one end of the framework thus formed was fixed to the side of a river, then directed across, and the other end pressed down to the opposite bank by heavy weights, and there retained. While standing upon the raised end of a bridge which he was placing in the United States, the weight slipped off, and he was hurled to an immense distance and taken up dead, while the bridge floated away in fragments.

From hence to Montreal is a continuation of the same scenery as below St. Peter's—a wide stream with occasional islets, low cleared shores with an endless street of houses, their very roofs whitewashed. Here and there is the mouth of a

river hid in reeds and trees. One of these I think I am correct in naming the Recollet, a river coming from the Ottawa, and with another branch forming the northern boundaries of the islands of Jesus and Montreal. Few pass by the mouth of this stream as it flows into the St. Lawrence without admiring its antique church, two or three old-fashioned high-roofed houses, the cleanly little inn, and its elm-trees.

To reach Montreal, the steamer has to breast for the last mile the powerful Rapid of St. Mary, such as only a strong wind can enable a sailing vessel to surmount. It is occasioned by shallows and the small island of St. Helen's, a locality of much military importance, and occupied by fortifications and store-houses, at present half hid in woods.*

In due season the steamer discharged her varied burthen, and we separated, each on his own business.

It was my duty to pass through Montreal as rapidly as possible, but as I had to receive from the military depôt some additional medicines, I went thither, leaving my portmanteau within the doorway of Pomeroy's Hotel. I had scarcely left the house, when a stage-coach for Albany in the

* A whale was killed near Montreal in Sept. 1823, 220 miles above salt water. Seals are not very uncommon there.

State of New York, 300 miles off, drove up to the door. Seeing my portmanteau close by, directed "Albany Barracks," an old English direction unerased, the driver placed it upon the coach and drove off, leaving me with such clothes as I stood in, and nearly moneyless, in a strange place. I received my property again some weeks afterwards; meanwhile I borrowed a very scanty outfit from a brother-officer.*

One of the calashes of the country soon transported me to La Chine, a village nine miles from Montreal, at the foot of Lake St. Louis; a splendid body of still water, with fine islands here and there, and elevated lands in the north. It is, of course, a part of the St. Lawrence.

I then embarked in a large heavy boat manned by three Canadians, and successively passed village after village to the pretty ruins of the French fort, Château-brillant, in the midst of charming lake and hill scenery.

We had left Lake St. Louis behind us. In our front was the broad and tumultuous meeting

* This gentleman I had seen labouring under severe spitting of blood in the Isle of Wight. For this he was ordered to the West Indies; but in the confusion of a dark night and of a crowd of transports he got on board of a ship for Canada by mistake, and thus, I am convinced, saved his life. His is not the only case of hæmoptysis in which I have known the dry Canadian climate beneficial.

of the two giant streams, the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa—waters of equal magnitude, but not mixing for many miles downwards, as we see from the chocolate colour of the latter. In our rear were the fine wooded heights of "The Two Mountains," with a pilgrim's oratory at mid-height.*

We now sped up the succeeding tranquil portion of the Ottawa, and arrived late at Point Fortune. We only landed once, a couple of miles below the Point, to rest, and look at a party of two hundred Irish emigrants, staying for the night in a wood, under a few loose boards and bushes, pushed carelessly together.

They consisted of the very aged, those in middle life, and the babe at the breast. Their faces wore an anxious but resigned look. The country was strange to them. Good-natured friends had painted freely the privations of the coming winter in their allotment, seventy-eight miles above Point Fortune. Some oatmeal and potatoes, with a limited stock of clothes (like my own), was all they possessed. I did not despise, but encouraged them, as I sat by the women washing their clouts in the stream. I remembered that a little man's all is great in the sight of God.

* All given with great truth and spirit by Mr. Bartlett.

The British Government can do all this with greatly increased facilities; but the precise manner, although sufficiently obvious, it does not enter into my plan to develope. I have said that they are bound to make a speedy commencement.

Allow me to make a comparison. If I give the form of an axe-head to a suitable piece of iron, sharpen the proper edge, and attach to it a stout handle, I am sure that with my new tool I can fell a tall oak, and perhaps a thousand. Now I am just as assured that if a skilled agent take twenty, or two hundred families, healthy, industrious, with some workers in wood and iron among them, and plant them in some select spot in fertile Canada West, they will in a few years be a prosperous community, not only above want for ever, but able to repay the expenses of migration.

The comparative cheapness of sending families to Canada must give it a permanent preference over Australia and the Cape.

The English man and woman leave their native village, hedge-rows, and old familiar faces, with reluctance. In the midland counties there is not so strong a temptation to go as in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, where the labourers are in extreme poverty. An influential and active clergyman in

Wiltshire confessed to me, that how his poor got on at all on their wretched wages was to him the problem of problems, and far more difficult of solution than anything he had met with at Cambridge. The well-informed and ambitious Scotchman is quite ready to embark for a colony. Half Ireland would go at a word; and they are right. I once saw four thousand Irish at Lockport, in the state of New York, making a canal. They were delvers only, under American inspectors. Such specimens of bone and muscle; such activity and fun; good eating and hard drinking, alas! I never beheld. Some of the money thus earned would buy a share of the neighbouring forest. Ten or fifteen years from that time would find some of these people independent and rich; the others still poor, because wasteful.

For their own benefit, and that of others, distressed labouring men should emigrate with their families, if healthy, hopeful, and willing. Character must be touched on tenderly. If possible, they should go out young: it is then that they possess the ductility required in a new world. Farmers, tradesmen, and artisans with some capital, may reasonably expect to do well. Wages are high, considering the price of necessaries. It is in the upper or western country that these men are needed, not in the sea-board towns.

Thirty different artisans, who arrived at Guelph, in Canada West, in 1833, 1834, and 1835, were without money, furniture, and nearly without clothing. Six years afterwards, they would not take from 200*l.* to 500*l.* each for their property! Some who had a few pounds would not take double these sums for their gains, while there are a few tradesmen who, to judge by their buildings and farms, must have acquired large capitals.

The prices of British manufactures are moderate in the Canadas, from the low rate of custom-house duties, competition, and improved roads; but the poorer settler should, as much as possible, make his articles of consumption at home—spin, weave, dye, make soap, candles, &c. He can often sing—

> "I grow my own lamb,
> My own butter and ham;
> I shear my own sheep, and I wear it."

Gossip must not be thought necessary to a young emigrant's happiness. A life of retirement—save a holiday now and then—self-dependence, and the pleasurable feeling of advancement, must suffice for a time. He must beware of new friends. The highways and byways of America are full of active and plausible villains. The very woods have some caves of Adullam. He must beware of early becoming a politician—for politics are apt to lead

into a whisky-shop—and perhaps his opinions are not worth propagating. Try to be content with the homely fashions of your neighbours. Depend upon it there is a fitness in them.

The agricultural inhabitants of the remoter districts are especially ready to assist one another, both on great and small occasions. The nature of their position leads to this, and each, in his turn, finds his account in it. Their solitariness, constant occupation, and palpably growing prosperity, have produced among the country people an unsuspecting friendly habit of mind, great openness with strangers, and, consequently, a large hospitality; so that manners and ways, which in England would be imprudencies, and even improprieties, cease to be so here.

To shew my meaning by an apparently trivial circumstance. I was one day refreshing, at a sort of half inn in the woods, on one of the branches of the beautiful river Trent, thirty or forty miles north of Lake Ontario, when the eldest daughter, a fine girl of sixteen, came and sat by my side on the bench before the house, which commanded a wide wilderness view. She readily, and with genuine modesty, told me the whole history of her family, of her own doings, and those of all her young acquaintance, ending by singing a song, sweetly and naturally.

She came from the Black River, in the state of New York, and had been in Rawdon four years. All this would have been impossible in England; but here it is an ordinary event; and this partly because, in this abundant country, hasty marriages are not fatalities, although probably unwise.

The settler should determine to make his new abode his resting-place for life, and he will be the happier. He must think little about England, except when a countryman asks his hospitality and his advice.

The emigrant should have solid reasons for leaving Britain:—for instance, because he and his cannot live in comfort, and because in Canada he can. He must not leave in a fit of ill-temper or idleness, but to labour for a high remuneration; for *that is the great and real advantage of emigration.*

His new residence will have its disagreeables in the odd, but, in the main, suitable ways of the new people — the vile roads — the distance from markets, shops, church, acquaintance — and, in the summer, the plague of mosquitoes. But what are these, in comparison with the ruinous disappointments and maddening struggles for existence, but too frequent in Europe?

As a rule, but not without exceptions, bulky articles should not be taken from England (not

purchased there, at least),—such as agricultural implements, furniture, crockery, &c. They can be had cheap and good on the spot.

The best month to arrive in Canada is May; a productive summer is before the stranger.

All the principal towns have energetic public institutions, for the benefit of the sick and destitute; and public works are almost always going on, which afford regular and good pay.

Any money taken out will turn to most profit in good bills.

Hitherto, I have been speaking to the working man: now a few words to the capitalist.

There is not a more advantageous position on the face of the globe in point of climate, comforts, society, security, and general prospects, than a farm near one of the numerous centres of business in Canada West, for the family (once, perhaps, sorely pinched in England) of a half-pay officer, small annuitant, or somewhat reduced gentleman. Very few of the privileges of the old country are here sacrificed; for good society clusters round these places — such as Hamilton, Toronto, the Ottawa River, &c. All the members of the family meet, with their appropriate occupations and pleasures, out-door and in-door. Good markets are nigh at hand. London news is only a fortnight old, and local intelligence spreads rapidly; while

the farm, with or without half-pay, should support all in light-hearted abundance. The half-pay is chiefly useful in maintaining gentility.

Canada ought to be the paradise of this large and worthy class; and is so, comparatively, to thousands.

Such farms, with their necessary buildings, are still to be had, at very moderate prices.

A raw country and their population will seldom suit the great capitalist. The delicate habits in which he has been educated will be subject to an endless succession of shocks and jars—intolerable, unless neutralised by the natural or morbid stimulus of a darling project. Here is one great defect in Wakefield's beautiful scheme of colonising with capital and labour combined. As a rule, capital refuses to go where the owner must accompany it—the scheme halts, and is, in fact, defeated. It is very unsafe to send out capital to take care of itself. "I will not go; for I can find in England tolerable employment for my capital, and can, at the same time, enjoy the thousand nameless *agrémens* and conveniencies of an old country."

As a specimen of the daily small annoyances that are here met with. A large capitalist invested in iron mines and forges in Canada West. He built and furnished a house in the English style. He had occasion to advertise for tenders to clear

some land. A master woodcutter, an off-handed Yankee, thinking of nothing but timber and dollars, came with his offer. He was introduced into the parlour, bright with its newly-papered walls, and figured carpet. The American, as he struggled for his price, balancing his chair against the wall, rubbed his wet greasy hair against the paper, when Mr. Charles Hayes begged him to keep his head off the wall, which he instantly did; but soon afterwards, very unconsciously, rolled his quid, and spat on the new carpet. Mr. C. remonstrated, when the woodman waxed warm, and said, "Neighbour, I see we are not likely to do business. You are a hard man, and make bothers. You know I'll do cheap; and yet we don't progress." "Yes," said the Englishman, "we shall progress, if you will step out with me into the garden;" where, in fact, terms were agreed upon in a few minutes.

Some persons blindly rush beyond the limits of civilisation, and are surprised to find themselves neither happy nor useful. Many a town-bred lady has found herself thus.

For the sake of the female part of his family, no man should venture into the Canadian woods unless he can very materially better his condition. The ladies must milk their own cows, cook their own mutton, scald and cut up their pork,

and so forth. But there are hundreds of cleared farms in the upper province, to be had on easy terms, where none of these things need be done.

No purely professional man, excepting, perhaps, the minister of religion, can expect an income in Canada. Law and physic are overstocked. The importing merchant treads on slippery ground; but the shopkeeper does better.

For a person in easy circumstances to retire to Canada might not be unwise; but for such a person to fix himself in the United States, would argue great ignorance or perversity. In fact, it is rarely or never done. If an Englishman present himself as a resident at Philadelphia, or New York, without an ostensible calling — being neither a merchant, diplomatist, soldier, nor naturalist, the people of the place patiently wait until the ugly secret of his being there explodes, which sooner or later takes place with great certainty, when he is cut by everybody worth knowing. The tone of society in the United States is disagreeably different from that of England — it is more angular and obtrusive. This remark extends to Canada West, but in a much less degree.

Society in the United States is constantly fluctuating: all is change and dizzy agitation. Local attachment scarcely exists. A man will, at a

moment's notice, sell the farm on which he was born, and move westward a thousand miles. His neighbours justify him.*

I think life is shorter there. Perhaps the universal fever of accumulation tends to premature decay. As Mr. Sidney says, in one of his able little books, "The defects of the climate of the United States are notorious. The thin, sallow, wrinkled appearance of the men, and still more of the women, proves the fact at one glance." "In the Western States," a respectable American merchant observed to us the other day, "we take calomel and quinine by the pound, and expect fever and ague, as your lords do the gout, annually." A good set of teeth is a rarity in America past thirty years of age.

A rough animal happiness is diffused all over North America; and I rejoice to know it. But grumblers are everywhere — you cannot escape them; —some on speculation, others because they are injudicious, idle, intemperate, or sick.

* The philosopher justifies him thus:—"The American uses things without allowing himself to be taken captive by them. We behold everywhere the freewill of man overmastering nature, which has lost the power of stamping him with a local character, of separating the nation into distinct peoples. Local country, which had great sway in the Old World, no longer exists. The great social country wins all interest, and all affection: it over-matches entirely geographical country." —Arnold Guyot, *Earth and Man. Lectures*, p. 301.

There is not much of the picturesque near the usual home of the working emigrant. A clearance in the woods is very offensive to the eye, being a dismal scene of uncouth log-huts, blackened stumps, leafless scorched trees and awkward zig-zag fences.

It is in Canada as in every other part of the globe. A producing country lies low, and is unattractive: fine scenery is usually sterile. The Indians, lingering among the whites, are not picturesque. Cotton Mather, the old Puritan of Massachussets, quaintly and truly calls them "doleful creatures, the ruins of man." The place where they become so is seldom an advisable residence for the emigrant.

I was sorry to observe, in the more retired parts of Canada, that when the difficulties are surmounted, and all is secure and comfortable, the settler is apt to fall into a dull and moping state. There is now little to interest; the farm and the boys work well by themselves; neighbours are distant. There is no stimulus at hand preservative of the domestic proprieties. All are necessarily careless of dress in summer; while in winter a whole wardrobe of old clothes is called for at once. In summer, while on travel in an open boat, I have not seen my coat for a month together.

The females, I am bound to say, bear a wood-

land life far better than the men; are cheerful, active, and tidy in their persons. I have been often very pleased with their healthy, satisfied, and smart appearance while mounting their Dearborn spring waggon on Sundays to go to church, driven by a brother.

I have repeatedly witnessed the whole progress of a new settlement from birth to maturity—from the first blow of the axe to the erection of churches, hotels, and mansions of cut stone.

While encamped on a woody island for three weeks in the River St. Clair (Michigan), I one evening saw a boat bring to, on the east or British shore, not far from me, and then a forest. I paddled over in my canoe to see what the arrival was.

It was a large boat laden almost to sinking with a hearty family of five persons (the parents and three children), with all sorts of lumbering chests and rude furnishings, a long gun, tools, axes, hoes, spades, a dog or two, a few poultry, and a barrel or two of flour and pork. This was the true pioneer family.

While I loitered about them, not unwelcome, for a couple of hours, they landed and arranged their goods, and went to sleep on matting, snug under the fragrant shelter of pine branches.

Two days afterwards I found my friends com-

fortably housed in an oblong log-hut well caulked with clay. For such expeditious building they must have had help from others.

I shall not ask you to accompany this settler through his cheerful winter work of felling and girdling trees, of burning and clearing away the underwood of his intended farm, and now and then bringing home a deer or wild turkey.

Many such scenes I have witnessed. I have returned to the spot two or three years afterwards, and found the family, if strong-handed, or if they have had a little capital, in possession of a comfortable log-house, out-buildings, oxen, a cow, and pigs and poultry innumerable. From five to thirty acres have been cleared and planted, while perhaps a hundred more remain, and as yet only yield pasture and fuel. In from six to ten years, additional comforts spring up with an enlarged clearance. The original hut may be a stable, and a two-storied frame-house may have been built, shining all over with white paint and bright green doors and window-shutters.

By this time neighbours have approached, roads have been struck into the more recent settlements, and the Englishman, at least, is pleased to find the human tide flowing towards him, bringing consumers for his produce and enhanced value to his land.

These people are plainly, but warmly clad; on Sunday with great propriety, even if thirty miles from a church; which seldom need be the case.

All this has been repeatedly accomplished by an Irish desperado, whose life at home was divided between the drunken party-fights and hopeless starvation.

I once spent four days in a town in the state of New York, with three fine churches, many inns, a public library, museum, and eight thousand inhabitants, standing upon ground which, five years before, was a beech forest, unconscious of stir or sound, save of the adjacent cascades. Some stubborn tree-stumps were still in the back streets (Rochester). To use the graphic language of Birkbeck, "If you look at such a place as this after the lapse of thirty years, or less (Sandusky, Cleaveland, &c.), what a mighty change has been effected! The village is a city, and contains its congregated tens of thousands, its streets, squares, halls, fanes, hospitals, and all the civic machinery of an Hanse town. There may be in the neighbourhood a black stump; but the raw desolation is gone: the rich corn-field waves in the breeze, and fruits and flowers surround the dwellings. The wild stream is tamed, and labours like a servant in the factory; the woods

retreat, leaving a few trees for friendly shade; and the wolf and bear steal away from a place which is no longer for them."

By way of conclusion to these little jottings on a most important subject, I will repeat, that in Canada the labourer and artisan have two great advantages,—far better wages and better investments than in England. To the capitalist I may make the encouraging remark, that the more you invest prudently the greater your gains. Your first year or two, however, should be spent in observation, in learning rather than in acting. With good sense and industry the ordinary emigrant may, after a few years, rest assured, with the blessing of God, of ease and competence. Instead of want and hopelessness, he will see a yearly increase in the value of his possessions, partly from his own exertions, and partly from the generally increased value of land. His children's prospects are still higher. They may look forward to opulence. Many of the sons of poor settlers, Irish or British, are members of the colonial legislatures.

I advise for settlement, at the present time, the vicinity of the River Ottawa, the north and west shores of Lake Ontario, the shores of Lake Simcoe, the vast peninsula between the three Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron, and, finally,

the eastern townships of Lower Canada which border on the states of Vermont and Maine.

I greatly prefer the Canadas, as an emigration-field, to the United States, and am deeply concerned to see so many of my fellow-countrymen burying themselves in the unhealthy and otherwise undesirable regions of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa. I wish they would remember, that even in the wilder parts of Canada life and property are safe, laws are respected, and religion held in its due reverence, which is not always the case in the above-mentioned parts of the United States.

In Canada the climate is healthy, in Upper Canada particularly so, except in the extreme south-west. The air is remarkable for its clearness, dryness, and exhilarating effects. It is quite common for an invalid from England to lose his complaints, gather great strength, and live to a good old age. The average number of rainy days at Toronto, for the nine years ending 1845, was only 87. It was 178 in London. The temperature of Upper Canada is much milder than is generally supposed. The vast bodies of water occupying the valley of the St. Lawrence must mitigate both the heat and the cold.

The markets are good and near, the population friendly and comfortable, ready to teach new comers the best methods of labour.

Land of the first quality is plentiful on moderate terms, either wild or cleared. European goods are much cheaper than in the United States. Taxation is almost unknown. Internal communication is easy and rapid, by canals, lakes, rivers, and highways. All Christian denominations receive public support. There are more ministers of religion, in proportion, than in England. The acts of Government are usually, and their intentions always, truly paternal. The United Province, *de facto*, governs itself. Newspapers abound, filled with British intelligence.

I could be well content to pass the remainder of my days within the sound of the Falls of the Chat, on the Ottawa River.

The fever at the Hawksbury settlement having been apparently extinct for ten days, I bade an unwilling adieu to my kind but unfortunate hosts at Hamilton Mills, on my return to Quebec.

I determined to walk the whole way to Montreal, sixty miles, and left, not overpressed with baggage, early in a dewy morning, "just as the sound of a going was heard in the sycamore trees."

The dense, dripping woods, through which my path for the nine first miles lay, with now and

then a bog-hole, soon soaked my smart boots through and through. My wet stockings so chafed my feet that I was fain to walk in boots only. In much pain I made twenty-five miles that day, through alternate clearances and forest; but towards night, when the stars broke forth above the tree-tops, I wished for a resting-place.

Walking on, however, through the woods until it was quite dark, and every bush was a bear, I thought good to get a thick stick instead of the slender one with which I slung my bundle over my shoulder. Scarcely had I done so when I heard the barking of dogs, and a turn in the dusky path shewed me the glimmer of a cottage window.

The dogs were soon upon me; but my stick kept them at bay until I got within shouting-distance, when, at my cries, the large door of the house opened, and poured out such a rejoicing flood of light as only an American wood-fire can produce.

It was a humble house of entertainment (Schneider's), to me most welcome. Excellent bread, milk, honey, and a little bacon, was all it could offer, and all I required; but the genuine kindness, the foot-bath, the snowy bed-sheets of that night, are still most pleasantly remembered.

The next morning I went on my way. While

creeping round the great bay at the mouth of the Ottawa (west shore), a miller, out of spontaneous compassion at my foot-sore state, took me into his cart for two miles. The same evening I arrived at La Chine, within nine miles of Montreal.

The next morning, lame and weary, I set forth as a humble pedestrian for Montreal.

I had been heavily dragging foot after foot for about five miles, but not without being pleased with the activity of the motley population of French, Irish, and Scotch on the road, and with the richly-verdured heights on the north, in all the gaudy tints of autumn, when, while skirting the ancient sea-banks of St. Henry, I saw a girlish figure creep from under the dry arch of a bridge which crossed the road, and begin to dance.

She was soon surrounded by a group of children from three or four cottages close by; but she kept up her dancing, and threw off, first, her bonnet, then her shawl, and then her under-neckerchief, singing and jumping wildly about, with her long hair all loose about her shoulders.

Not being very lively at the moment, I was paying little attention to this scene, although now very near, when on a sudden the poor woman

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rushed on me, and flinging her arms wildly round my neck, and so violently that I could hardly stand, exclaimed,—

"Doctor, I am Polly White! Polly! that came in the same ship with you! Save me, Doctor: I am dancing to keep these people from murdering me, as they did my William. I have given them all my clothes, and they are not satisfied," &c. &c. in an endless flow of piercing tones and sobbings, never heard but from maniacal lips.

Looking narrowly, and not a little frightened, at the flushed, demented face, I saw truly that it was Mrs. White, a fellow cabin-passenger from England, the young mother of three children, and going out to Canada with them to join her husband, who held some small government employ at Montreal.

Her gentle manners, obliging disposition, and well-behaved children, had made her quite a favourite among us.

How or why she was here, and in this poor plight, and what a weary stranger like me, accidentally all but penniless, was to do with her, was past my comprehension. I knew of no provision for such a calamity as this in Montreal or in Canada, for I had only been two hours in the former and two months in the latter.

However, I tried to soothe her, and gradually drew her into the nearest hut.

After listening for some time to her shrill torrent of incoherence, as she sat and stood by turns, I tried to put a few questions to her; but getting no answer, I sat ruminating what to do.

The door being open, and looking aslant up the road from Montreal, I saw a stout, elderly gentleman slowly approaching on a bay mare.

Several neighbours had come in—poor people, but women, and much distressed for this poor waif of their own sex; so, making a sign to them to take care of Mrs. White, I advanced to the gentleman, and told him what must be called *our* case.

He proved to be a magistrate, and kindly dismounted. After having looked at the poor lady, he requested the tenant of the cottage (to whom he was well known) to take care of her for an hour or two, by which time he would send a district officer to take her to Montreal.

I afterwards heard, that on her arrival at Montreal from England she found her husband dead, and herself and children all but friendless. This sudden and heavy blow bereft her of reason.

When I met her, she had escaped from some place of confinement.

As I mournfully left this poor thing, like a

crushed flower, I remembered, with Archbishop Sumner, that this world is initiatory, not final—that our peace here is not to flow as a river, and that "every sorrow cuts a string and teaches us to rise."

In a couple of days I left Montreal for Quebec per steamer.

EXCURSION THE SECOND.

MONTREAL, THE OTTAWA, &c.

Montreal; Island, City, and Society—North-west Stores — Peter Pond—Boat Song — Dancing Pheasants, &c.—North-west Fur Traders—Lake St. Louis—Ottawa River—Light Canoe—M. de Rocheblave—Munitions de Bouche—Voyageurs—Indian Village —Flooded River—Gaelic Maid—American Farm—Hull—Philemon Wright — Lakes Chaudière, Chat — Falls of La Montagne and Grand Calumet—Rivière Creuse; Western Branch, Tesonac —Miss Ermatinger—Lake Nipissing—French River.

In the spring of the year following my mission to the sick settlers at Hawksbury, the Colonial Government was pleased to send me through Upper Canada to make a general report upon its geology, of which at that time nothing was known. Since then the province has appointed an official geologist.

I was very glad of the task, although the pecuniary aid with which I was to prosecute this journey of nearly 2000 miles was absurdly small,*

* Twenty-six pounds. I mention this in perfect good humour; but travelling in barbarous or semi-barbarous countries is very

something like Sir Francis Head's outfit for his vice-royalty.

Had it not been for the kindness of the North-west Company of Fur-traders, and my own limited resources, the objects in view would have been very imperfectly fulfilled.

This Company very handsomely granted me a free passage in a light canoe to the Falls of St. Mary, at the outlet of Lake Superior, by which means a large and interesting region, rarely visited by scientific persons, was laid open to cursory inspection.

As I shall, in the sequel, have better opportunities of sketching Lake Huron and the other parts of Upper Canada, I shall limit this excursion to the Rivers Ottawa and Des François, with Lake Nipissing, premising some remarks on Montreal and the fur-traders.

I arrived at Montreal early in May to join the light canoe; but as it did not set out for a few days, I wandered about the environs, and partook of the hospitalities of the town. The picturesque

expensive. On the north-east shore of Lake Erie I paid 3*l.* 10*s.* for being taken in a cart sixteen miles in five or six hours. In 1845 a bill was passed by the Canadian House of Assembly to appropriate 2000*l.* annually for five years, to make an accurate and complete geological survey of the Canadas. An experienced and energetic geologist, Mr. Logan, was appointed for this duty, with assistants. His services have already proved very valuable.

and fertile island of Montreal, upon the south side of which the metropolis of British North America is situated, is thirty-two miles long by ten in its greatest breadth, and with a somewhat triangular shape.

With the exception of Montreal Hill and its dependent alluvial ridge, the island is tolerably level, and it is watered by several rivulets.

Montreal Hill is almost wholly of basalt. This rock has risen obtrusively above the surrounding layers of limestone, without disturbing their horizontality, and has solidified in its present form. Not only so, but, as is very curious, it sends forth arms, rays, or dykes, from one to fourteen feet thick, which run at right angles with the mountain a mile or more into the plains around. Masses of shell limestone, and single shells, are seen imbedded, and unchanged, in the basalt, which is both of the hornblende and augite species.* I am not aware of anything similar elsewhere.

Montreal Hill almost immediately overlooks the city. It is three miles long, and comparatively narrow; its height is 650 feet, as measured by Lieutenant-colonel Robe, lately Governor of South Australia. It dips, on the east and south-

* *Vide* "Transactions of the Lyceum of Natural History, New York."

east, precipitously from a rounded summit of scantily wooded rock, and is elsewhere in hummocks, or steep declivities, clothed with beech, maple, and fir. The sides and base are occupied by orchards, farms, and gentlemen's seats. The view from the top is extensive and varied. To the south it is much the same as from Mr. M'Gillvray's drawing-room window; to the north it exhibits an undulating country, well cultivated but woody, with glimpses of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa; the whole bounded by high lands trending north-east. This "Mountain," as it is here called, is a striking object from its massive solitariness.

Montreal is a stirring and opulent town, with a population exceeding 50,000, and therefore larger than Quebec. Its inhabitants have always, as the Americans say, been on the commercial "stampado." * They are enterprising and active, pushing their merchandise into the most remote wildernesses where there is the chance of a market.

Montreal does not wear the heavy, sleepy air of Quebec. The social, easy-going Canadian, is suffering from a great invasion of Americans and

* A phrase taken from the stampado of the bison in the plains. Vast herds meet on certain occasions, and shake the earth for miles round by their incessant and fierce stamping.

British, who, it is to be confessed, have possessed themselves of the bulk of the upper-country trade; but the French labouring class is still very numerous.

Its situation and its environs are very beautiful. Few places have so advanced in all the luxuries and comforts of high civilisation as Montreal, or is so well supplied with religious, philanthropic, and scientific institutions in full activity, including both a hospital and a college for Protestants, besides the rich educational establishment of St. Sulpice for the Roman Catholics.

This town, since I was first there, has been renovated—nay, newly-built and greatly extended. Some of the show-shops rival those of London in their plate-glass windows, and its inns are as remarkable for their palatial exterior as they are for their excellent accommodation within. Its magnificent quays of wrought stone which line the St. Lawrence are the admiration of strangers.

The main cause of this prosperity is the rapid peopling of the country westward and southward for 600 miles and more.

In 1842-43 the population of Upper Canada, the trading-ground of Montreal, was 401,000 souls; in 1848 it was nearly 700,000. To this we must add a large public expenditure, and, doubtless, a

very extensive illicit trade with the United States along the frontiers.

It does not enter into my plan to describe the splendid Roman Catholic cathedral of this city, the more modest and yet large Episcopal church, the Nelson monument, and other public buildings. They have been well represented by Mr. Bartlett in his "Canadian Scenery."

I humbly confess my error. I found, but did not expect to find, at Montreal a pleasing transcript of the best form of London life — even in the circle beneath the very first class of official families. But I may be pardoned; for I had seen in the capital of another great colony considerable primitiveness of manners, not to mention the economical and satisfactory device of the lump of sugar candy tied to a string and swung from mouth to mouth at a tea-party in Cape Town, not very long fallen into disuse (1817).

At an evening party at Mr. R——'s the appointments and service were admirable; the dress, manners, and conversation of the guests, in excellent taste. Most of the persons there, though country-born, had been educated in England, and everything savoured of Kensington. There was much good music. I remember to this day the touching effect of a slow air on four notes, sung

by a sweet voice, and supposed to be a hymn sung before a wayside oratory in Tuscany.

I had the pleasure of dining with the then great Amphytrion of Montreal at his seat, on a high terrace under the mountain, looking southwards, and laid out in pleasure-grounds in the English style.

The view from the drawing-room windows of this large and beautiful mansion is extremely fine, too rich and fair, I foolishly thought, to be out of my native England.

Close beneath you are scattered elegant country retreats embowered in plantations, succeeded by a crowd of orchards of delicious apples, spreading far to the right and left, and hedging in the glittering churches, hotels, and house-roofs of Montreal, whose principal streets run alongside the St. Lawrence.

To the left of the town nothing particular presents itself; but to the right, or south-west, you have the pretty village of St. Henry close under the steep ridge of St. Pierre, and then the railroad and canal leading to La Chine, passing through copses and farms, and from time to time betrayed by a glancing locomotive or the broad sail of a barge.

The wide, tumultuous river, and the island of

St. Helen, come next into view beyond Montreal, with the opposite shore studded with white dwellings, among which the large village of La Prairie is conspicuous, with its shining church. Directing the eye still farther south, it ranges over a level and populous district of great breadth, till arrested in one direction by the fine hill of Belœil, and in another by the still more remote and lofty mountains of Vermont and New York.

Mr. M'Gillvray was accustomed to entertain the successive governors in their progresses, and was well entitled to such honour, not only from his princely fortune, but from his popularity, honesty of purpose, and intimate acquaintance with the true interests of the colony.

I hope to betray no family secrets in the following little sketch of the doings at the dinner-party.

My host was then a widower, with two agreeable and well-educated daughters. The company was various, and consisted of a judge or two, some members of the legislative council, and three or four retired partners of the North-west Company of Fur-traders. Our dinner and wines were perfect. The conversation was fluent and sensible, far above my sphere at first, about large estates, twenty to thirty miles long, and how to improve them by draining, damming, road-

making, and so forth—operations only in the power of great capitalists who can wait for returns.

For myself, a young man, I listened meekly as "*de profundis;*" but at length the talk turned to a subject more attractive—the Indian fur countries, on whose frontiers I was about to wander.

I was well placed at table, between one of the Miss M——'s and a singular-looking person of about fifty. He was plainly dressed, quiet, and observant. His figure was short and compact, and his black hair was worn long all round, and cut square, as if by one stroke of the shears, just above the eyebrows. His complexion was of the gardener's ruddy brown, while the expression of his deeply-furrowed features was friendly and intelligent, but his cut-short nose gave him an odd look. His speech betrayed the Welshman, although he left his native hills when very young.

I might have been spared this description of Mr. David Thompson by saying he greatly resembled Curran the Irish orator.

He was astronomer, first, to the Hudson's Bay Company, and then to the Boundary Commission. I afterwards travelled much with him, and have now only to speak of him with great respect, or, I ought to say, with admiration.

No living person possesses a tithe of his inform-

ation respecting the Hudson's Bay countries, which from 1793 to 1820 he was constantly traversing. Never mind his Bunyan-like face and cropped hair; he has a very powerful mind, and a singular faculty of picture-making. He can create a wilderness and people it with warring savages, or climb the Rocky Mountains with you in a snow-storm, so clearly and palpably, that only shut your eyes and you hear the crack of the rifle, or feel the snow-flakes melt on your cheeks as he talks.

The two other north-westers were elderly, business-like Scotchmen, strong-featured and resolute. One of them (of great frame and stature) was literally driven from the Indian territories.* These

* He was a leading partner of the North-west Company of Fur-traders, stationed near the head waters of the Saskatchawine. Unwittingly he offered what was considered a great insult to the child of a powerful Indian chief, who was expected home that night. A people which has its meat chewed beforehand by old women may have extraordinary notions of honour. Mr. M—— was advised to take fleet horses, as soon as it was dark, and flee for his life; and so he did, although one of the bravest of men. He struck into the rocky wilderness towards the Arctic circle, and there hid himself for six months, living perhaps upon his horses. He let his beard grow, and finally crossed the American continent as a Canadian boatman, in white capote, green tasselled belt, and ostrich feathers in his hat. When the chief heard his child's story he pursued with all his tribe, but in wrong directions — towards Canada, the Rocky Mountains, and into the southern plains. Mr. M—— never returned into the fur countries. A few years ago he was deputy-lieutenant in a Highland county of Scotland.

countries are sometimes called Rupert's Land; their geography and productions, the romantic incidents of a fur-trader's life in hunting and in battle, being then quite pet subjects at Montreal. The rest of the evening was passed, to my great content, in listening to the tales about them by one or other of the company.

Mr. Thompson told us that in his youth he had served under Sir Alexander Mackenzie, one of the first to cross the American continent in these latitudes (now done every week in the year); and he spoke very highly of his endurance, skill, and bravery. He said that Mr. Roderic M'Kenzie, then a clerk in the North-west Company, an industrious, methodical man, wrote the history of the fur-trade in Mackenzie's volume of travels; and that he himself (Mr. T.) furnished the geographical sketch of the north-west territories, with alterations by Sir Alexander; some of which are inaccurate, as, for instance, the introduction into the map of imaginary hills between the Beaver and Saskatchawine Rivers.

Mr. Thompson gave some curious historic anecdotes, shewing how Dr. Franklin obtained the local information which enabled him to obtain so favourable a boundary line between the

Canadas and the United States from Mr. Oswald, the British commissioner.*

Dr. Franklin was indebted for this to Peter Pond, a native of Boston, United States, an observing, enterprising, unprincipled Indian trader in the regions beyond the great lakes. This person obtained great influence over his *voyageurs* by mingling in their carousals, by his ability and courage. With the quiet foresight of a New Englander, he noted down the topography of the countries he visited, and with the help of Mr. Cuthbert Grant, then a young clerk in the trade, made a tolerable map of them. But such was his violent and rapacious disposition, that he was taken out of the fur countries for at least one murder. The sufferer in the first case was a half-pay German officer named Wadanne, much liked by the Indians, and therefore in Pond's way. He was trading with a small outfit from Government and a permit, as was then the practice.

At a portage called Isle à la Crosse, Pond and a confederate agreed to get rid of him. It was effected thus. They invited Wadanne to sup

* The natural point of departure from Lake Superior for the boundary line is the River St. Louis at its upper end. This would have been advantageous to Great Britain, in securing to her the Upper Missouri, &c. &c.

with them alone in their tent. Over their cups the conspirators engaged in a fierce mock quarrel: both seized their guns. Wadanne tried to mediate, and was *accidentally* shot in the scuffle. His thigh-bone was broken, and he died a few days after. Mrs. Wadanne was close by; but the mischief was done before she could interfere. I saw her daughter afterwards at Fort La Pluie (J. J. B.).* Pond was brought down and lodged in Montreal gaol, but was acquitted for want of evidence.

The Montreal merchants furnished him with an outfit, and he returned to the north-west countries, wintering in Athabasca, near a fort belonging to a Mr. Ross. Peter pursued his usual roystering, plundering career. He persuaded his men to rob Mr. Ross of a load of furs in open day. In the course of the altercation Mr. Ross was shot, really by accident, from a gun in the hand of a *voyageur* named Péché. Pond was blamed, and again brought to Montreal.

While the lawyers were disputing for some months whether the Crown had jurisdiction in the Hudson's Bay territories, Pond broke out of

* It is to be confessed, that until the Hudson's Bay Company had uncontrolled sway over the Indian countries, rapine, drunkenness, and murder, greatly prevailed therein. Indians and Europeans suffered alike. It is not so now.

his wooden gaol, and escaped into the United States. There Franklin picked him up. It is understood that Pond was poorly rewarded. Franklin tried to employ him, but in vain; he was untrustworthy and intractable.

Mr. Oswald signed, it is said, the Boundary Treaty without the necessary information. A few hours afterwards some Montreal gentlemen arrived to supply his deficiencies. During his interview with them Mr. Oswald shed tears.

A couple of years after this an Indian trader of Montreal, arriving from England at Boston, accidentally heard of Pond being there. Calling at his lodgings, he found Pond at dinner, with two or three other people. As soon as Pond saw him, up he jumped, seized a carving-knife, and swore he would stab the first man that touched him. "Oh!" said the trader, "I do not come to arrest you, but only to have a little fur gossip." "I do not believe you," cried Peter; "the sooner you leave the room the better for you." The gentleman took the hint. Pond also left the town, and was next heard of at Philadelphia. He died in poverty. His son was lately a blacksmith in Lower Canada.*

* After this was copied from my notes, I found part in Mackenzie's "History of the Fur Trade;" but my information is derived as above, and is much fuller.

The guests at the wine table now joined the ladies for coffee, when one of the Miss M'Gillvray called to Mr. M——, and insisted upon his singing a wild *voyageur* song, "Le premier jour de Mai," playing the spirited tune on the piano at the same time with one hand.

Thus commanded, Mr. M—— sang it as only the true *voyageur* can do, imitating the action of the paddle, and in their high, resounding, and yet musical tones. His practised voice enabled him to give us the various swells and falls of sounds upon the waters, driven about by the winds, dispersed and softened in the wide expanses, or brought close again to the ear by neighbouring rocks. He finished, as is usual, with the piercing Indian shriek.*

When this was over, and the lady had obeyed a call to the piano frankly and well, a gentleman asked Mr. M'Gillvray what truth there was in the accounts of the dancing pheasants in the north-west, adding, that although he was at first incredulous, he could scarcely remain so after Mr. Gould's statements respecting the pastimes of the bower-bird of Australia.

Here our friend Mr. Thompson said he had repeatedly stumbled upon what might be called a "pheasant's ball," among the glades on the east-

* The words are in the Appendix.

ern flanks of the Rocky Mountains. In those grassy countries the almost noiseless tread of the horses' feet (unshod) sometimes is not noticed by the busy birds; but the intruder must not be seen.

"The pheasants choose a beech," said Mr. T. "for the dance, a tree with boughs, several on the same level, and only full leafed at their ends. The feathered spectators group around. Six or seven pheasants step on the trembling stage, and begin to stamp, and prance, and twinkle their little feet like so many Bayadères, skipping with '*balancez et chassez*' from bough to bough; or they sit with curtsey and flutter, arching their glowing necks, and opening and closing their wings in concert; but, in truth, the dance is indescribable, most singular, and laughable. When it has lasted ten minutes, a new set of performers step forward, and the exhibition may last a couple of hours."*

* The following extract confirms in a remarkable manner this account of the pheasant dance. It is taken from Schomburgh's "Third Expedition into the Interior of Guiana," recently published in the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society" (x. 235). "Not far," says Sir Robert, "from a high peak, called Arapami, near the River Kundanama, while traversing some mountains, we saw a number of that most beautiful bird, the cock of the rock, or rock manakin (*Rupicola elegans*), and I had an opportunity of witnessing some of its very singular antics, of which, though I had heard stories from the Indians, I had hitherto disbelieved them.

"Hearing the twittering noise so peculiar to the *rupicola*, I cautiously stole near, with two of my guides, towards a spot secluded from the path, from four to five feet in diameter, and

I confess to have been at the time greatly staggered by this story; but we see it has been verified, as well as another as incredible, from the same gentleman. He told us that in the far north-west, near the Arctic circle, the ice forms over a river, and the water sometimes deserts its bed. There is a dry channel, with a high arch of rough ice overhead, tinted white, green, and earth-coloured, if the banks are lofty. He said he had travelled for the best part of a mile in such a tunnel, simply because it was the best road.*

which appeared to have been cleared of every blade of grass, and smoothed as by human hands.

"There we saw a cock of the rock capering to the apparent delight of several others; now spreading its wings, throwing up its head, or opening its tail like a fan; now strutting about, and scratching the ground, all accompanied by a hopping gait until tired, when it gabbled some kind of note, and another relieved him. Thus three of them successively took the field, and then with self-approbation withdrew to rest on one of the low branches near the scene of action.

"We had counted ten cocks and two hens of the party, when the crackling of some wood on which I had unfortunately placed my foot alarmed and dispersed this dancing company."

My notes from Mr. Thompson were written some years before I met with Sir R. Schomburgh's narrative.

* "Journal of Royal Geographical Society of London," ix. 119.

Baron Wrangel, while riding to the north of Yakutsk, in latitude 65°, over a large river; the ice suddenly giving way, he was thrown forwards and escaped, but his horse went under. He was lamenting the loss of his steed, when the Yakutskis, laughing, told him the horse was not only safe but dry; and eventually, when the ice was broken away, it was discovered that there was no water beneath,

It is hardly necessary to say that I passed a very agreeable evening. Our host was a large, handsome man, with the pleasant, successful look of the men of his habits and mode of life. I hope that what entertained me will entertain others.

The North-west Company of Fur-traders originated in the year 1783, from the united stimulus of gain and adventure. It was scarcely possible to abstain from endeavouring to share in the apparently enormous profits of the Hudson's Bay Company. Furs from the north-west were daily sold in Montreal, at a profit of from 1000 to 2000 per cent upon the prime cost among the Indians. It was eagerly believed that the Hudson's Bay charter did not include the vast extent of country then and now claimed by that Company, which, for all the grantors knew, might in truth have been salt water—a portion of the Pacific Ocean.

A number of young men, chiefly of good Scotch families, able, daring, and somewhat reckless perhaps, formed themselves into a company in order to traffic in the forbidden land in spite of the char-

and that the animal was standing upon the perfectly dry bed of the river.

Similar streams, some rather large, others fed only by superficial springs, are now not unknown to the Hudson's Bay Company; and one has been mentioned by Sir John Richardson.

ter. They neither wanted the necessary capital nor the requisite knowledge.

Among these were M'Kenzie, Mactavish, Frobisher, M'Leod, Rocheblave, and others—men who have become celebrated for their painful wanderings and perils extreme in search of furs. Their most prominent member, Mr. M'Kenzie, was knighted—an honour which seemed to legalise their proceedings.

They went boldly to work. Close to each Hudson's Bay Company's fort they planted one of their own, to undersell and beard the old people. When disputes arose, as was sure to do, the partner of the new concern was always prompt to appeal to the pistol, making it a personal affair. In fact, the quiet, inky-fingered clerk of the old Company, expecting only his poor salary, was no match for the fiery youth who worked on shares.

Not only did the North-west Company dispute successfully the known hunting-grounds, but they pushed strong parties far beyond, down the Fraser, Peace, Thompson, Columbia, and other rivers, even to the Arctic circle and the Russian dominions in America.

The adventure was successful. Every year brought with it enlarged operations and accession of capital. The early part of this century

found the North-west Company almost irresistible in Canada—an extensive purchaser in her markets, employing thousands of her population, and enriching all connected with them.

During the last war with the United States they sent into the field three regiments of hardy *voyageurs*, of eight hundred or one thousand men each; and this at a time when the British Government required such countenance and succour.

Every device was used to stimulate their agents in the Indian countries to unusual exertions. A scale of ranks and emoluments was introduced, —occasional furloughs granted to enable the successful to enjoy themselves. The celebrated Beaver Club of Montreal was established as a point of recreation and of union, and where, I have been told, on certain great occasions the last plate put on the table before each member held a cheque for a sum of money.

I noticed that the members of the North-west Company were often relatives. This arose, I doubt not, from the enticing descriptions which were sent into the Scottish Highlands, from time to time, of the adventurous life of the wilderness, of hunting and war, of alternate indolence and desperate toil, and lastly and particularly, of the acquisition of splendid fortunes.

A first-rate Indian trader is no ordinary man. He is a soldier-merchant, and unites the gallantry of the one with the shrewdness of the other.

Montreal was then the best place for seeing this class of persons, as St. Louis at the mouth of the Missouri is at present. What sailors are at seaports they are at these places. They spend fast, play all the freaks, pranks, and street-fooleries, and originate all the current whimsicalities: but this is their brief holiday: when they turn their faces westward, up stream, their manners change.

The Indian trader is a bold, square-chested, gaunt man, sun-burnt, with extraordinary long hair as a defence against mosquitoes. He is equally at home on horseback or in the canoe—indefatigable when needful, careless of heat and cold, and brave as steel, as though he bore a charmed life, in countries where the Queen's writ scarcely runs, where the law only of personal authority takes effect. Often he has not only to contend with the Indians, and to right himself on the spot with other traders, but he has to fight his own men hand to hand. Kindness, vigour, and sagacity, usually render but one such affair necessary.

It had become evident in 1816, and before,

that the competition of the two companies was injurious to all concerned, that their strife was devastating the fur countries, and that their mutual attacks (on one occasion sixteen Scotchmen and Englishmen were massacred) would be tolerated no longer. They cannot have desired the continuation of such a state of things. An amalgamation therefore took place in 1821; and all has been peace since that period, greatly to the benefit of all parties, and most so to the Indians;—although it is true that these last are only the hunting-slaves of a company of whites in Leadenhall Street.

At length the day of departure, the 20th of May, arrived. Together with a pleasant young clerk of the North-west Company I left Montreal in a long-eared calash,* drawn by two stout black horses, for the mouth of the river Ottawa, at the upper end of the island of Montreal—there to embark in the light canoe.

The main business of the canoe in which I was granted a seat was to convey Mr. Rocheblave, a

* It is like an English gig, but much stouter, the horse farther from the body of the carriage; and this allows of room for the driver, whose seat rests on the footboard. Instead of doors, like our phaeton, it has high sides, for warmth and other reasons. The driver's seat and the board which supports it fall by means of hinges when the passengers get in, and the board and seat are then hooked up again to their place when the driver mounts.

partner in the North-west Company, and his clerk, to Fort William, in Lake Superior; and M. Tabeau, a Roman Catholic priest, and myself, to the Straits of St. Mary, the outlet of the above lake, and my furthest point on this occasion.

We were soon at La Chine, and were trotting along the good road which skirts the shores of Lake St. Louis, when, to my great gratification, we had not gone far before we found the shore lined with flat-bottomed boats filled with six companies of the 68th Light Infantry, on their way to Kingston in Canada West.

Most of the officers were walking leisurely on the road, some of the juniors, however, standing erect on the stern-thwarts, pole in hand, making respectable proof of their river-craft.

The officers' wives were in boats with awnings —sitting cool and happy, while the soldiers, their baggage and womankind, crowded the other barges.

Inexperience in a strong opposing current is as bad as in taking a cross-country ride. So our friends found it,—especially in rounding a point, when too often, in spite of clamorous warnings innumerable, the boat's head would be caught by the stream; and away she would dart Quebec-

wards, to the great amusement of all but the principals concerned.

Passing along an endless string of white cottages, with dome-shaped ovens, and primitive wells by their sides, we arrived at the pretty village of St. Clair, when another spectacle awaited us. For some miles previously we had noticed that all the houses were shut up. This was now explained.

A sudden turn in the road shewed us on a long low point, advancing into the lake, with a grove and a church at the end, drawn up before a large wooden cross, a large procession in honour of Ascension Thursday. Foremost stood a body of stoled priests, with their acolytes dressed in white, with blue sashes, and behind them, a prolonged file, four deep, of neatly-dressed females, having among them a tall red banner; while their male friends stood behind in less orderly array, and looking wistfully at sky and water, as if their minds were elsewhere—perhaps in the young wheat-fields. I was surprised to find among these good men the same rustic style of dress as in Normandy—the same short-waisted blue coat and brass buttons, the immense flapping shirt collars, and the same high and heavy broad-brimmed hat.

The scene was beautiful, and called out many thoughts, both as a Christian and a lover of the picturesque. It would have just suited Peter de Wint—full of quiet heavy masses of foliage, black in the outstretching shadows of a declining sun, but cheered by the pilgrim group, their banner, the church, and the wide waters sparkling from afar.

We jogged on nine more miles, past St. Anne's, celebrated by the poet, to Château-brillant, a small fort, venerable in ruins, overlooking from a mound the Narrows at the mouth of the Ottawa. It is overgrown with ivy and young trees, and was once meant to overawe the neighbouring Indians.

The only quickset-hedge I ever saw in Canada occurs on the little farm close to this ruin.

Our *voyageurs* were to have awaited us at Château-brillant; but, save for our own shouts, all was still among its shadows. Returning a couple of miles, we found them at Forbes' Tavern; and they said, forsooth, that as good Catholics they could not but stay to assist in the holy procession at St. Clair.

I was now introduced to our leader, M. Rocheblave, a senior partner of the North-west Company, a tall dark Frenchman, with a stoop, born at New Orleans. I found him well informed,

obliging, and companionable. He would have been more so during the first few days of our voyage, but he had been only *very* recently married.

Let me not forget M. Tabeau, the curé of Boucherville, a stout, rosy, happy-looking priest of middle age, of unaffected and even polished manners, fond of music, and reasonably so of good living. He was (and I hope still lives) a good man, and had nothing of the livid complexion and gloomy pugnacity of many of the Roman Catholic clergy in England.

I have already mentioned Mr. Robinson, the clerk. At once I felt that I was fortunate in my companions, and took my seat in the canoe at Forbes' Tavern, not a little excited by my new position, and by the romance (to me at least) of ascending almost to the source of the lovely and beautiful Ottawa.

It may be well here to premise that the Ottawa is throughout, and in many points of view, an interesting river. It is always very broad—from half a mile to two miles—and five hundred or more miles long; for Lake Tematscaming is not its source, but only an expansion. It is not so much a river in the English sense of the word, as a chain of lakes, or long sheets of quiet water, twenty, thirty, and sixty miles in length

each, connected by narrows and rapids, by which the river forces its way through high and rocky lands in a series of cascades and foaming cur-rents.

The countries adjacent will soon be the seat of a thriving population, for they seem for the most part fertile—fit for either pasturage or arable. Clearances on the Ottawa are now found two hundred miles above Montreal, and they are multiplying. Mr. Sheriff reports that the region between Lake Nipissing and the upper part of the Ottawa is a well-timbered high table-land, inviting the labours of the poor but diligent settler. The Ottawa has long been the chief resort of the lumberer, who supplies England with great quantities of pine. Nowhere have I seen such lofty and large firs as on the Ottawa.

Our canoe was thirty-six feet long, sharp at each end, six feet wide in the middle, and made of birch bark, in sheets sewn together with vegetable fibre, and the seams gummed up close. The sides are strengthened and steadied by four or six cross-bars lashed to the rim of the canoe, and the inside is protected by slender ribs of a light wood, but the bottom only by a few loose poles. It is called a light canoe, or "canot lâche," because intended to go swiftly, and to carry only provisions and personal baggage. Its

usual complement is nineteen—that is, fifteen paddlemen and four gentlemen passengers; the latter sitting each on his rolled-up bed in the middle compartment.

The North-west Company provided *munitions de bouche* on the most liberal scale—port, madeira, shrub, brandy, rum, sausages, eggs, a huge pie of veal and pheasants, cold roast beef, salt beef, hams, tongues, loaves, tea, sugar, and, to crown all, some exquisite beaver tail. The men were provided well in a plainer way, and had their glass of rum in cold and rainy weather.

I was disappointed and not a little surprised at the appearance of the *voyageurs*. On Sundays, as they stand round the door of the village churches, they are proud dressy fellows in their parti-coloured sashes and ostrich-feathers; but here they were a motley set to the eye: but the truth was that all of them were picked men, with extra wages as serving in a light canoe.

Some were well made, but all looked weak in the legs, and were of light weight. A Falstaff would have put his foot through the canoe to the "yellow sands" beneath. The collection of faces among them chanced to be extraordinary, as they squatted, paddle in hand, in two rows, each on his slender bag of necessaries. By the bye, all their finery (and they love it) was left at home.

One man's face, with a large Jewish nose, seemed to have been squeezed in a vice, or to have passed through a flattening machine. It was like a cheese-cutter—all edge. Another had one nostril bitten off. He proved the buffoon of the party. He had the extraordinary faculty of untying the strings of his face, as it were, at pleasure, when his features fell into confusion—into a crazed chaos almost frightful; his eye, too, lost its usual significance: but no man's countenance (barring the bite) was fuller of fun and fancies than his, when he liked. A third man had his features wrenched to the right—exceedingly little, it is true; but the effect was remarkable. He had been slapped on the face by a grisly bear. Another was a short, paunchy old man, with vast features, but no forehead—the last man I should have selected; but he was a hard-working creature, usually called "Passe-partout," because he had been everywhere, and was famous for the weight of fish he could devour at a meal. He knew the flavour of the fish of each great lake, just as the man who had been ordered by Boerhaave to live on broth made of grass came to know the field from whence it was taken. Except the younger men, their faces were short, thin, quick in their expression, and mapped out in furrows, like those of the sunday-less Parisians.

Nothing could exceed their respectful and obliging behaviour. The same must be said of all of this class with whom I had anything to do. Their occupation is now gone—gone for them the hot chase of the buffalo, the fishing-spear, and echoing cliffs of Lake Huron. I look upon them with the same mysterious awe and regret as I should do on the last Dodo or Dinornis, the ultimate vestiges of a lost race. Our worthy priest, M. Tabeau, while on shore, shook every *voyageur* by the hand kindly, and had a pleasant word for each. We then embarked at thirty minutes past three P. M.

As soon as we were well settled down in our places, and the canoe began to feel the paddles, Mr. Tabeau, by way of asking a blessing on the voyage, pulled off his hat, and sounded forth a Latin invocation to the Deity, and to a long train of male and female saints, in a loud and full voice, while all the men, at the end of each versicle, made response, "*Qu'il me bénisse.*"

This done, he called for a song; and many were gleefully carolled—each verse in solo, and then repeated in chorus, north-west fashion. Of such use is singing, in enabling the men to work eighteen and nineteen hours a-day (at a pinch), through forests and across great bays, that a good singer has additional pay. The songs are sung

with might and main, at the top of the voice, timed to the paddle, which makes about fifty strokes in a minute. While nearing habitations, crossing sheets of water, and during rain, the song is loud and long. The airs I suppose to be ancient French. They are often very beautiful. Now and then the words are evidently Canadian, like the one which commemorates the death of a *voyageur* at the Falls of La Montagne (where we shall soon be), or that in which the lover entreats the lady to fly with him and hide among the wild and verdant isles of the Ottawa.

The current, as we ascended the Ottawa (open, or spotted with islets, by turns), from Forbes' Tavern, was strong against us; but in an hour and a half we arrived at the pretty Indian village of the Lake of the Two Mountains, which straggles over and about a sort of green, with mounts of sand behind, overhung with woody hills. The Nipissing, or Witch Indians, inhabit the left half of the village, in neat, painted houses (so they looked at a distance); but the other half, belonging to the Iroquois, seemed desolate and neglected. I suppose they were still at their winter hunting-grounds. As we skirted close past the church, which is near the water-side and in the centre of the village, we saw sitting on a gravestone, under

a lofty elm, the old priest Humbert,* with his large serious features, in cassock and sombrero. Singular to say, Mr. Bartlett, in his "Canadian Scenery," has given us the self-same picture, taken some years after my visit.

At the further end of the village we delivered a bag of silver money to a trader of the place. There gathered near us a group of dark, handsome, gipsy-like men, wrapped in blankets with scarlet borders; filthy, ugly women; and frolicsome children, all peaceable, and pleased to gaze upon us. The strange, uncouth spot, the bandit faces and dresses, made me think I was at the world's end.

Half a mile above this village, we encamped for the night in a wood of tall beeches and elms.

The gentlemen occupied one small square tent of thin canvass, pitched by their own hands, as the custom is. We soon had a roaring fire, took tea, and lay down to sleep,

> "Lulled by the sound of far-off torrents,
> Charming the still night."

My bed, a blanket folded four times, was near the entrance of the tent. As I lay, I could see the gleam of the rippling waters hard by; and

* His brother, General Humbert, commanded the French in their invasion of Ireland, in 1798.

the stars of a lovely summer's night were among the tree-tops. The *voyageurs* were asleep in their blankets around the fire; one alone was up and about, on watch, and cooking their next day's soup. Baggage lay strewn in all directions.

We heard at a little after two in the morning, while yet dark, the loud and startling shout of "Alerte!" and in a few minutes we were afloat on the broad bosom of the river, here called the Lake of the Two Mountains, twenty miles long, and reaching to Point Fortune, at the foot of the Long Sault Rapids, of which we spoke in our last Excursion.

We breakfasted some distance higher than Point Fortune. While thus comfortably engaged, some men in great haste came and inquired if we had seen some timber rafts driving down the stream. Truly had we—in the boiling rapids, both above and below us, dashing along at a prodigious rate, and sure to be broken to pieces on the rocks. They had escaped from their fastenings, while the men were at a tavern three miles higher up.

Our canoe now crossed to the east side of the river and landed her gentlemen, in order the better "to force" the rapids, which are long and strong, and particularly violent at a bend where six Iroquois had been drowned a few days before,

by the breaking of their tow-rope. The river being this season eight feet above its usual level, the rapids were unusually vehement, and, in places, the woods around were flooded.

We walked the nine miles to the head of the Long Sault Rapids, through swamps and woods. To avoid wading, Mr. Robinson and myself struck deep into the forest, lost ourselves, and wandered about uneasily, until we came upon a decent log-house in a small clearance (township of Grenville). After some rapping, the door was opened by a very handsome tall young woman, with auburn hair, tidily dressed. I inquired our way. She shook her head without a smile. In great surprise—for she looked British all over—I addressed her in French; but I only got another shake of the head, when her brother appeared, and told us that they were Highlanders, and that his sister could only speak Gaelic. He put us in the right way for the head of the rapids. These people were dissatisfied, and longed for the hills of Blair Athol—almost the only instance I ever met with.

We regained the river Ottawa opposite the Hamilton Mills, and found our friends at Major M'Millan's, a considerable landowner, waiting for the canoe.* One of the Major's children had

* A summer or two after this I spent a fortnight at a charming encampment, a few hundred yards below Major M'Millan's, of two

swallowed a halfpenny: I sent down after it some rhubarb and dry bread, but I could not wait the effect. We soon afterwards embarked, and made a quick and merry dinner on the grass, half a mile above the Major's, and paddled up the splendid sheet of water, sixty miles long, which leads to the falls of the Rideau and Chaudière, to the village of Hull, and now to the far more important place, Bytown.

Since I made this canoe voyage, the country has been much settled, and one or two steamboats

companies of the Staff Corps, then constructing the Grenville Canal, to avoid the Long Sault Rapids. I passed the day in geologising, and the evening in listening to the guitars of two accomplished sisters, Sicilians, who had married officers of this corps.

I was the happy guest of Col. Robe, then a studious and zealous lieutenant in this useful regiment. I wish I had time to describe the primitive kraal-like huts of the officers, and other droll makeshifts of the wilderness.

Col. Robe was so enthusiastic a geologist, that in mid-winter he went from Montreal to Lanark on the Ottawa (100 to 120 miles), on my information, to secure some bones found there in a limestone cave in the woods. But they proved to belong to an unfortunate deer who had slipped in by accident; and we lost a Canadian gaylenreuth.

The Staff Corps was here, I think, two summers. One day Major Rochfort Scott (author of "Travels in Candia and Spain"), then a gallant young sub, made a dash into the melancholy woods, which began at the back of his tent and extended to the Arctic circle. Taking with him a soldier, he went almost due north for eighty miles, across rivers, morasses, woods, rocks, and hills, and skirting the lakes. He was many days out, and returned when his provisions failed. He found a large deposit of plumbago.

navigate this lake, as we may call it, daily; but at the time I am speaking of, it was chiefly in a state of nature. The gentle acclivities on all sides were covered with forests of hard wood—thus indicating a fertile soil; but the signs of man were rare. They were, a little pirogue, with a man and a girl in it, creeping close in shore; or the hut of a family arrived last autumn. A punt stands before the door, a plank is pushed a little way into the river, and there fastened, to draw water from; and perhaps you may see a thin, scantily-clad female, dipping a vessel into the stream. Pig, ox, or cow, they have not yet acquired. They subsist on the potatoes, pumpkins, and maize, which have been planted among the stumps, with a little salt pork. About twenty-five miles from Hamilton Mills, at nine P. M., we arrived at La Petite Nation, a seigniory of eight hundred and twenty-six settlers in 1842, belonging to Mr. Speaker Papineau, the celebrated agitator. We found his brother there, in a goodly house, on an island surrounded by a wide-spread inundation. Here we pitched our tent for the night, and invited Mr. C. Papineau to sup with us. He was a dark quick-eyed man, with a small hooked nose. As he was not ignorant of the good purveying of a light canoe, our society, perhaps, was not his only inducement to join us.

The next day we were off by three A.M. (May 22), and in the course of the day passed over thirty miles of broad waters buried in dense forests. Just before we landed to dine, near the house of an American farmer, we overtook five loaded canoes of the North-west Company, with sixty men. As soon as they were in sight we began to sing, and when abreast there was a lively exchange of travellers' wit between the parties. While we were at dinner our friends passed us, and sang most sweetly, with a full chorus of all the crews — distance softening down any occasional harsh note from a novice.

The American had been at this large clearance some years. He had cows and horses, and no small substance. I saw five or six stout fellows about the premises, and some hearty girls — "Madges of the milking-pail." The mother chattered fast to us during our meal, and wished to buy our broken victuals, although they seemed in good case. Mr. Rocheblave gave them some.

I was sorry to see an idiot boy, fifteen years old, going about with literally nothing on him but a very dirty calico shirt.

The land around had been slowly rising from our dining-place; and at six or eight miles from thence we came to a bend of the river to the right

(east). This, of course, we followed, and soon beheld an uncommon landscape.

We were at the lower end of a reach two miles long. At the western angle of its upper end the Rideau Fall leaps into the Ottawa in two massy sheets of water, from a height of sixty feet, and about a hundred yards apart. They are of unequal size: the larger perhaps three hundred feet broad, the smaller one hundred feet—the larger also being guarded by a high precipice crowned with pines. An island divides them. The environs in almost every direction are covered with great pines, stripped, blackened with fire, and pointing, needle-like, far into the sky. The extreme distance behind the Falls, and to the north, visible to us on the river, rose into uplands and hills, also covered with fired pines.

Such was this scene in 1821, when man had only begun his changes. Bytown has been built since near these falls; gigantic locks and a very large canal are close to it. A great part of the traffic between Montreal and the upper country was expected to pass through these works; but this route has been neglected since the St. Lawrence Canal has been finished; the latter being the shorter and more economical line of transport. The Rideau Canal will be of little use,

except during war. This interesting landscape now wears another kind of beauty, which has been exquisitely well transferred to paper by Mr. Bartlett.

Continuing our course up the reach, delighted with the high and often rocky scenery, a strong back-water eddy drove us up a narrow pass among cliffs, bare but for young firs in the clefts. Three openings now presented themselves; the most distant one, to our left, displayed a broad half-rapid, half-cascade, sweeping down among islets of pines. The middle passage seèmed very narrow, mural, and conveyed away in a state of creamy foam the waters of the Kettle Fall (the Chaudière proper), while the near or right passage, in which our canoe was dancing, led by a winding route to a rocky cove, where we landed for the portage, usually two hundred yards long.

While on these turbulent waters, we were surprised to find ourselves amid a complete armada of large canoes, (twenty-two), belonging to the North-west Company; and ten or twelve labouring in the billows belonging to the Iroquois of the Village of the Two Mountains, on their return from the winter hunt, with their families, furs, dogs, &c. Being very fond of finery, most of them were gaudily dressed in scarlet coats, broad silver hatbands, and fringed leggings. The

greater number were tipsy, especially one, who rolled rather than walked down a steep footpath, very drunk, loaded with furs, and nearly threw me into the river. The clamour, jargonings, and confusion, rising up on all sides in this mixed and impetuous multitude, cannot be described.

When we had mounted the landing-place, we stood on a platform of naked rock. On our right, on slightly rising ground, and backed by woods, was the village of Hull—half-a-dozen good houses and stores, a handsome Episcopal church,* and many inferior buildings. Before us was the river, nearly a mile broad, and sweeping through the forests in strong rapids towards the Falls. One hundred yards on our left was the Kettle Fall, with the disappointing look of a mill-dam, and a fall of thirty feet. A long and severe thunder-

* From the church-tower I looked over the whole region around; then to the west and north-west, a waste of waters and woods. Northwards and eastwards Mr. Wright's farms are close about us, and then the forests. Mr. Willis (Bartlett's "Canadian Scenery") says the hills behind Hull are 900 feet high. I doubt this. In the direction of Bytown there are extensive clearances, from the great population assembled there for commercial purposes.

Lieut.-col. Robe made a charming sketch from this tower during a visit I afterwards made with him to the deposit of iron ore in this neighbourhood. The sketch I gave to the present excellent British Consul of New York. This iron deposit is five miles north of Hull. It was brought into view by the falling down of a part of the mound on which it occurs. We were guided to it by a blaze in the woods.

storm prevented me from examining it properly. I saw the forked lightning strike a pine-stump fifty yards off. So greatly increased was the flood on the river since the day before, that we were delayed here three or four hours, and had to make two portages.

One description of the *voyageur's* method of passing a portage will suffice. The whole cargo is distributed into loads of 95lbs. weight each. No single article is allowed to weigh more. Of these each *voyageur* takes one, two, or three at once to the further end of the portage, if it be not too long, and at a slow trot, with the knees much bent, stopping for a few minutes every half hour, this rest being technically called a pipe. The load is made to rest upon the head and shoulders by means of a broad strap, which passes over the forehead. The canoe is carried most tenderly on the naked shoulders of six men, and is pushed, cushioned on beds, up ledges and precipices. The gentlemen carry their own small articles, and any others which may come to hand, such as poles, paddles, or kettle, &c. One of us lost the lid of our kettle, whereby we suffered more inconvenience than can be readily conceived. The road is usually as bad as possible, over fallen trees, slippery rocks and rivulets, through marshes and dense woods.

At seven P. M. we made our final start from Hull,* and were towed up some temporary rapids for a couple of hours, so close to the bank as to be brushed by the foliage, when we encamped for the night in a little glade.

Here we found waiting for the morn seven

* Mr. Philemon Wright came here in 1806. He is a Loyalist from the United States, and brought with him capital, talent, and many hard-working settlers. He is (or was) a plain little man, in constant motion, teaching and being taught—a true pioneer, an enthusiast in reclaiming and cultivating wild land. He has personally brought over from England the finest rams, bulls, oxen, cows, and horses money could procure. He has three or four extensive farms in his own hands in the rear on the river Gatineau, and has a rather numerous and I believe thriving tenantry. He has built the greater part of Hull. He was so good as to shew me the tree under which he slept on the night of his arrival. I felt that the tree was memorable, in a manner sacred, and that I was in the presence of a considerable mind; not perhaps able to figure in a ball-room, but able to gather and nourish a happy population. The schoolmaster of the place was his factotum, a quiet shrewd person, of like eager agricultural impulses with Mr. Wright. They passed one winter at Quebec in a small lodging, probably to obtain some facility or other from Government. Both master and man lived in a world of their own—not in the present, but in a great future. Many a time at midnight have I passed their little window (without a blind) and saw them with one poor candle, compass and pencil at hand, poring abstractedly over a MS. map, elbows on table, and their heads firmly clasped in their palms; the fire extinct in the stove, most probably, in that intensely cold climate.

Mr. Wright has an excellent house at Hull, where he and his large household live plainly and plentifully. There I drank tea with him. We had also beefsteaks and cold boiled peas: but I have partaken of things as incongruous in one of the best Quaker families of Philadelphia.

loaded canoes and eighty *voyageurs* belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. Our leader warned his men against quarrelling with their neighbours.

It was an uncouth scene. There was a semi-circle of canoes turned over on the grass to sleep under, with blazing fires near them, surrounded by sinister-looking, long-haired men, in blanket coats, and ostrich feathers in their hats, smoking and cooking, and feeding the fires. I particularly noticed one large square man, squat on the wet ground, with a bit of looking-glass in his hand, intently watching his wife, as she carefully combed out his long jetty hair, undisturbed by a sharp rain, which the powerful fire did not permit to penetrate.

May 23d. The weather has changed: it is very cold, and will snow.

We set off in the dark at three A.M. I had the agreeable addition, to the usual comforts of these expeditions, of stepping nearly knee-deep into the water (iced in the north), a stone from which I was stepping into the canoe having unkindly rolled over. My hat was also soon afterwards knocked overboard by a paddle, and restored to me full of water.

Daylight found us on the Chaudière Lake, thirty miles long, and varying in breadth from one to two miles, turning westwards at its upper

end, and filling with population. The banks, richly wooded, were often high, and faced with little beaches of yellow sand. A mile from the north shore a range of hills presented themselves.

At nine A.M. we breakfasted among the rank grass of a deserted clearance. It being Sunday, Mr. Tabeau had the tent set up; and he dressed an altar within it with crucifix and candles, little pictures, and clean linen cloth. With his singing-boy and bell he performed a religious service, all the *voyageurs* kneeling round the tent door with great seriousness. I was glad to see this. Roman Catholic light is infinitely better than unbelieving darkness. One thing struck me at the time; that while the common run of Protestants seem ashamed of the simple but sublime and comfortable truths found in the Bible only, the various superstitions are openly and proudly confessed, beginning with Mariology, and ending with African Fetishism.

Leaving this, and paddling along on the south side of the lake, we not long afterwards arrived within two miles of the splendid Falls of the Chat. Saving always the Falls of Niagara, we had before us, in the exaggerated state of the river, the finest burst of waters I have seen in America.

We were at the apex of a triangular sheet of

water. Before us, a couple of miles off, was a base-line half a league long, and for the most part occupied by a massy, voluminous cataract, forty and sixty feet high in portions, rushing down into a lower country through the intervals of piny islets; the remainder of this base-line on the east being a barrier of rocks and trees, with two small impetuous falls at the very end, forcing a devious passage through thick foliage.

Mr. Bartlett has not done justice to the main cataract; but I doubt not the spring-floods added greatly at this time to the magnificence of the spectacle. The River Ottawa, like all streams from the north, is liable to freshets from the rapid melting of snow.

The billowy tumult of the widened stream continues for some distance below the principal cataract; but our skilful steersman conducted us (dangerous as it appeared) delightfully across it, his men answering his signals of hand and eye as prompt as thought. We soon landed at the portage, at the foot of the smaller falls, so well delineated by Bartlett.

Here, screened by huge masses of rock and by coppice, we found an Indian hut filled with men, squaws, and children, all astonishingly dirty,—and with such long, filthy finger-nails! It was a scene of noise and confusion seldom equalled; cascades

thundering, *voyageurs* toiling, children screaming, ladies (!) begging, and dogs barking.

We soon clambered up the rugged height before us, the men pushing up the canoe, stage by stage, supported on our beds.

But now began some very nervous work for two hours. The river was so swollen and furious, overleaping its banks into the adjacent woods, that previous experience was at fault. We placed the loaded canoe in the water some yards above one of the two narrow falls, and had pushed off, when, to our dismay, in spite of every effort, we found that we were being sucked into the cataract. I shall never forget the fright, nor the eagerness with which we soon clutched at some willow boughs, and were saved. Two Indians had been drowned that week near the same spot.

We could not venture on the river itself, full of islets there; its current was above our strength. We therefore crept with exceeding slowness through the woods by temporary channels, and crossing basins when favoured by eddies. Great was the skill and coolness of our men, ill-favoured little folk as some of them were. In a moment we shot across one very dangerous pass, all hands clinging to the trees for safety.

At length we reached something like still water, to the great content of all; not excepting our

worthy priest, who had been perpetually catching at trees, and vociferating, "Hauw! hauw!" an Indian equivalent to our own energetic "Go it! go it!"

Reaching an inundated island, composed of fine white marble, we dined. The men dried themselves, had their glass of rum, myself one of port, and all was cheery again. At this place we found two Hudson's Bay canoes repairing damages. This is chiefly done by patching with birch bark, and caulking with gum from a certain kind of fir found throughout North America, which softens under heat, hardens in contact with water, and adheres with great force to birch bark.

The Hudson's Bay people went off first; but we soon overtook them, singing as we drew near, when a race began, which after a short contest we won, as we were light. M. Rocheblave, waking up out of an after-dinner dream at the shout of victory, was not pleased.

We had now entered Lake Chat, sixteen miles long by one or two broad (Mr. Sheriff), and coasted its southern shore crowded with trees. We saw some scanty openings in the woods. Not long after, the Chief Macnab with some of his clan established themselves here.

Here and there, especially on the north side of the lake, small fertile islands are scattered.

My information respecting this lake and that of the Chaudière is but scanty.* It rained incessantly; our heads were under a large tarpaulin. To prevent being stifled every now and then, I peeped out and scanned the neighbourhood. The youngest man of the crew, a handsome, gallant fellow, sat behind and next to me. I was surprised to find him naked, save a pair of linen trousers, in the cold rain. I told him I wondered at his rashness; but, shaking the wet out of his long locks, he laughed and said he was warm, and that he should have his clothes dry to wear at night. Looking about, I saw others had done the same.

Towards evening we began to encounter the rapids of the Richelieu (or "the Cheneaux"), four miles long. They are caused by the river becoming at times narrow, shallow, and full of islands. At their foot there is a great boom thrown far into the water, to stop the stray logs of timber which the lumberers send down marked.

We avoided the greatest violence of these rapids by creeping close to the sedgy bank, among fallen pines, overhanging oaks, and beeches. Sometimes, however, we were obliged to use the tow-rope.

* The map of the St. Lawrence valley attached to this work gives a fair general idea of the upper parts of the Ottawa River.

Our course, however, was not always so harassing, for sometimes the flood overspread low lands, and the current moderated. It was very new to me to float in the twilight of thick woods, among their gnarled and huge trunks, their foliage drooping and drenched, with these half-naked men of shaggy locks, carolling with boundless gaiety. It is not often that we see in Canada such large bowls and grotesquely twisted boughs as are found here.

I could not but admire the great diversity in colour and form of the trees of these romantic spots. There were cedar, oak, birch, and beech, with pines on the higher grounds;—the last often blasted by lightning in single trees, or fired by Indians in large tracts: more usually, however, the pine stood erect, flinging its rough limbs deep into the sombre forest. The birch and trembling poplar commonly adorned the foot of a precipice, with pale grey or light green leaves, of a delicacy of tint contrasting finely with the dark masses around.

The interior of the country seemed to consist of short hills almost bare, from 400 to 500 feet high, standing in morasses, meadows, or lakes. White marble and sienite are the prevailing rocks for miles.

Five miles above these rude scenes brought us

to the Falls of La Montagne. A hilly ridge had followed the course of the river a little way off for a few miles, but it now (near the Falls) forms the immediate shore for some distance, and crosses the river to form the barrier forced by the cataract. All this neighbourhood is most picturesque, and promises peculiar geological interest, but heavy rain and snow prevented my either sketching or taking notes at the moment.

A curious disposition of strata is seen where the hill first strikes the river, which would make a good drawing.

The high, smooth, mural precipice of white marble, which forms the north-east side of the river, is traversed vertically by several (or many) broad black stripes of an hornblende rock (?), and looks like a vast hanging sheet of striped calico. As it nears the Falls the precipice becoms a slope clothed with pines.

The Falls are not more than fifteen feet high, but the water being pent up by high cliffs, they are loud and tumultuous.

We reached the foot of the carrying-place by dashing athwart some dangerous-looking rapids, and again found ourselves among numerous friends;—a brigade of loaded canoes being then engaged in passing over the rough little hill forming the portage, and 385 paces across.

Although at that moment the rain had changed into a heavy snow (May 23), and the whole landscape was fast turning white, there stood watching his men on a jutting rock a handsome young Scotchman, evidently fresh from the Highlands, his face glowing with the animation, novelty, and wildness of the scene. He was quite a picture, as he leaned on his fowling-piece, in a strong shooting-dress and Caledonian "maud," his broad bonnet hanging jauntily over his left ear.

This is the scene of one of the most beautiful of the Canadian boat-songs. I have heard it repeatedly, but did not take it down. It is supposed to have been found inscribed on the bark of a birch-tree a little above the Falls. This is its argument, as the poets would say. A canoe laden with furs is waylaid by hostile Indians, who are discovered crowding both banks of the river, at a bend where both falls and portage come in sight together. In their consternation the *voyageurs* appeal to the mild Mary, the Virgin Mother, who immediately appears to them in a rainbow amid the spray of the cataract, and beckons them onwards—to leap the fall. They obey, rush into the gulf, and are saved from torture and death. One unhappy man had just left the canoe: he saw the whole, but dared not shew himself.

Sometime afterwards he was found dead at the foot of the inscription.

The interval of eighteen miles between this portage and the next, the Grand Calumet, is very intricate. It is full of islands and rapids, threading an assemblage of hills. All the rock I saw is white marble, and so is the hilly portage of the Grand Calumet, one mile and a quarter across. There is a formidable rapid at the foot of this carrying place, and one or more booms to catch stray timber.

The cold rain and snow were so heavy that I took but little notice of anything from hence to Fort Coulanges. Hills and ruined precipices accompanied us for a few miles above the Grand Calumet, when the country suddenly lowered and became flat. The river has spread out, the banks are woody, marshy, or faced with sand-beaches and slight traces of fossil limestone.

Such without change, for twenty miles or more up the river, is the neighbourhood of Fort Coulanges, a small station belonging to the North-west Company, and used as a depôt or refuge in case of accident. The clerks in charge have cleared to profit about seventy acres of land.

We now forced the Allumettes Rapids, partly formed by a very large island, now partly culti-

vated, and adorned with a pretty church. They are the outlet of that portion of the Ottawa which is called the Lake des Allumettes. These rapids are distributed into a number of rocky narrows, one of which we ascended, taking us to a fall over a low shelf of gneis, where the canoe was carried a few yards and then pushed up another passage like a sewer or tunnel.

Lake des Allumettes (sometimes considered as two) now opens to us, twenty-one miles long (including the island) by the usual breadth of one or two miles. The current is just perceptible. It contains some low islands, and has flat banks, either sandy or wooded to the water's edge.

The landscape undergoes a sudden and extremely picturesque change as we enter upon the next portion of the Ottawa, "the Deep River," or Rivière Creuse, of the French. The stream is at once narrowed by steep hills, which are either totally barren or are merely dotted with dark patches of fir.

A few miles from the lower entrance brings us to Cape Baptême, when for a great distance the Ottawa washes the base of very high brown cliffs of gneis, either in great solid sheets, or split, torn, and dismantled, the surfaces often covered with the edible but indigestible tripe des roches, and

the fissures harbouring solitary pines and numerous pendant scarlet flowers, bell-shaped. From one of these cliffs two contiguous streams leap boldly in slender jets, which dissolve in spray in mid-air.

Mr. Sheriff (to whom as an old acquaintance my kind regards) says "that from a hill at the foot of Deep River, from 500 to 600 feet high, there is a prospect which I have not seen surpassed. The portion of the Ottawa within view is perhaps the most remarkable and beautiful of its whole course. To the right is the Deep River, extending twenty miles along the base of the heights, perfectly straight, and yet lined with an uneven succession of rugged points (headlands). To the left is the whole of the spacious winding of the upper Lake des Allumettes, with its numerous islands; and a part also of the lower lake is visible beyond the great island. Several smaller lakes are seen on both sides of the river, and among the rest are two, singularly situated half-way up the hill from which the prospect is obtained. The land about here, except a rough ridge about the Ottawa, appears to be fertile." *

One of our *voyageurs* was once in the Deep River, when he and his mates espied a bear swimming across. As bear's meat is juicy and

* Transact. Lit. Hist. Soc. of Quebec, vol. ii.

good, the canoe gave chase and soon came up with the swimmer. A blow was made at him which missed, when the bear placed one paw on the edge of the canoe and fixed the other in the worsted belt of the man who struck at him. He was only prevented from swamping the canoe by a better aimed blow from the axe of a comrade, when the bear fell away, and was finally killed with long poles. These people had a narrow escape.

This defile of steep hills and precipices alternating for thirty-six miles is equal to the best part of the Rhine, apart from its ruins; a thousand pounds spent in erecting on a few commanding points some fragmentary castles would produce a splendid scene. It ends at the troublesome rapids of the Les Deux Joachims, when the country becomes depressed, but is still rocky and uneven. They are said to be three-fourths of a mile long, and are grand, being rather low cascades than rapids.

Nine miles further up, along a steady current, brings us to the River du Moine, near whose mouth the father of our priest, Mr. Tabeau, was drowned. Here the Ottawa drives for two miles violently down both sides of a steep island loaded with boulders, and having no vegetation but a few berries.

The River du Moine enters the Ottawa on its north-east side, and is of considerable size and length.

One mile above this again we have the rapid Du Roche Capitaine, where, singular enough, Mr. Rocheblave lost his father. It is also caused by an island four miles long. The pass being very narrow, the water rushes with great vehemence into a large circular basin below. We had to leave the canoe and scramble along shore as we could. The crossing here of a small river on a slippery chance-fallen tree I did not much like.

In our course up the Ottawa we passed many rivers, such as the Mississippi, Missisauga, Madawaska, River du Nord, without seeing them, as their mouths are so hid in trees, or otherwise concealed, that they are commonly undistinguishable at the distance of a few hundred yards. From hence to the western branch of the Ottawa, often called the Little Ottawa, about twenty-five miles, there is little obstruction. The north shore is high and the river wide. The quantity of *débris* in square masses is very great everywhere.

At the distance of 330 miles from the St. Lawrence, according to my rough calculations, the canoe route to the Falls of St. Mary leaves the main river for the western branch, which takes its rise north of, and near to, Lake Nipissing.

Where I reluctantly left the noble Ottawa, it was seen for a great distance, a mile broad and shallow, streaming down with great rapidity through a level woody country.

The entrance into the western branch,* called the River Tesouac by the Indians, is as broad as the Thames at Windsor; it creeps sluggishly through swampy grounds for awhile, but soon widens, and the vicinity rises into well-wooded uplands. A few miles, however, brings us to the narrows, which are even more contracted than at the mouth; and the river becomes deep sunk in mural precipices crested with half-burnt pines.

On the side of a lofty scarped rock, fifteen miles up the stream, is a triangular cave, called Hell Gate. It is shallow, and used as a land-mark. We were nearly lost here. The current at this spot was extremely swift and rough. Rounding a little point we were caught by a cross eddy and flung violently on a pine-tree which had fallen into and across the river. Providentially it still had all its leaves on, and so did not thrust us through and sink us. There would have been no escape; landing-place there was none for a mile or more.

The ravine or chasm in which the river here

* 578 feet above the level of the sea, according to the officers of the Magnetic Survey.—*Geogr. Soc. Journal*, vol. xvi. p. 263.

runs is so narrow and deep that the sun rises very high before it shines on the water, and hardly at all in winter. The gloom, therefore, is great, reminding one of the mouth of the classical Avernus; and it is heightened by the black colour of the rocks and the restless agitation of the waters. The woods around, when they are visible, through a momentary depression of the banks, are rather peculiar. Large tracts consist of fine healthy fir; then comes a district of fired trees, blackening all within the horizon, mingled with patches of the lively green of the wild cherry and young poplar, and here and there a single huge pine. The current seldom maintains an equable and moderate rate for a mile together: some descent or obstruction is continually occurring.

Two beautiful waterfalls are met with about thirty-five miles from the great Ottawa. One is at the Portage Paresseux, and resembles that of La Puce, near Quebec, in escaping from a dark channel of rocks and woods into a narrow dell. Its height is forty or fifty feet. The other fall, that of La Talon,* is remarkable for its nakedness and the fantastic shapes of the surrounding gneis rock. Marble appears here again. The

* The Portage Talon, according to the officers of the Magnetic Survey, is 689 feet above the sea.—*Geographical Society Journal*, vol. xvi. p. 263.

numerous portages on this sullen river are much alike, flat, swampy, or woody.

I had a great surprise at the Portage Talon. Picking my steps carefully as I passed over the rugged ground, laden with things personal and culinary, I suddenly stumbled upon a pleasing young lady, sitting alone under a bush, in a green riding habit, and white beaver bonnet. Transfixed with a sight so out of place in the land of the eagle and the cataract, I seriously thought it was a vision of—

> "One of those fairy shepherds and shepherdesses
> Who hereabouts live on simplicity and watercresses."

But having paid my respects, with some confusion (very much amused she seemed), I learnt from her that she was the daughter of an esteemed Indian trader, Mr. Ermatinger, on her way to the falls of St. Mary with her father, and who was then, with his people, at the other end of the portage; and so it turned out. A fortnight afterwards I partook of the cordialities of her Indian home, and bear willing witness to the excellence of her tea and the pleasantness of the evening.

Forty-five miles from the great Ottawa we left this branch, now rounding towards the north of Lake Nipissing, to cross three small but interesting lakes. These lakes are charming bits of

scenery, oval in shape, three or four miles long each, and sprinkled with islets. Bluffs and cliffs form their lofty and irregular shores, moderately clothed with that mingling of flourishing and fallen trees so suited to a landscape so wild.

I shall only say of the intervening carrying places, that they are rocky and swampy by turns, especially the last, an abominable marsh, which we traversed in the dark, knee-deep in mud and tree-roots. We only found a sleeping-place at its west end by first laying poles down on some very tall grass (growing in six or eight inches of water), and then spreading out over them a large tarpaulin.* The men did the same, and contrived a fire-place. These ditches or swamps are the sources of the Vaz River, which is here ninety feet broad, and makes a leap of twenty feet into a lower region. The portages are well named the Vaz, or Mud Portages.

We embarked on the Vaz River, circulating slowly among rushes, reeds, cedars, and hemlocks. After a six miles' pull we entered Lake Nipissing at La Ronde, a post of the North-west Company,† a decent, ordinary-looking house,

* I only mark our eating or sleeping places when they present something worthy of remark.

† Now removed to an island on the north shore, half-way between the Vaz River and the River des François. It is considered to be eight or ten miles out of the canoe route to St. Mary's from Montreal.

not stockaded, with a potato-ground close to it, among marshes and gneis mounds.

The old name of this fine lake is Bis-serenis. Its waves ran high, and the wind was fresh and chill, after the smothering air and dreary twilight of the thickets we had just quitted. There are a few islets on its ample bosom. I saw neither island nor main on the north shore, although the day was clear. Certain flitting islands, however, geographers put in and out of their maps there at pleasure; which reminds me of a quaint and picturesque passage in old Hackluyt—"The like has been of those islands now known by the report of the inhabitants, which were not found of long time one after another, and therefore it should seem he is not yet born to whom God hath appointed the finding of them."—P. 502.

The first part of the south shore is a bay twelve miles across. Its banks are low, but the land behind them rises moderately in shelves, and from the canoe appears to be bare, bleached rock, with patches of dwarf pine. The south shore is forty-six miles long. We coasted it. Everywhere it wears the same aspect, except in the unfrequent occurrence of islets far out in the lake.

Twenty miles from La Ronde, and half a mile from the south shore, there is a large jumbled

heap of slabs of rock, with edges as sharp, and surfaces as clean, as if they had been quarried for gravestones, and then flung down here yesterday as a breakwater. I do not understand this heap of rocks. There is no island near them.

The size and shape of Lake Nipissing, as expressed on maps, is only a rough guess. It seems to have two deep bays on its north side. The officers of the Magnetic Survey found it to be 695 feet above the sea.

When Mr. Sheriff ("Quebec Historical Society's Transactions," vol. ii. 286), says that the south shore of this lake is a level tract, with a rich, heavy soil, and extending many miles southwards, with little rise, he cannot mean the country within sight from the water. Good land in Canada is frequently at some distance from large rivers.

He goes on to state that about the sources of the Madawaska, near lat. 45° 15′, the interior of the country forms a great table-land, growing hard wood, and gradually sloping towards Lake Nipissing. Along the south-west route of the rivers Neswarbic and Muskoka this kind of country extends from within thirty miles of the Ottawa to the immediate vicinity of Lake Huron, 140 miles.

On the whole, Mr. Sheriff says (vol. ii. p. 239), "from personal inspection, that in this unnoticed

part of Canada a fine habitable country will be found, millions of acres in extent. I hope it will, ere long, be rendered accessible to population." In the face of the prolonged and severe winter here prevailing, I fear that until the rich soils of Lakes Ontario, Erie, and St. Clair, are taken in possession, there is little chance for these wildernesses. They may be worked for marble, iron, or copper.

We leave Lake Nipissing by the Portage Chaudière des François. It is near the falls of the same name, and leads over low ridges of naked gneis, and here and there a cliff, to a backwater of the interesting River des François, by which this lake discharges into Lake Huron.

The falls are principally to be noticed for several smooth, funnel-shaped holes in the solid rock, near the lake, but twenty feet above its present level. One is from three to four feet deep, and as many across at the top, but only eighteen inches at the bottom.

They are supposed to be caused by the friction of stones whirled round by an eddy, as they have actually been seen where eddies have been known to exist. The other holes (or kettles) are smaller, as far as I recollect.

These appearances are common in Canada. I have even seen one on the Long Sault Rapid of the Ottawa on a large loose stone. In the granite

of Cape Tourment, forty miles below Quebec, there is the commencement, the rudiments as it were, of a kettle—concentric excavated rings, each an inch in diameter, and the whole about nine inches across.

I shall not dwell long on the River des François, which we descended fast and gaily, lest I become tedious, although it is a very peculiar river. It less resembles a single stream than a bundle of watercourses flowing, with frequent inosculations, among lengthened ridges of rocks. The utterly barren and naked shores seldom present continuous lines bounding a compact body of water, but are commonly excavated into deepened narrow bays, obscured by high walls of rock and stunted pines. It is seventy-five miles long. Its breadth is exceedingly various, sometimes swelling into a broad lake for miles, and crowded with islands.

Few prospects exceed, in the grand and singular, those which are often here created by the groups of long and lofty islets, extending from a circle, in giant rays, far into some dark gulf-like bay; their rugged outlines and wild foliage reflected in the clear waters, and solemnised by the profound silence of these solitudes. In certain parts of the river, where the rocks are more distinctly stratified than usual, the freezing of

crevice water has made great devastations, loading the land with shale, as in Lower Canada, and sometimes splitting off, and piling masses of vast size and weight upon one another. At one place, not far from half-way down (I think), the passage is nearly closed by a large heap of bare cyclopean blocks. Noah, as he stepped from the ark, must have cast his eye over a scene like this—not a pound of soil in fifty square miles — a region bruised, crushed, half-drowned, deserted by all living.

It was near this spot that a memorable massacre of missionary monks took place, but I have unfortunately lost the details.

Beside the Chaudière Cascade there is another called Des Recollets, twenty miles down the river. It is from fifteen to twenty feet high, but narrow, and divided into three portions by two fragments of rock. It is very beautiful in its white waters and dark walls, bristling with dead and living pine, almost naked heights being close at hand.

I was much interested by the ruins of an Indian fort, or look-out, which still remains on a point of land commanding a good view downwards, and, I think, upwards. It was a circular building, about five feet in diameter. When I saw it it was only four and a half feet high. It was

carefully constructed of the stones at hand, and would contain a couple of Indian watchers in the days when war seldom ceased.* Cooper's splendid powers of description and amplification would have ennobled this spot with thrilling adventure.

Indian drawings occur on the smooth face of a gneis mound not far from hence. They are rude sketches of animals and men in various attitudes.

Many rapids occur, but the most serious is that of Brisson. It is very swift and turbulent. As our canoe turned round and round in it, in spite of all our men could do, the sight of thirteen wooden crosses lining the shore, in memory of as many watery deaths, conveyed no more comfort to my mind than do the impaled bodies on the highways of Turkey to the feelings of their surviving robber-friends. The current is always strong, so that we swept down the river in one day.

In descending there is but one portage, that of the Recollet, and it is said, though I cannot believe it, that Indians have dashed over that fall. In ascending there are many portages.

At the upper part of the River des François the neighbouring country attains a moderate height, either in great piles of dislocated rocks or in stair-like ridges. Nearer Lake Huron its envi-

* There is one in La Cloche, Lake Huron, and several on the old route to the Lake of the Woods from Lake Superior.

rons are lower; and as far as is visible from the canoe, they are destitute of vegetation.

This river discharges itself into Lake Huron in narrow channels formed by parallel, smooth, naked mounds of gneis, a few yards broad, a few feet high, and broken into lengths of twenty to two hundred yards. La Dalle, from three to five miles from Lake Huron, a rapid of uncommon swiftness, is a gut of this kind. It is not more than ten or twelve feet wide, and an hundred yards long. Our canoe flashed through it almost in a moment. Either of its sides I could have touched with a walking-stick.

We now enter Lake Huron (a stormy water, a thousand miles round), among shallows, reefs, and tortoise-backed mounds. Its shores here are low and barren, but the back-ground rises higher. The blue line in the south, resembling a long, low cloud, is the Great Manitouline Island. But it will be better here to leave my kind friends of the North-west Company and their untiring canoemen, as I shall be enabled to describe Lake Huron more fully and better in a future excursion.

I afterwards learnt that my companions returned in the autumn to Montreal in health and safety. My best wishes and grateful acknowledgments abide with them.

EXCURSION THE THIRD.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Calash Journey by Montmorenci and Château Riche to St. Anne, Ferry-house—Cottage life—Falls of St. Anne—Indian Family in the Woods—Feriole: Double Sunset—Cape Tourment—Walk round its Base to La Petite Rivière—Grand Scenery—Dangerous Precipices—Slippery Rocks—Mud up to the Knees—Dinner at a Cascade—Almost impassable Buttress—Mosquitoes—La Petite Rivière: Arrived disconsolate—Boat Voyage to St. Paul's Bay—Kindness of M. Rousseau and Family—The Peasantry—Earthquakes—A Tea-Party—Discussion with an M.P.P.—Cross the St. Lawrence to L'Islet—Sleep in a Hay Chamber—Walk along south Shore to Quebec.

THE few of my acquaintances who had visited the St. Lawrence for any distance below Quebec were loud in their praises of its scenery and inhabitants. I was therefore determined to embrace the first opportunity of judging for myself.

Early in the month of September, on my return from the geological tour round Upper Canada, the head of the medical department for

Canada, Dr. Wright, invited me to accompany him and a young friend* to the Bay of St. Paul by land, a distance of sixty miles. If our excellent old friend had been better informed, I think he would not have made the attempt; the main and most novel part of the affair being to walk round the foot of the Tourment mountain, where it is for many miles bathed by the St. Lawrence.

We hired over night two of the high, creaking, shaking calashes of Lower Canada, invented in the sixteenth century, to take us—not forgetting a good store of provisions—to St. Anne the Great, a parish and river, twenty-eight miles below Quebec, and close to the great bluff just mentioned, called Cape Tourment.

In the mists of early morning we issued from the sombre Temple gate of the city into a dirty suburb, among river craft, timber-yards, docks, and the narrow Norman carts of the "marche-doncs," as their drivers are nicknamed, from their perpetual use of that "cry" to their cattle.

We were soon at the stout wooden bridge over the St. Charles, and on the highroad to (and through) Beauport, with its handsome church and long line of houses.

We successively trotted past the comfortable

* A promising young medical officer, who soon afterwards was sent to Cape-Coast Castle. Of course he died there.

inn at Montmorenci (nine miles), the pretty terraces, church, and presbytery of Ange Gardien (eleven or twelve miles), and then dipped at once into the marshes, famous for snipe, which border the St. Lawrence.

Although the herbs and foliage were no longer gushing and throbbing, and swelling with the hasty impulses of the early Canadian spring, still all was fresh and verdant. An almost tropical sun was glowing in the clear sky, and the cicada* was ringing its trilling note, loud, metallic, and ceaseless, from every bush.

We reascended these terraces at Château Riche (sixteen miles), at certain seasons a favourite resort for sportsmen. The old castle is there yet—four bare walls—scarcely worth a visit.

After having refreshed ourselves here, and taken a glimpse of the Falls of La Puce, not far from hence, we rode along a similar river-side for twelve more miles, when we gladly rested at St. Anne's, and took up our abode at a peasant's cottage, near a ferry, on the picturesque river St. Anne, not many hundred yards from the St. Lawrence.

Our harbour for the night was a Canadian

* A curious dumpy insect (the cicindela), rather less than one's thumb-end, and like it in shape, common in warm climates. The noise is made by rubbing the thighs against its sides.

house of the ordinary sort, accustomed to take in occasional guests like ourselves. It contained one large, low, common room or kitchen, with two ample windows in it, a cast-iron stove in the middle, and a large fire-place at one side. Then came, also on the ground-floor, a bed-chamber for the family, and another for visitors, with a cock-loft above all, entered by a ladder, for the grown-up boys to sleep in, among all sorts of provender and farming-tools.

The walls of all the rooms were adorned with rude religious pictures, and in each was an earthenware crucifix, with a receptacle for holy water attached.

I need scarcely say that the house was full of hardy boys and girls—the father more stupid-looking than usual; a kind of good-humoured bear. The mother was the ruling spirit, short, black-eyed, bustling, and flushed.

She received us gaily, and bade us go play at ducks and drakes with the flat pebbles* in the river, until she had prepared a good supper of fowl, potatoes, and soup.

She kept her word; and we husbanded our own providings for worse times. After supper,

* We did not play long with the pebbles, for we found the river loaded with erratic blocks, among which we met with coccolite, satin-spar, garnet, graphic granite, &c. &c.

some excellent rum-toddy disposed us for bed; and thither we went.

During the evening we had an opportunity of observing the domestic life of the Canadian peasant. Neither parents nor children made the slightest account of our presence. Gentle cuffs and "orders perempt" went on as usual. The whole family took supper together out of one large bowl of thin bouilli, into which were thrown large pieces of brown bread, cabbage,* and some herbs unknown to me, with a few small masses of fat. Each took care of himself in an orderly manner, with a short-handled broad wooden spoon.

Soon after supper, the whole family knelt round the largest of the windows for several minutes, the bright stars of evening shining in upon them, uttering in low tones their well-meant prayers.

The French Canadians are a devout people. Four out of five houses have domestic prayer regularly. Their worship, such as it is, carries with it an observable blessing in family unity and affection. Would it were better applied, and that their King and Redeemer had his full rights!

* Hence another Canadian by-name, "coup-choux," or chop-cabbage, applied to the peasantry.

This scene made me draw comparisons, and gave me a disagreeable twinge. Family prayer, morning and evening, does not exist in one Protestant house in ten, I fear, in Britain and elsewhere.

The next day we resolved to go up the river St. Anne a few miles, as far as the nearest falls. If we had taken with us one of the brave boys of the cottage, we should have fared better; but having a thread-like track of trodden leaves in the woods pointed out to us as the unmistakeable path, forwards we set alone; but in about a mile (and it seemed two), near a sudden rise of land, our single trace separated into several. Taking the likeliest, the river being out of sight and hearing, we trudged on for a mile or so, and were stopped by impenetrable underwood. Retracing our steps, we tried a second and a third foot-way with like result. But during the third attempt, as we were thinking of returning home wearied and disconsolate, we alighted upon an Indian family at a bark wigwam, weaving dyed baskets for sale in the neighbourhood. They were a well-favoured group, in decent attire, only Indian in part,—just such as a half-crazy person in an English village, fond of finery, and at the same time poor,

might put on. I thought their life not so bad for summer-time. Our new friends soon put us in the way to the falls. They spoke French, and were Roman Catholics.

The falls are well worth a visit. I regret not to have a sketch of them; but there are very many as fine in Canada, which, like Sweden, is *par excellence* the land of cataracts.

The waters, embowered in fine trees, leap spiritedly into a deep chasm of primitive rocks, down whose sides a treacherous path takes us to the bottom of the falls, if we are very venturous and determined.

We were glad to find ourselves once more at the ferry-house of St. Anne.

The next day we set out in a calash for the romantic parish of St. Feriole, among the mountains, from five to ten miles back from the St. Lawrence.

At first we ascended a sandy terrace (whilome the river shore), across a stripe of cultivation among low clumsy houses without gardens; and then soon afterwards another—a broad one—also ranging parallel to the St. Lawrence for many miles up-stream. The soil of this upper flat being sandy, we drove through fragrant groves of pine over a road as good as in an Eng-

lish park, until we neared the rude and straggling village, when the occurrence of granite rocks made the ascent rough and sharp.

After having quietly surveyed the stern and singular scenery about the village, we struck a few hundred yards northwards upon the "Rose," a mountain torrent, ten yards across, always a violent rapid, and sometimes dropping suddenly into wooded abysses. Near one of these cascades a tall pine-tree had fallen across the stream. Nothing could prevent our younger comrade from tottering across it. Twenty fatal possibilities might have happened to him, but he went and returned in safety, and greatly self-exalted, I suppose.

The mountain village of St. Feriole is chiefly remarkable for a leaning sugar-loaf hill to the west, which gives rise to a phenomenon often spoken of in Canada—a double sunset. The sun sets to the inhabitants of the village as it passes behind this hill, reappears for a short time, and sets again behind the succeeding height. At certain seasons the effect is striking.

The late Colonel Forrest, an admirable artist, took several views in this vicinity, induced by me to visit it. The prevailing tint in the hill-forests of Canada, rifle green, is well seen here.

We now drove merrily back to our pleasant

ferry-house, and prepared for the greater feat of the following day—the walk round the base of Cape Tourment.

There are few objects in Lower Canada better known, and perhaps more carefully avoided, than the great headland of Cape Tourment, nineteen hundred feet high. It is the advanced portion of a great group of mountains, occupying a lofty inner country, untravelled, save by a few Indians. Near to, and behind it, is a massy summit somewhat higher than itself.

Government has cut a narrow road over this hill country, side by side with the St. Lawrence, to connect Quebec with St. Paul's Bay by land, and in the boggy parts has laid down a little corduroy.

When I passed over it (not in this excursion) there was not a habitation throughout the twenty-seven miles of woods: now, there is a log-hut and a little clearance every league.

The road is usually in steep ascents and descents, with swift brooks flowing in the bottoms, among large fragments of rock. Seven miles from St. Anne is the River Nombrette, or La Grande Rivière, which traverses a rich but neglected country in three branches, all crossed by the road near a wood of remarkably tall pines.

The traveller is so buried in trees, that rarely

along this dreary route is the fatigue of an ascent repaid to him by a prospect; but now and then scenes of grandeur and savage beauty never to be forgotten reveal themselves. The eye ranges over undulating surfaces, where only the tree-tops are seen, blending in patches all imaginable hues of green, from the fairest to the darkest.

Sometimes we see a forest-valley encircling a lake or morass, and swelling on all sides into hills; at others the landscape rises higher, becomes more abrupt, and presents a number of black, broad, steep, almost alpine mountain flanks, intersecting each other, as we see in the Swiss canton of Uri, with rapid streams winding through their narrow and rocky intervals.

From the near or west end of this gloomy and high track, just before descending into the low grounds of St. Anne, looking over the tops of the lower trees, we suddenly behold the wide St. Lawrence, the corn-fields and dwellings of St. Joachim and St. Anne in the bright vale below, with the Isle of Orleans farther off, and a dim vision of Quebec shining aloft.

The view from the other end of this woodland road, peeping down into St. Paul's Bay, is equally but differently beautiful.

Such is the immediate vicinity of Cape Tourment.

The day after the trip to St. Feriole, having breakfasted, we started with a guide secured at no ordinary wage. He carried our provisions and a coil of rope.

We purposed walking to the hamlet of La Petite Rivière, eighteen miles distant, without a habitation in the interval, and almost wholly an iron-bound coast, at the foot of Cape Tourment, and two-thirds washed directly by the waves of the St. Lawrence, save occasional beaches of mud or shingle.

Crossing the shallow and noisy St. Anne, and some fields beyond, we came to the foot of the huge bluff — Cape Tourment — up above, a pile of toppling crags — down below, a cliff with little ledges.

Up this cliff the waves swept, ever and anon, dashing sheets of water many feet higher than the usual common sea-level.

I was dismayed. My companions behaved better than I did. As we faced a precipice thirty or forty feet high, to be clambered up by us, "This cannot be the way," shouted I; "do you take us for Barbary apes?"

The good guide spake not, but shewed us one

or two footings, and then a broader ledge on which to take breath and fresh courage. Getting up himself first, he gave a hand to each in turn; and at length, with trembling knees and anxious eyes, we were planted on the summit, no little pleased with our success.

After walking safely enough over high masses of fractured rocks, we now followed our guide's example, and pulled off our shoes and stockings to pass over a series of slippery granite-mounds sloping into deep water, as smooth and shining as if they had been coated with French polish. We meet with precisely the same on the Hasli side of the Grimsel Pass. I was surprised how securely the naked foot clung to the glass-like rock.

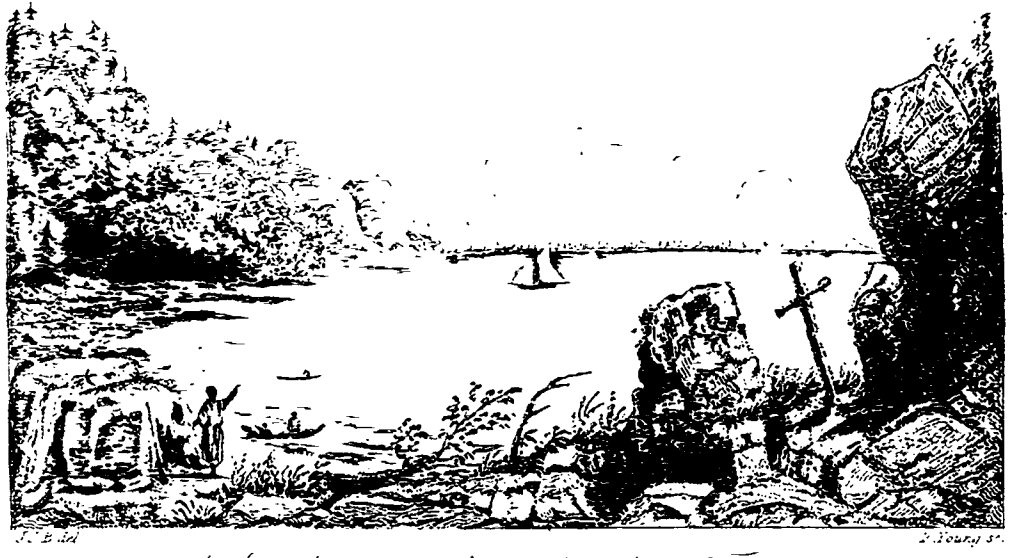
This having continued about half a mile, a good deal of rough but safe walking succeeded, in the midst of which we came upon a splendid fissure, or cleft, in the mountain — another "Brèche de Roland," deep and narrow, and reaching far up the acclivity, composed of grand rock masses piled high in the air, with a few scattered pines here and there. It may be a water-course in winter, but there is none in September. It was beyond my pencil, and laughed audibly at my drawing-paper, eight inches by five.

Now the fall of the tide permitted our access to the beach, where for four or five heavy miles did

we solemnly trudge barefoot, always over ankles, sometimes up to the knees, in smooth brown mud. Once or twice, in rounding a point, we waded nearly up to the middle. We loudly expressed our disrelish of this mode of progression; but there was no retreat.

About half-way to La Petite Rivière, we met with a charming little cascade dancing down from a mountain summit. Its sweet water and our need tempted us to dine by its side. Dining was pleasant; but mosquitoes soon found us out, and punished us severely. I suffered less than my friends, because instead of taking a nap I ran about examining the rocks. The little plagues bit poor Ritchie blind; at least he became so in an hour or two from the swelling of the eyelids and face.

After lingering about our cascade for four hours, on account of the tide, we set out again, and alternately climbed over piles of large *débris*, or crept round their bases. At length we were, to all appearance, stopped by a smooth round buttress, thirty feet across, the deep waters below lashing and washing high up the rock, while all above looked most forbidding. But straight across this buttress ran a horizontal ledge, a couple of inches broad. Upon this my two friends and the guide shuffled with vast tremor and hesitation, with



Les Etablissements sous le cap Finisterre

many a stop and wistful look, declaring they could neither go on nor return. I did not like the thick tongues of water the tide every now and then spit upwards near the ledge.

I cried out energetically, and truly, that my dizzy head would not even allow of my trying to pass. So I hopelessly mounted the entangled steep several hundred feet above the buttress, and at last found a jumble of huge blocks, forming a kind of bore, tunnel, or passage. As it seemed to slope downwards and crosswise promisingly, I crawled into it, and, with sundry abrasions, scratches, and rendings of skin and clothes, on arriving at the other end, I saw myself on the wished-for side of the awkward "pas," my friends standing a good way below me, and gazing about uncomfortably.

The love of geology had enticed us into these perils. I bethought me of the old sarcasm uttered against all such crazy folk as we — "*I, demens, et curre per Alpes.*"

Vast dimensions, like those we see in Switzerland and the Himalayas, are not required to produce feelings of pleasurable awe. A walk under the heights of Dover will prove this. So we were well justified in being delighted with the scenery of Cape Tourment.

The mountain was steep—here in perpendicular

sheets of naked rock, there in heaped-up cyclopean ruins, overspread in parts with delicate foliage. Lofty headlands along shore shewed us labour to come; and a brisk wind which had sprung up, while it cooled the hot air, was whitening the waves with little breakers over the broad surface of the St. Lawrence.

Toward the latter third of our day's work the coast lowered. We fell in, fortunately, with a level beach of yellow sand for five weary miles towards La Petite Rivière. The finely-shaped hills of the Eboulements and Malbay seigniories now came into view. The last six miles I led my poor friend R., for he was stone blind. Of him it might be said, "He saw no man, but they led him by the hand." Our chief was also disabled. The insects and the mud-wading had greatly swollen his legs, and made them look like raw beef. Right glad were we to find ourselves, at about nine in the evening, in the first poor hut we met with—that of an aged couple, who kindly gave us shelter. The little collection of dwellings near the St. Lawrence offered nothing better. We supped upon our own provisions; after which, a blanket or two being spread on the floor, we were all speedily at rest.

Next morning my friends were not much better, and all were tired and suffering; but myself the

J. J. B. del.

R. Young sc.

Bay of St. Paul

least. Walking any further was out of the question.

I should here mention that the seigniory of La Petite Rivière is a group of small farms in a break in the mountains, through which runs a gentle stream. The scene, overhung by Cape Maillard, 2200 feet high, is rural and more than pretty. The level ground consisted principally of hay-fields, and the people were busy gathering in their crop. White houses are dotted about; and far up the valley I espied a church-steeple. An Englishman is as seldom seen at this place almost as in Timbuctoo (in my time).

In the afternoon we hired a stout fishing-boat, and started with four civil Canadians for the Bay of St. Paul, twelve miles lower down the St. Lawrence, and on the same (the north) side.

We coasted the flats of La Rivière, animated by an active population; then by the side of a dark mountain curving round a deep bay, and bathed by the tide. We soon turned Cape de la Baie, the west angle of St. Paul's Bay, and came in sight of the seigniory and church of that name, placed at the base of a deep semicircle of undulating mountains, most of the houses hidden by a line of firs crossing part of the valley.

As we were approaching the mouth of the Gouffre, the river which drains the valley, we

inquired of our boatmen for accommodation during our short stay. As in all the more remote seigniories, there is no inn, for the same reason that there is no doctor — the trade will not pay, our friends recommended us to try M. Rousseau, a very respectable farmer residing close by.

The wind drove us up the Gouffre rapidly for about a mile, when we brought to opposite a low, roomy, clap-boarded house a few yards from the river, with true signs of the comfortable about it —a good garden, outhouses, and several chimneys. An old soldier in a campaign always billets himself, if possible, upon a house with two chimneys at the least—never where there is only one; and for very obvious reasons.

We announced ourselves. M. Rousseau was at home, and, although perfect strangers, without introductions, received us with the greatest kindness—a kindness manifested with equal earnestness by his wife and family. A room was given to us containing two snow-white beds, and refreshments were soon on table.

Nature had been at best but niggardly to us in personal attractions; and we were then even less so than usual, being purblind, lame, and "used up," as well as roughly clad for a rough service. Poor Ritchie's face was as marred and speckled as if he had had the smallpox. Nevertheless,

during our three days' stay, the attentions of this good family were unremitting. The invalids were carefully and successfully nursed. We fared well; the port was good, though but little drunk, and the beds were soft. When we left, in spite of our sincere endeavours, we were not allowed to make any remuneration for the trouble we had given.

After refreshment, leaving my friends in-doors, I stepped forth to examine our whereabouts. I stood in the middle of a semi-oval valley, four miles deep by two broad, screened all around by a high country of mountains and their peaks, save towards the St. Lawrence. These mountains again, are flanked in the valley at irregular distances by alluvial terraces, in descending series towards the River Gouffre, two or three in number, and not always perfect.* These terraces and knolls are studded with dwellings by twos and threes, and by clumps of beeches. Through this sweet scenery the River Gouffre pursues a winding and often destructive course from the interior, and has one or more noble belts of firs near its marshy embouchure.

The whole has a very Swiss look — a sea of mountains in the rear — the hamlets sprinkled

* On the east side of the outer valley of which I am now speaking is a great talus of large and small boulders and earth massed high up the hill-sides.

on the steeps — the corn in little patches among precipices—tiny cascades, the pretty church, and the roomy old houses half hidden by pine-groves.

As well as this outer valley, there is another within, which seemed little more than an umbrageous dell continued into the interior for several miles among primitive mountains abounding in iron ore, and giving passage to the Gouffre.

I shall not sketch in further detail this colony of Normans, as two illustrations of it are given.

We had several pleasant rambles. The people were as comfortable and contented as well as may be in a world of trial. We seldom or never see in Lower Canada any of those slow, thick-skinned, unimpressionable rustics—barn-door savages, as I have heard them unfeelingly called—that fill our villages in England. In St. Paul's Bay they are rather a good-looking race—spare, active, with a quick eye, both men and women. The French Canadian has lively affections, great excitability; his feelings play freely, and are almost explosive. He is fond of money, shrewd in its acquirement, and retentive when he has it.

Although it is true that Lower Canada is a hard country — hard in its sky, hard in the earth and in wrinkle-begetting labour — yet, on the whole, the condition of its agricultural population is far preferable to that of the English labourer. The

chief drawback is the great expense of keeping cattle through the long winter, and the forced idleness of so extended a period of time.

The Lower Canadian acquires land easily; and there is plenty of room for his children after him. The frugal and industrious man, who lives within ten or fifteen miles of a town, is rich in coin also, as a rule. His market is remunerative. He has numerous religious holidays, which usually lead to gossip and merry-making. His spiritual director is commonly his adviser-general, and is taken from his own rank of life.

St. Paul's Bay is so healthy as not to require a medical man. There is nothing for him to do, although there are more than 3000 inhabitants in the vicinity. Several have been starved out.

Something either political or connected with the climate has of late disturbed the serenity of the Lower Canadians. Although they have an extreme distaste for the manners and habits of the Americans, they have been emigrating in considerable numbers to the State of Illinois within the last two years; a thousand in 1848 to Chicago.

Out-door work in so severe a climate injures the appearance and gait of females. We saw at a little dance, however, in a barn belonging to our hosts, some pleasing faces. I have observed that the hardships undergone by European as well

as American mothers do not deprive their infants and young people of the round, blooming, hopeful features, the grace and general loveliness, we expect at their time of life. The almost supernatural ugliness and atrocious aspect of a full-blood Indian grandmother is beyond conception; the revolting idea has yet to be transmitted to Europe.

From time to time earthquakes and other singular appearances take place in this and the neighbouring seigniories. As far as I am aware, the last well-authenticated instance at St. Paul's took place in 1792. This has been described by Mr. Gagnon, in a letter to Capt. Baddeley, R.E., and by him quoted in "Transactions of the Historical Society of Quebec," vol. i. p. 145. As it is worth reading, I have made some extracts from it in a note.*

I believe that Lieut. Hall's sketch of this part of Lower Canada, made in 1814, is the last public notice of it.

* "At 7^h 15^m, Oct. 6, 1792, commenced at St. Paul's, a series of earthquakes for six weeks, from two to five daily, but much more frequent during the first night, though small. One shock had an eastern direction. Weather thick.

"On the evening of the 26th instant (Therm. Fahr. 57°), and on the 27th, (6^h 30^m, Therm. 79°), in the interval between two mountains, which afforded a long range to the eye, I saw a continual eruption of thick smoke, mixed with flame, sometimes shooting high in the air, and at others ascending in large round volumes,

Strangers being rarely seen here, our little rambles had not been unnoticed.* On our third morning, therefore, the member for the Bay and its vicinity in the Provincial Parliament, a little quick-witted, elderly person, called upon us, and with great politeness invited us to tea for the same evening. Our being without visiting costume was not held to be an obstacle; so we willingly surrendered, partly to shew a friendly feeling, and partly from a fancy to see the *ménage* of the leading individual (the priest excepted) of the locality.

Of the outside of Mr. Pothier's house I shall not say a word, because it is faithfully delineated from behind, in Irish fashion, in the accompany-

twisting and whirling about. During the whole night the spectacle was admirable. The sky was all on fire and agitated. There was a feeling of heat on the face, but no wind."

No one has seen the spot. In 1828, when Capt. Baddeley received Mr. Gagnon's letter, he thought it useless to try to find it, as every trace of the eruption would be obliterated by a luxuriant vegetation. Besides, Capt. Baddeley had not the necessary time at his command.

* My companions having been disabled by the walk round Cape Tourment, our geological and botanical excursions were very limited. We found some curious inter-stratifications of gneis and marble, with a small vein of sulphuret of lead and fluor spar, at a cascade on the west side of the valley; and I made a hasty rush into the picturesque upper valley for two or three miles, but I saw nothing worth noting, for want of time. I am persuaded that this vicinity would well reward the visit of a geologist.

ing drawing. This drawing gives us a pleasing idea of the secluded valley, its pretty church, venerable presbytery, full-foliaged trees, and warm dwellings scattered along the river-side. In the corner of the picture is a high pole; this marks the residence of a militia officer, where his men rendezvous when required.

We found that our new friend, besides being a proprietor and occupier of land, kept a store, to the great convenience of the public, at which might be purchased every nameable article suited to the place—rice and ribbons, tape and tobacco, bonnets and butter, &c. &c.

I was somewhat displeased that he did not ask our host and his amiable family—a neglect, I suppose, arising from some local mystery.

We found nothing new or shocking in our entertainment: it was English,—only better, in the opinion of those who are fond of liqueurs and confectionary. Unfortunately for my wish to meet a pure native, both Madame and her only daughter had more than once accompanied the M.P.P. to Quebec, where they would of necessity see much good society, and assist at the Governor-General's annual ball. For party reasons, as well as for better, the members of the Provincial Parliament were much courted at that time.

The ladies were quiet and simple in their man-

ners, neat in their dress—some three years, perhaps, behind Bond Street; but that was no great matter.

Our chief suggested to me, by a little by-play, that I ought to be attentive to the young lady, as she was evidently an heiress; but I at once begged off, although she was both pleasing and intelligent. Taking my friend to a window, I explained to him that I was of too tender years to take upon me as yet the responsibilities of "*un homme fait.*" Neither was I inclined to spend the rest of my days in the hollow of a tree, and as such should I have felt even the sweet vale of St. Paul.

None are so home-sick as the damsels of the free and easy Canadas; very few of them bear transplanting, as hundreds of English officers know right well.

Our kind entertainer had designed that evening to fructify; for the tea-things having been removed, and the ladies settled to their tambours, he proceeded to play the member of assembly—that is, to indoctrinate our elder companion at much length into the griefs, as he called them, of his country. The French Canadians of the better class, who have been more or less educated, are often thoughtful, and fond of political discussion. Although they have few books, and those of a very old school, they have nimble minds, and

spend much of the winter together—the young in frolic, and the older in grave debate.

It was only natural that we conversed on public topics. Mr. Pothier spoke on what deeply interested himself, and upon what he thought he understood. He really made quite a speech at one effort, and several smaller ones.

I shall write down this conversation fully, and, in its substance, with tolerable accuracy, as representing faithfully the state of French feelings at the time, and as shewing how deeply and universally the Canadians had at heart the great privilege of self-government.* Most, if not all the great public grievances then existing, have since been removed. They have self-government enough.

"Gentlemen," said he, the play of his features shewing a marked wish not to offend his guests, and yet a settled determination to open his mind to a party of officials, however humble and powerless in reality,—"I hope I do not presume too "far upon your forbearance, in laying before you "a few of my provincial notions this evening; "and before I say another word" (whereupon our good chief, who had been looking at his still swollen legs, pricked up his ears a little alarmed),

* It has been transcribed a year; and therefore before the present agitation.

"permit me to declare to you that the inhabit-
"ants of my country are not insensible to the
"many blessings they enjoy under the mild sway
"of Britain.

"I am about to set things in a light new to
"you — perhaps unpleasantly new, but still in
"the true light. Public opinion in England is
"strongly against our wishes; but this is simply
"for want of consideration. On some subjects,
"light reaches us all at one time, only through
"a crevice, as it were, and is little better than
"darkness; but after a while the crevice becomes
"a window, and the window a bright oriel. May
"it be so now! I hope to obtain our demands
"by amicable means—a bloody struggle would
"be too costly, as well as uncertain. It may
"come to this; but I will not share in it.

"We ask not to intermeddle in the imperial
"questions of peace and war, or of treaty-making;
"but for an executive government, responsible
"for all their acts to the people of the Canadas,
"as represented in their Senate and House of
"Assembly. We ask for the precious faculty of
"self-management—for the power of transacting
"all our business purely local and Canadian,
"without reference to Downing Street. We wish
"for the control of all monies levied in the
"colony; the appointment and dismissal of all

" executive and judicial officials, who must be, " as far as possible, Canadian-born. In granting " this, it does appear to me that humanity would " receive a magnanimous lesson, and that all " parties would be great gainers.

" I am free to confess to you that my country- " men hourly sigh for their political rights" (I am translating from the French). "We feel it " to be quite as indispensable to communities to " manage their own affairs, and be responsible " for their own happiness, as it is to individuals; " and that no abundance of meat and clothing, " no security of person, can compensate for the " want of that moral schooling which is involved " in self-guidance, or for the loss of the whole- " some and joyous sense which fills the breast of " the citizen of a self-ruling state.

" It would be well to give the Canadians a re- " sponsible government. Who is so interested in " their welfare? who so minutely and accurately " informed about them? We are a colony num- " bering 1,500,000 souls, fifty-seven years in the " possession of a representative government—im- " perfect, to be sure. We feel equal to the task, " and see, with the blessing of Almighty God, a " great and prosperous future before us. Neither " are we left without the human instruments to " carry out the local administration of our affairs.

"We have men of ability sufficient and to spare, "in all the public walks of life, to conduct with "credit and ability the various departments of go- "vernment, from the highest office to the lowest."

"Permit me to interrupt you, my dear sir, for "a moment," hastily interrupted Dr. W., who by this time had brought his scattered thoughts to bear upon this sudden political onslaught; being now compelled to forget the flowers and fountains of St. Paul's Bay, in which he came to delight. "I think that, like certain ladies, you are speak- "ing of one thing and meaning another. I fear "that, while you talk of responsible government, "you mean independence; and that is a very in- "discreet topic with a servant of the English "crown. I am aware that it is a widely prevail- "ing opinion, that a total severance between the "mother country and her Canadian provinces is "not very remote; but this is only the mistake "of a few short-sighted and dissatisfied men. No "prime minister, however powerful, dares to ask "the sovereign and his people to set you free, "and part with one of the brightest and most "glorious jewels of the British crown. Are you "able to contend with the parent state? Are you "capable of prosperous self-existence? I greatly "doubt both. It was only through a remarkable "concurrence of favourable circumstances, by the

"uprising of many Americans of supreme talent "in the various departments of public service, "aided by a powerful European nation, and still "more by the justice of their cause, that the "United States were enabled to win their freedom. "A short and true story comes into my mind on "this subject. Some Loyalists waited upon Lord "North, the minister of the day, to explain to "him the various agencies at work in the Ame- "rican Revolution, its causes and motives. Their "story was long—seemingly endless, and not a "little confused. But Lord North interrupted "them, and said, 'Ah! I see how it is; the child "has burst his breeches.' You think you are "old enough and strong enough to do the same; "but you will find your pantaloons made of "tougher materials. You are not ripe yet for "self-government; when you are, I trust Eng- "land will understand her duty, and part with "you in an amicable spirit."

"No," said M. de Rouville Pothier; "you "never did emancipate a colony, and I fear never "mean to do so. Look at the millions you are "expending on Fort Diamond, which commands "the gate of the St. Lawrence, and can lay "Quebec in ashes in two hours. Look at your "vast defences and naval yard at Montreal and "Kingston; your ship-canals, &c. &c. These

"seem intended to overawe the people of Canada "for their own good, and to perpetuate the con- "nexion,—a connexion, let it be distinctly un- "derstood, I am as far as you, dear sir, from "wishing destroyed, and of whose benefits to us "I am fully convinced."

"I am glad to find I have mistaken you," replied the Doctor, who now warmed in the dispute, and hastened to say, "You must see that it "is a connexion not only of mere interest, but "also of the higher feelings of duty, gratitude, "and honour, the breaking up of which, except "upon extraordinary grounds, would be a calamity "to both parties. In case of separation, or if you "remain independent, but weak, and in constant "fear of your powerful neighbours, you must be "immediately and heavily taxed. Instead of the "present low custom-house duties, you must pay "forty per cent to meet your new expenses of "administration, of defence, and the local bur- "thens." (At present, 1849, they are twenty per cent below those of the United States.)

"If you annex to the United States, the entire "customs and land revenues would be placed at "the disposal of the Federal Government for "general purposes, while the Canadian people "would be taxed directly for all local objects. "The control of your own revenue would be gone.

"The Roman Catholic bishops and clergy would

"immediately lose the public salaries which for
" fifty years they have received from the British
" Government. Neither have I the least doubt
" but that the proprietors of land under the French
" tenures would eventually be beggared by a con-
" fiscation, in spite of any proviso to the contrary.
" In the councils of Washington it is well known
" that the sacred cry of justice and of right is
" stifled in the presence of personal or national
" interest, just as much as in those of St. Peters-
" burgh.—(*The Seminoles, Mexico, &c.*)

" If you were to separate to-morrow, a few
" lawyers would be the chief gainers. They, with
" their connexions, would fill all the public offices.

" The great body, I think I have shewn, would
" suffer, and would not be slow in telling you so;
" for few love money with the intense affection
" of a Canadian peasant."—(Spoken plainly, I thought.)

" I made use of the word 'gratitude' just now.
" How beautifully was the kindness of the home
" Government shewn a few years ago in this re-
" mote spot! Your crops barely suffice for your
" population; you have scarcely any other re-
" sources. At the time to which I allude, a deficient
" harvest brought you to the brink of a famine."

" Your sovereign supplied all your wants, and
" asked for no return. Perhaps your own hand
" drew up the petition for this aid. I doubt

" whether the Canadas in a state of independence " would have done so much, for the western people " are not overfond of their French compatriots. " The authorities of Washington, 900 miles from " you, would not have sent you a dollar."

" But to descend now to a more possible and " less violent political change, your having re- " sponsible government, the management of your " own affairs all but uncontrolled by the Colonial " Office, I am sorry to say that I have misgivings, " sound and deep, about that measure. When I " think of the few permanent residents in this " country, adapted by education, abilities, and " habits of labour, for the conscientiously dis- " charged burdens of office,—when I think of the " number of office-seekers, their poverty, love of " display and official distinction, I cannot but " foresee a vast increase of what I already observe " too much—of heartburnings, animosities, cabal, " and the sacrifice of public to private interests: " I am not prepared to grant even this smaller " measure of emancipation. And I am sure you " will allow that the intentions of the Imperial " Government are kind and paternal. It has no " other object than your well-being, knowing " that it operates directly upon that of Britain. " And see how you have prospered!"

" Well, my dear sir," retorted the eager but still friendly Pothier, whose flushed countenance

had also tinted with carmine the sympathising cheeks of his wife and daughter. "But, pardon "me, I do insist, but with perfect respect, that "we have in Canada the requisite materials for "self-government, and that there is a sufficiency "among us of stability, honesty, common sense, "and knowledge. You are too hard upon us; I "can point out the men."

"I concede that the Colonial Office means well, "but its good intentions are marred by ignorance. "Your office people know nothing about us, and "mismanage us, as they do all the other colonies. "They seem to have neither sunlight nor star-"light to guide them. We have had a hundred "incontestable proofs of this. What good can "an over-tasked man, 3000 miles off, in a back "attic in London, do my country? What does "he know of its wants, modified by climate, cus-"toms, and prejudices, as well as by a thousand "points in statistics and topography—distracted "as he is with the cries of forty-two other colonies? "These things are only known to him in the "rough. He can direct and advise on general "grounds alone, and, therefore, too often erro-"neously. Besides, he is like one of your church-"wardens, only a temporary officer. He fears to "meddle, and leaves the grief to grow. If we "have a sensible, useful colonial minister to-day, "he is lost to-morrow; and we have in his place

" an idle and ill-informed, or a speculative, hair-
" splitting, specious man to deal with — never
" feeling safe, and sometimes driven half-mad by
" his fatal crotchets."

Here Dr. Wright looked very uneasy, but held his peace.

"The blunders committed at home pervade all
" departments. The Lords of the Admiralty send
" water-tanks for ships sailing on a lake of the
" purest water in the world. The Ordnance
" Office (or some such place) send cannon to be
" transported from Quebec into the upper country
" in winter; one gun costing 1700*l.* to take it to
" Kingston, where, by the bye, it never arrived,
" for it lies to this day in the woods, ten miles
" short of its destination."

"A man becomes a public defaulter to the
" amount of 100,000*l.* and he is rewarded with a
" baronetcy. A seigniory worth 1500*l.* per an-
" num, belonging to him, is not attached, it being
" supposed to have been given to the son; but
" twenty years afterwards, a new governor, of a
" bolder temper, seized it at once on behalf of
" the public.

" Administrative difficulties at present weigh
" upon us for six months, to which a week or a
" day here would put a period, or which never
" would have been a difficulty at all."

"My wonder, too, is," he continued, "how our "excellent governor in his castle of St. Louis gets "to know anything about us. The officials at "home are in a worse case still. I pity the per- "plexed governor walking amid the corruption "of clever and interested persons, who colour "everything to suit their own views. I have "heard it said that there is a gentleman at Quebec "who has a petition ready to be laid at his Ex- "cellency's feet for every and each well-paid "office as it falls vacant."

"There is a grievance which we feel most "acutely, that I may be allowed to state: it is, "that the greatest number, and the most lucra- "tive, of our public offices are given to strangers. "Every vacant place almost is filled up by the "second cousin of a member of the Imperial "Parliament, or by some one who has been useful "to the ministry in some obscure county election. "Our peasantry have a notion that soldiers are "stored up in barrels at Chatham, fully accoutred "for use in Canada, so soon and surely are they "sent out when wanted. And verily, I believe "there is something of the kind among the men "of the law, the custom-house, and other branches "of the civil service. At present, therefore, our "own young ambitions are in despair. I can "shew you a hundred young men of family, with

"cultivated and honourable minds, absolutely "running to seed for want of occupation, and "exasperated at finding themselves neglected. "These, under a better order of things, will find "new duties, new subsistence, and be made de- "voted servants of a just government.

"It is only prudent to do what is right by the "Canadians, for their country is in the grasp of "the United States at any moment; contingents "from the four nearest states would take it irre- "vocably in one campaign. You will remember "that it has become a fashion among American "Presidents to signalise their four years' reign by "some distinguished acquisition. Neither prin- "ciple nor their true interests will stop an excit- "able people like the Americans, with an ambitious "politician at their head." *

Here our worthy chief's face began to gather blackness. He was tired of the discussion, and walked to the window to gaze upon the placid scene close to his eye — the well-kept church, the presbytery, nearly smothered under one huge tree; the burial-ground, full of black wooden crosses, hung with wreaths of amaranth and the tinsel gauds of humble affection.

* General Winfield Scott, an able and very popular officer, has recently bid for the Presidency of the United States by making proposals tantamount to the annexation of the Canadas (1849).

After a little time he returned to his seat with recovered features, and said, "I think we have "talked enough to-night. Although no revolu- "tion is meant, still it is well to remark, that "great political changes are too often fruitless ca- "lamities, devouring their own children. Might "we persuade Mademoiselle to favour us with a "little music?—I see a new piano."

The rest of the evening passed off well. We had some old French airs, sung not amiss; some delicate preserved fruits and cream, with Martinique liqueurs; and parted.

In the passage near the door, while M. Pothier was finding Dr. Wright's hat and stout stick, he could not help quoting the old Frenchman who said, that "He who lives in the mist of the valley. "is too apt to laugh at the cries of the sentinel "on the clear hill-top."

"Excuse me, my good sir," replied the Doctor, "if I say, very seriously, that Papineau and his "fellows are using your honesty and your in- "fluence to prepare for the Canadas 'the day of "slaughter when the towers fall.'"

This conversation actually took place many years ago, but not so methodically as reported.

M. de Rouville Pothier is one of the moderate opposition.

While walking home, Dr. Wright, a mettlesome

old man, shewed many signs of disturbance. He declared he was not prepared for such an attack from a man never heard of in the House of Assembly.

"It shews that there is not only discontent, but power, out of sight. The worst of it is, that there is much truth in what he says. Do you think they will ever try an open insurrection?"

"Yes, sir," I said; "the men who are planning "it are known even now. Politicians and sol- "diers spring up in a new country before philo- "sophers and poets. They have seventy thousand "tainted militiamen, and a hardy peasantry. "There will be no want of generals. Permit me, "dear sir, to say that you manifested great tact "and prowess in this very unexpected skirmish."

If I am to be allowed to express my own humble opinion, I should say that at the present hour the Canadians have obtained in responsible government all that a sensible people can require for their real good; but that as soon as they are able to stand comfortably alone, and can shew that three-fourths of the population desire it, we should amicably set them free, with certain payments for fortifications, and not without a treaty of alliance.

This should be done because it is right, in defiance of an apparent expediency. Nations are

as much bound to act on the Christian principle of doing to others as they would be done by, as individuals.

Plausible reasons against such a policy are not wanting, such as that it would be a national dishonour, that Canada is an outlet for our surplus people and our manufactures, a nursery for our sailors, &c.; but, of necessity, so it would remain. We should be no losers. What have we lost by the emancipation of the United States? They are our outlet, market, and naval nursery twenty-fold. Two shillings a-month of additional pay would fill our navy with the finest seamen in the world; and the Canadians are far too shrewd not to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. As to the dishonour, I see none, having for some time a strong feeling upon the sin of dominating over more tribes and wider regions than can be superintended beneficially. For this, I fear, more empires than one will on a certain day be awfully rebuked.

I am much inclined to agree with Sir Henry Parnell when he says, that "the possession of colonies affords no advantages which could not be obtained by commercial intercourse with independent states."

Mr. William Gladstone, speaking in the House of Commons (April 1849) of a wise system of

colonisation, says, "Then the connexion between "the dependency and the mother country will "subsist as long as it is good for either; and "when it ceases, I hope the time will come when "the separation shall take place, not violently, "but by the natural operation and vigour of its "energies, to suit it for a state of self-government "and of independence; and then there may still "subsist that similarity of laws, feelings, and "institutions, which are infinitely more valuable "than any political connexion whatever. (Hear, "hear!)"

Foreigners (Castelnau, "Vues et Souvenirs de l'Amérique du Nord") already perceive that the separation we are speaking of is certain, and a mere matter of time.

If a general and well-planned attempt to shake off the allegiance to Great Britain were to occur, I have great fear for the issue.

The population of the Canadas is numerous, rich, intelligent, and warlike. Then, again, nothing could prevent the idle young men of the United States (full of meat and of pothouse glory, shabby and false, acquired among the Indian levies and distractions of Mexico) from helping, and eventually dragging the great Confederacy itself into the contest, to the sincere grief of all considerate persons. I regret to say that the

peaceful and high-minded blacksmith, Elihu Burritt, is but a sorry representative of the American public (1849).

Early in the evening of the next day we left this sweet valley, of which the best drawings give a very inadequate notion.

We again and again thanked our kind hosts, the Rousseaus, who, I repeat, would hear of no remuneration. The only return ever made to them was in the form of a champagne dinner to the eldest son during one of his rare visits to Quebec.

An excellent boat, with civil boatmen, conveyed us swiftly across the St. Lawrence to its opposite or southern shore, a traverse (12–16 miles) of rough waters, as they proved to us, studded with pilot and fishing-boats, with now and then a large European vessel, under whose bows we shot, while their passengers leaned curiously over the bulwarks, and up among the rigging, to examine us.

After having got a-ground, near the shore, in the mud, and there remained in the dark for an hour and a half, we landed in the parish of St. Anne, and found shelter in a cottage hard by. It afforded us only one small, sweltering bed-room; we (the two young folk), therefore, after a supper of black bread, bacon, and a

J. J. B. del.

R. Young sc.

L'Islet on the St. Lawrence

decoction of burnt beans (called coffee), retired to a barn full of fragrant hay, where we slept very comfortably in our clothes. But the next morning we were much grieved to find that our chief had suffered a small martyrdom under the combined assaults of insects, heavy bed-clothes, and bad diet. So disconcerted was he that, having procured with some difficulty a calash, he started forthwith for Quebec, taking with him my friend Ritchie.

He did well. It is only for the young to go on tramp in a country without inns. Water from a dirty lake is neither wholesome nor palateable after iced champagne every day. I was now alone, with a few necessaries in a little bag, trudging on foot towards the small town of St. Thomas, distant twenty-one miles.

I found this part of the south shore of the St. Lawrence broken up into low, rocky ridges (of inclined clay-slate and conglomerate), with smiling corn-fields in the intervals, the crops of wheat astonishingly fine. Here and there along the road, and near the houses, the dropping wych-elms were large, and almost artistically planted. —Plate represents a scene in the parish of L'Islet.

After three hours' brisk walking I was cheered by being told I was within six miles of St. Thomas,

and as much mortified when, after an hour's further march, I found I had yet eight miles to go.

In due season I arrived, and at the entrance of the town crossed two bridges over the River du Sud, evidently a large body of water in winter from the breadth of its bed.

I had scarcely heard of this little place. It has a thousand inhabitants, among whom I saw many cheerful faces in its four or five short streets. The houses were in the roomy, heavy French style, in good repair, and white-washed. The environs are woody. It is the market-town for a considerable interior, and has mills.

The next day I plodded on to Beaumont. It was a Roman Catholic fête-day. I must have met the entire population of the neighbourhood on their way to church, some on foot, some in calashes, all looking happy and well-attired. I wish that we Protestants would mix a more social spirit with the practical part of our religion. We might, on the anniversaries of missionary and benevolent institutions, for instance.

The whole country, from St. Thomas to Beaumont, perhaps eighteen miles, is very pleasing, and is spread out in grass and corn-fields, with young woods of pine and birch on terraces, just high enough to shelter the cultivated land. The

road usually skirts the St. Lawrence, and is a series of long ascents and descents.

The seigniory of St. Michael is soon attained, and looks beautifully as we approach from the east. Stretching far into the interior we see a broad valley, alive with an industrious population, through which, during summer, a scanty river wanders, but which, in spring, is an abounding torrent.

On the west side of the village of St. Michael the road rises, and we see in front of us the strongholds of Quebec, faint and blue in the distance. Southerly (to the left) we have the dark pine-ridges of Lauzon, skirted by fine meadows. On the north-west is the large isle of Orleans, and the broad St. Lawrence, with a solitary ship, perhaps, labouring on its bosom.

I happily arrived at Beaumont just as a very severe and protracted thunder-storm broke over our heads.

Near this village, on a woody cliff, overhanging the St. Lawrence, is an incomparable little inn, something like the best on the lakes of Cumberland, redolent of roses and honeysuckles, picturesque, wholesome—neatness itself—larder excellent. I recommend it, and its pleasant walks, to those who wish to spend a convalescence, or a still more pleasing period, in the country. It

is (or was) kept by a worthy Scotch family of the name of Fraser.

I took a carriage from Beaumont to Quebec, fourteen miles, the last half-dozen of which are varied, rocky, and high, or running into dells. Habitations, farms, and gardens, covered the country, which was full of the agreeable cries of pigs and poultry, and cattle of all sorts, growing up for the market of Quebec nigh at hand.

I have passed Point Levi, with its pretty Roman Catholic church in a nook, have left the uplands, and am at the Quebec Ferry, at the foot of a crumbling precipice, crowned with pines and a Protestant church with a handsome tower. The river is crossed and Quebec is entered.

I need not say that, travel-stained and rather weary, the city, with its tumultuous summer commerce, was very welcome, and so was the easy chair in mine inn; and no less so the cordial greetings of the presiding lady, Mrs. Wilson, whose good deeds in my behalf may I never forget!

EXCURSION THE FOURTH.

KAMOURASKA AND MALBAY.

Steam Voyage to Kamouraska—Company on board—Anecdotes—Migrating Spiders—Kamouraska—Cross to Malbay in an open Boat—The Brassard Family—Malbay—Curious Mounds—Valley of St. Etienne, a deserted Lake—Singular Fog—Earthquakes—the Musician—Anecdotes—Peasantry—Aimée's Toilet—Salmon River—Lake St. John—Homeward on foot by North Shore of St. Lawrence—Eboulements—Hospitality.

After due refreshment, a fortnight after the last excursion, I started in a steamer for Kamouraska and Malbay, situated on the St. Lawrence, opposite to each other, thirty miles below St. Paul's Bay, and therefore ninety miles below Quebec, Kamouraska being a little sea-bathing place, while Malbay is a secluded seigniory of great interest, occupying a valley among the hills of the north shore.

My intention was to go first to the bathing-place, then cross over to the opposite shore, and work my way on foot to Quebec among the mountains and partially-cultivated districts bordering the river.

European steam-boats are unclean tubs in comparison with those we meet with in America. It was early in October that I stepped on board a splendid vessel, bound to Kamouraska on a pleasure excursion, with a gentlemanly captain and an obliging steward.

The morning mist promised a warm day: the air was fresh and elastic, such as can only be felt in a region where man cannot infect—where he is to surrounding nature as the bee to the wide heath.

A steam-boat is everywhere a Noah's ark, to which the neighbourhood sends representatives of each of its classes, with a few stragglers from afar.

So we had a few officers of the garrison of Quebec, with their wives; Mrs. Thomas Scott, of the 70th regiment, and her fine family; she was sister-in-law to Sir Walter Scott, the poet and novelist. There were some merchant families with well-stored baskets, the English from Montreal, the French from Quebec. We had likewise some stray American tourists, who, I am glad to say, every summer flock in great numbers to the Canadas.

The American, while young, stands out here in strong relief. He is instantly recognised by his abrupt address, wiry, nasal tones, his long, pale

face, straight hair, loose gait, and unbrushed hat.* The French Canadians of the middle or upper classes have short lively faces, with dark complexions, and they are apt to be rather negligent of their attire. The British officers on board, in their belted blue surtouts and foraging caps, were, as all the world over, gentlemen; a thought too reserved perhaps, being usually too

* This crusty exterior very often conceals a well-trained intellect, a gallant and susceptible heart. Many such have I met with, especially at Philadelphia.

Some parts of the United States have a bad character.

I went one spring to Yale College, Newhaven, to read there for a few weeks. In searching for lodgings, I found a quiet street behind the College.

Entering by an open door one of the houses, which had "Lodgings to let," in the windows, I was immediately met by an active, middle-aged woman.

"Have the goodness, madam," I said, "to shew me the rooms which are to be let."

"I won't," she replied, with a face on fire: "I know who you are!"

"I think you do not," was my answer, and was about to explain further, when she rushed in upon me with,—

"I do know you. You are an impudent Virginian, with your tobacco, your brandy, and dirty nigger servants. If I were to let you my rooms, you and your fellows would give us Satan's delights every hour of the twenty-four."

I had opened my mouth to tell her I was an Englishman, &c., but she shouted, "Get out of this!" so vehemently that I was glad to run away.

This good woman must have had very bad luck in her inmates, for which all Virginia is not to be blamed. When far from home, with a well-lined purse, bachelors' revelries are apt to be inexcusably "funny and free."

sublime to begin a conversation with a stranger. We except the happy and thoughtless subs.

Among our American companions were two charming sisters from Boston, United States, who shone out like stars from among the general company.

> "So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
> As yonder lady o'er her fellows."

They were truly lady-like and beautiful, each in her own way: the elder was calm and queenly, while the younger, scarcely seventeen, of a more slender form, was all movement and grace. Their father accompanied them. I had the pleasure of their previous acquaintance in descending the rapids of the St. Lawrence with them.

We stopped at the lower end of the island of Orleans to allow us to wander among the pretty thickets of nut-trees and beech, for which the place is noted. In an hour the signal-gun called in the wanderers, and all came but one couple—the younger American fair and a handsome young officer—and they made their appearance in a few minutes, flushed with running. The flush was not a little heightened when the excellent band on board struck up a then popular air, "Will you come to the *Bower* I've shaded for you?" in allusion to the gentleman's name.

We were soon off. With a tide of six miles an

hour in our favour we swiftly passed the successive islets below that of Orleans, amid the mixed scenery of rock, water, and shipping, which had so much delighted me on my first entrance into Canada.

So numerous a company must be expected to contain some very volatile young men. One of these pointed out to me a female figure in the deepest widow's weeds, sitting with her back to us near the stern. "Take an opportunity," said he, "of looking into that lady's face. You will be repaid." I did so; but instead of a bowed lily, all beauty and resignation, I was shocked to see under the pretty mourning-gear a square sallow face, pock-marked, with a slight hare-lip, and a red, sullen eye, like that of a baffled tiger-cat. "A widow, you see," said the lieutenant. "What could the poor man do but die? It was the only move." I turned away from him, thinking his wit vastly out of place. But it was a fearful physiognomy.

When half-way on our voyage we were much surprised by seeing, high in the air, streaming across the St. Lawrence, a number of grey, fleecy, island-like masses, each an acre or more in extent, in oblong sheets, torn as it were, and too thin and filmy for clouds. As portions now and then dropped on our deck, we found that it was

a migrating party of small black spiders, every one upon his own long grey string or web. In a quarter of an hour they passed out of sight. I had seen the same before, but not in such numbers.*

Where was this army going? Was it pursued or pursuing? By what imperious instinct were its members impelled to start on a given day? Who are their leaders? Are they elders who have made the journey before?

They seemed bound to the great lake of St. John in the north, perhaps to make war upon the little black fly, whose sting is red-hot torture, and which loves the warm sands of a lake shore; or were they only going to burrow and breed there in peace? He that prepared a path for this mighty river, and gave wings to His angels, had prepared theirs.

The land crab of Jamaica has a curious provision for his journey to and from the sea to his mountains. His branchiæ (which serve as lungs) are of use only in water. They therefore float in water-bags provided for that occasion only, and so operate the necessary change upon the blood.

To within a minute of the appointed time we

* Probably *Aranea Obtextrix* of Beckstein and Strack, referred to in Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology, sixth edition, vol. ii. p. 277.

came to anchor at Kamouraska, before a row of fifty neat-looking houses on a bank a mile long. This little port is formed by a shallow bay, defended from without by several rocky islets.

Our party rapidly dispersed, some to cross to the opposite shore, some merely to run about until the steamer returned, and others, with myself among the number, to obtain shelter in some boarding-house.

I was fortunate in my selection. I found some agreeable French society with whom to pass the evenings. The first thing I caught sight of in the "Salon" was a good guitar, which was often and agreeably played by a lady from Montreal, or it might have been from the Faubourg St. Honoré, so well did she preserve the traditionary manner and costume of France.

I have little to say of Kamouraska. It answers its purpose to the Canadian gentry. The waters of the St. Lawrence are salt; but dipping, as the bank does at each end, in extensive cranberry marshes, with here and there groups of bare, low rocks, I should fear malaria. In the back country are ranges of high, naked hills.

The view from our windows was very cheerful. The St. Lawrence, eighteen miles broad, is always, in summer, alive with shipping and pilot-boats. The opposite shore is very steep and high, and

casts a deep shadow far into the waters. It is a sort of cloud-land, and seldom wears the same face for a couple of hours together.

I left Kamouraska, with its grand Indian name, on the third day for Malbay. Some peasant fishermen engaged to take me there in an open boat. We left at noon, with a gentle and favouring breeze, which in an hour veered round in our teeth. We now made long tacks for several hours, and at the wrong end of a long stretch we lost the little wind we had. All that autumn night we toiled at the oar, not perhaps with the vigour of a post-captain's boat's crew, but we toiled, and fetched bay and river at three next morning.

I was left in the dark of a raw foggy morning, with my small baggage, on the muddy beach, cramped, cold, and hungry. I was told truly, that save at Kamouraska there was no inn within sixty miles; but that about six o'clock I would be kindly received at Antoine Brassard's, a peasant, whose one-chimneyed house, on the bank above me, was just discernible as a dim black mass.

While waiting, like a forgotten ghost, shivering on that bleak shore, I cannot say that I took much delight in the concert around me of lowings, and bleatings, and barkings, by which animals express their wish for the sun, and which poets say are so delicious in early morn.

While sitting on my bag, chin on breast, I had one or two ugly frights from the swoop of a sea bird, who at that indistinct hour fancied I might be eatable. But day-light and six o'clock came punctually, and I was readily and politely received by Monsieur and Madame Brassard. They were obliging people: great was the stir they made for me. I was allowed to warm myself for a few minutes, and then requested to go to bed while breakfast was preparing.

Following my stout hostess and one or two stumpy laughing daughters, I ascended into the cock-loft, where was my bed for that nonce.

"Get out of that, Granny," cried my conductress. "What's to get out?" said I; "and from where?" "From Granny's bed, sir, and she's in it." I intreated that she should not be disturbed, and the more vehemently as the dim light showed that the chocolate-coloured sheets had never been washed since the days of Montcalm; and that Granny, on rising promptly to the call, was a most mummified creature, whose parchment skin reminded me of Ziska's when it headed a drum. Yet I afterwards found that this extremely aged and decrepit woman, weary of life perhaps, had no small share of feeling and intelligence; and as is usual, vastly to the credit of all semi-civilized or barbarous people, was

kindly and respectfully treated. So I descended to breakfast, and then walked out.

I found Malbay, or Murray-bay, as the Seignior likes to have it called, a round indenture in the north shore of the St. Lawrence, about two miles in outer diameter, overhung by steep, pine-clad hills, at whose feet (in the bay) are grassy diluvial terraces, on which stand some houses and a neat church.

Near a principal house on the west side of the bay is a remarkable assemblage of detached barrow-like mounds, from ten to twenty feet high, covered with shrubbery. They are on a level with tide-water, and seem to have been deposited at the neutral points of conflicting currents in another state of things.*

A considerable breach about the centre of the rampart of hills permits the noisy River Malbay to join the St. Lawrence, and discloses in the rear a low country called the Valley of St. Etienne, sheltered on all sides by mountains.

This valley is not only picturesque, but highly interesting to the geologist. It has, in fact, been the bed of a lake which has undergone more than

* It is worth noticing, that a little beyond the east corner of the bay there is a primitive rock so full of garnet crystals, of the unusual size of an infant's head, that the original rock is almost obliterated. Fine specimens could only be obtained by blasting.

J. J. B. del.

R. Young sc.

Malbay

one depression in level, possibly by successive lowerings in its side or rim at the present outlet. The vestiges of this are yet very evident.

Having given a sketch of this valley, I hardly need be more particular than to say that it runs north and south for six miles, with a breadth exceeding a mile (at a guess), and is a straight, uneven, strip of land, with the shifting bed of the Malbay in the centre, and certain horizontal terraces on the flanks around.

These terraces may be described thus. On the eastern uplands, about 500 feet above the river, a flat and uniform embankment, like a regularly-made carriage-road, a few yards broad, runs along the whole length of the valley, cut through at intervals by winter torrents. At a given and uniform distance below this comes another terrace and bank correspondingly breached, and descending swiftly down to the broken ground and tumuli of gravel and clay near the river. These ancient shores pass all round the valley, but perhaps not quite so perfect and striking on its west side.*

* These beaches must have been deposited slowly, tranquilly, under water, and when the district was at a different level from the present; for water at the level of this day would drown four-fifths of America.

The lofty beaches of St. Etienne I could not examine with care, but the materials composing those of the river Notawasaga in Lake Huron are laid down horizontally, and often in thin strata, the

At the upper and north-east end of the valley there is a very large breach in these terraces (with perpendicular sides), which is lost sight of in the woods of the interior. It is evidently the bed of a great stream (the ancient river, probably) feeding the lost lake. (*Vide* Plan in Append. vol. ii.)

I cannot but think that its powerful current has scooped out a noticeable feature in the valley yet to be mentioned. It is the great bowl-shaped hollow, evidently a deserted bay, which we find at the north-west corner of the valley, opposite the bed of the ancient river just referred to. It is half a league in diameter, with very steep sides, terraced like the rest of the valley.

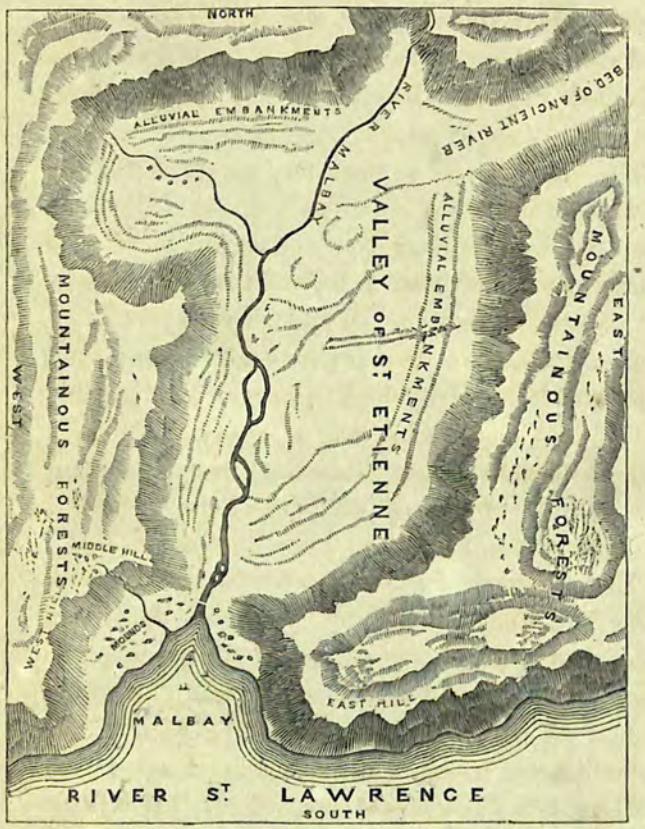
I never read of (except the Coquimbo and Glenroy Roads), or saw, any spot exhibiting so beautiful and compact a record of those times when not only this little valley, but all North America, was comparatively a drowned land, tenanted chiefly by aquatic and amphibious animals. Whether this

shells being identical with those now existing in the lake in perfect preservation, the bivalves being either empty or filled with smaller shells and sand.

The large terraces of the north shore of Lake Superior are composed of small fragments of the *rocks of the vicinity*, in the state of rough grit (or bowlders) sometimes confused, at others in horizontal sheets. The number of terraces varies in the space of a mile, sometimes from one to six: why, I could not discover. I suppose that slow elevation and the desiccation consequent on the loss of feeders have produced the present levels of the great lakes, &c.

J.J.B. del. R. Lowry sc.

The Valley of St. Etienne


NORTH
ALLUVIAL EMBANKMENTS
RIVER MALBAY
BED OF ANCIENT RIVER
VALLEY OF ST ETIENNE
ALLUVIAL EMBANKMENTS
MOUNTAINOUS FORESTS
WEST
EAST
MOUNTAINOUS FORESTS
MIDDLE HILL
WEST HILL
MALBAY
EAST HILL
RIVER ST LAWRENCE
SOUTH

continent has been drained by breaching, or by a general change of level, we must not here discuss. I cannot help thinking how delighted the amiable and gifted Dean Buckland would be to look over this clear page of nature, followed by his galloping squadron of eager pupils.

The river of the present day enters the valley by a waterfall at its upper end, at some distance from the ancient river bed, and at the head of a woody ravine, whither I followed up the river at the expense of many a fall and many a rent.

About a couple of miles beyond Etienne, and separated from it by high grounds partly cultivated, is a small lake, one of many hereabouts, full of delicate trout. This lake is bounded on one side by precipices, and elsewhere by woods and clearances, backed by sugar-loaf mountains.

The materials for these sketches and descriptions I obtained in the course of five days, and chiefly on foot. I was prevented from doing any thing on the second day by an extraordinary fog of a deep coffee colour, lasting the whole day, and requiring in-doors strong artificial light. On walking out I could not see objects three yards off. I descended to the beach and saw nothing. I only heard the ripple and lazy plash of the wave. I have not seen any London fog at all equal to this in density. It left no deposit, and had no smell.

The celebrated dark days of Canada, in 1785 and 1814, were almost certainly caused by the eruptions of distant volcanoes, coinciding in time with local thunderstorms.*

* "On the Dark Days of Canada." By the Hon. Chief-Justice Sewell, President Literary Historical Society of Quebec, vol. ii. p. 231.

"On the 16th of October, 1785 (Sunday), after a foggy morning, but which had dispersed by ten A.M., black clouds rapidly advanced on Quebec from the north-east, and by 10° 30′ it was so dark that ordinary print could not be read. This lasted for upwards of ten minutes, and was succeeded by a violent gust of wind, with rain, thunder, and lightning; after which the weather became brighter, until twelve o'clock, when a second period of so much obscurity took place that lights were used in all the churches. Other periods of obscurity came on at two, three, and half-past four P.M., during which times the darkness was perfect—that of midnight.

"During all these hours vast masses of clouds, of a yellow colour, drove from north-east to south-west, with much thunder, lightning, and rain. The periods of total darkness were ten minutes, the intervals affording but little light.—(Barometer 29° 5′, thermometer 52° 50′.—DR. SPARKE.)

"The rain-water was very black, and upon its surface a yellow powder, sulphur, was found.

"These appearances occurred also at Montreal, but did not begin till two P.M. They extended from Fredericton, North Britain, to Montreal.

"The dark day of July 3, 1814, was much the same as that of 1785. There was darkness, continuous, with fall of sand and ashes. Chief-Justice Sewell was eye-witness to this off the banks of Newfoundland.

"Charlevoix says that it rained cinders for six hours, in 1663, at Tadoussac, on the River Saguenay, thirty miles below Malbay.

"Upon the 23d of November, 1819, a very remarkable black rain fell at Montreal, accompanied by appalling thunder. It was preceded by dark and gloomy weather, experienced all over the

Malbay is often overcast in this manner; why I cannot say. It is also remarkable for frequent earthquakes according to numerous testimonies, of which that of Captain Baddeley, R.E. (at second-hand), is the most recent.

While at Malbay, on a tour made by order of Government, he was informed by Mr. and Mrs.

United States. At times the aspect of the sky was grand and terrific.

"In Montreal the darkness was very great, particularly on a Sunday morning. The whole atmosphere appeared as if covered with a thick haze of a dingy orange colour, during which rain fell of a thick and dark inky appearance, and apparently impregnated with some black substance resembling soot.

"At this period many conjectures were afloat, among which that of a volcano having broken out in some distant quarter. The weather after this became pleasant until the Tuesday following, when, at twelve o'clock, a heavy damp vapour enveloped the whole city; it then became necessary to light candles in all the houses and butchers' stalls.

"The appearance was awful and grand in the extreme. A little before three o'clock a slight shock of an earthquake was felt, accompanied by a noise resembling the distant discharge of artillery. It was now that the increasing gloom engrossed universal attention.

"At 3° 20′, when the darkness seemed to have reached its greatest depth, the whole city was instantaneously illuminated by the most vivid flash of lightning ever witnessed in Montreal, immediately followed by a peal of thunder so loud and near as to shake the strongest buildings to their foundations, which was followed by other peals, and accompanied by a heavy shower of rain of the colour above described.

"After four P.M. the heavens began to assume a brighter appearance, and fear gradually subsided."—THOMPSON'S *Meteorology*.

M'Nicol, who reside there, that shocks are most frequent in January and February, and occur nine or ten times a-year, most generally in the night, being accompanied by changeable weather. Their direction seems north-west, the shock lasting one minute.

Notice is generally given by a noise like that of a chimney on fire, followed by two distinct blows.*

During the day of coffee-coloured fog, of which I have been speaking, and which was local, I was reading in a little bed-closet, more like a bulge in a crazy-wall than a room, when I suddenly heard, within the house, two or three short, delicious strokes of a fiddle-bow, succeeded immediately by a masterly execution, on one of Amati's best violins, of "Nel Silenzio," that mysterious and mournful air in "Il Crociato," which again instantly ran off into one of the gay galloping melodies of Rossini.

Such music in a hut!—such wild capriccios, and passionate complainings, in the murky air of an American wilderness, astounded me. Rushing to see whence it came, I found in the living-room (kitchen, &c.) of the house, playing to the family and some gossips, a slender, pale young

* Transactions of Historical and Literary Society of Quebec, vol. i. p. 142.

man, in corduroy and fustian. I need not say that the violin did not cease; but that the musician received a reward, humble indeed, but in proportion to the means of his Mecænas.

He was a thoughtless, and possibly a dissipated, London artist, named Nokes, on a free ramble through the Western world, and subsisting on his violin.

He had been to Kamouraska, which, having proved neither Brighton nor Ramsgate, he was working back to Quebec, not knowing whether the next stage would bring him to a city or a desert.

I afterwards formed a part of a delighted audience at Quebec, at a concert given by him and a M. Barraud, who, on a similar occasion, soon afterwards, at New York, acted as money-taker at the door, and left the city abruptly with all the proceeds.*

* Most musical people seem bit with the gad-fly. They embark for distant lands at an hour's notice. Huerta, the splendid guitarist, of St. Sebastian, met at Havre some Americans who were to embark the very same day for New York. They asked him to accompany them. He agreed, bought a few shirts, and the next day found him sea-sick in a packet-ship, his guitar hanging on a peg.

I was present at the crowded concert he gave on his arrival at New York. He made the large hall ring and echo with his Riego's March and Spanish Boleros.

In the fifth row from the front there sat a very young Italian

I go on to say that the soil of Malbay is indifferent, frequently all sand or all clay, and seldom level. All kinds of grain ripen late. Indian corn is hardly worth sowing, and tobacco often small and stunted.

The inhabitants are wholly without school-education. There is no medical man, lawyer, or tavern-keeper, but two or three shoemakers, and five shopkeepers (1823).

The priest has the love and respect of his flock, although he does not permit dancing.

The peasantry live hard, but are active, cheerful, and obliging. Marriages are early and prolific. There were but two childless couples out of 450, at my visit, and they were wondered at.

It is not uncommon for aged people to give up their little property to their children, reserving a rent. I saw an example of this near the village-bridge. The house was the neatest in the place, small, but conspicuous in red, black, and white paint, with a garden of roses and balsams on one

girl, the daughter of a miniature painter, joyous, fair, and musical. She was delighted with Huerta and his guitar. Three days afterwards she was a married dame, and the guitar had to carry double —all very imprudent and naughty; but I sometimes think that tipsy sailors and young couples have a kind Providence of their own.

We frequently meet with great musical talent in the most unlikely places.

side, and a considerable patch of ground planted with onions and cabbages on the other. My guide did not approve of this custom.

I saw a good deal of itch in the place; and now and then the sivvens, a very disgusting disease, makes its appearance. They are a dirty race.

Milk, black or brown bread, and soups, form the staple diet of the people all the year round; but in the months of August and September they live much upon bilberries, raspberries, and thin milk—and so did I while among them—a very cooling diet; and not likely to give any one "the burning palm, the head which beats at night upon its pillow with dreams adventurous," as Wordsworth speaks.

With the exception of a few near the church, the houses in the valley of St. Etienne were the best; but to my English eye many appeared small and neglected, with little or no garden.

I visited a small farmer's establishment, five miles up the valley, relations of my host, and was pleased with its tidiness and family harmony. They had collected from the rocky wilds around immense pans full of bilberries for food.

The young people, men and women, showed no shyness, although their threshold cannot be crossed by a stranger once in twenty years; and

they entered into conversation with me agreeably and sensibly.

Upon the whole, and saving the dirt, I liked the Malbay peasantry. Nothing could be more obliging than the Brassard family from first to last. Of the two or three upper-class families I saw nothing, my business lying with hills and valleys more than with my fellow-men.

The charges of Madame Brassard for lodging and board — poor, simple woman! — were very moderate. I might have staid longer, but at six o'clock in the morning of my sixth day, I saw Mademoiselle Aimée at her ablutions before the house-door. She might have half-a-pint of water in a little bowl. With this she washed her hands, filled her mouth with the same, and, spirting it into her hands, most economically washed also her face. I shuddered as I thought of her milk and cookery, and resolved on instant flight to a land where water was less precious.

I ought here to say, that on my fourth day in these districts I went in a boat nine miles further down the St. Lawrence, to the River " des Trois Saumons," along an iron-bound coast.

This is a savage river, abounding in salmon, and escapes from the rugged interior through a deep ravine. The scene was quite melo-dramatic. On a naked rock in the troubled waters was a

hut, hung round with dusky nets. At the door stood an unshaven, bronzed fisherman. Close upon us were white marble rocks, high and interleaved with more common primitive strata, with a screen of woods over all.

I spent a long hot night here for the benefit of hosts of mosquitoes, and began to feel geology a rude trade, saying, with St. Bernard, "Je me vois un petit oiseau, sans plumes, presque toujours hors de son nid, exposé aux orages."

I am sorry I have no sketch of this wild spot; and at the time greatly desired, in spite of mosquitoes and rude waters, to have gone some thirty miles further down, to the magnificent River Saguenay, but it was impossible.

West and south-west from the Lake of St. John, sixty leagues up the Saguenay from the St. Lawrence, there are several millions of acres of valuable land, fit for immediate settlement, with a remarkably healthy climate, resembling that of Montreal, according to Government-surveyors.

At the old Jesuit establishment on this lake, three hundred acres have formerly been in cultivation; but at present it is running wild. (Captain Baddeley, R.E.) In attempting a mission in a scarcely-inhabited country, dreary, distant, and Siberian in climate (whatever may be said to the contrary), the inexorable fathers must have

had strongly on their minds the axiom of their founder, "He who desires to do great things for God must not be too prudent" (nor self-sparing). So I departed from Malbay, and not without regret.

I took my way on foot up the north shore of the St. Lawrence towards Quebec, and after many a painful step for eighteen miles I reached towards evening the little village of the Eboulements, so called from the prevalence there of earthquakes. The road from Malbay, such as it is, leads chiefly over mountain slopes and into deep gullies; but sometimes likewise along the river beach. Five miles from Malbay there is a sawmill in a picturesque gully, whose stream is choked with large erratic blocks. The slopes are more or less under cultivation. The white dwellings seemed numerous, being 250 at the time of my visit, but not going far back into the interior. These heights afford magnificent and ever-changing landscapes. On my right the inland country rose into mountain peaks, naked or scantily covered, except on their flanks and in the ravines, where the trees are fine and plentiful. On my left the St. Lawrence rolled at my feet. On its surface a ship was a speck. Its near or north shore is always bluff or precipitous, while the south shore is low and populous, swelling slowly into faintly-discerned

J. J. B. del.

R. Young sc.

Cap Tourment, and the N. Shore of the St. Lawrence.

From the Heights of Les Eboulements.

hills. If the spectator be near the village of the Eboulements, the eye is conducted for forty miles up the river along the successive promontories of Cape Corbeau, de la Baie, Petite Rivière, and Tourment, which last dips at once from a height of 1900 feet into the water, to where the rich island of Orleans and its attendant islets terminate the view. (See Plate.)

The highland districts, in which I now am, are remarkable for one feature which must not be left unnoticed. They are everywhere more or less buried in fragments of the underlying rock, with very few travelled rocks among them. There is good reason to believe that it is the freezing of the crevice-water which has thus deeply split up this rather slaty quartzose rock.

In many places this *débris* covers not only rock, but soil several feet deep. With immense labour, therefore, the peasant collects the stones into mounds of almost incredible number and size before he can have a blade of corn or of grass. I saw on my road two narrow gullies, 300 feet deep, entirely faced with them, and the rivulets buried out of sight. These splinters of rock are not so numerous in other parts of Canada, but are conspicuous in the narrows of Pelletau in Lake Huron.

The effect of extreme cold in shivering rocks is

very well seen in Hudson's Bay, where the act is frequently accompanied by considerable noise. A conflagration in the woods always comminutes the rocks to a considerable extent.

The grass fields of the Hawksbury Settlement on the Ottawa are often strewn with loose rocks, not rarely from ten to twenty feet long by five to ten feet broad. They are broken up into large flakes like palm-leaves by keeping a wood fire in full play upon them for twenty-four hours, and then suddenly drenching them with water.

I soon obtained most comfortable quarters at a private house, among kind people, who thought themselves well paid by the latest French Canadian news from Quebec; a mode of remuneration very onerous to a weary man. On leaving this hospitable house I confess having put a dollar under a candlestick.

The village of the Eboulements is on the flank of a cultivated mountain, which slopes swiftly on the left into the St. Lawrence, and in front into a broad marshy meadow, through which wanders a little stream hid in alders.

From this meadow, perhaps seven miles from the valley of St. Paul, the road winds about the rough hilly region called La Misère, from the poverty and wetness of the land, to the summit of

the lofty barrier overlooking St. Paul's, into which we descend almost perpendicularly.

Like many mountainous countries, such as the Sardinian Alps, the Scottish Highlands, &c., the seigniory of Les Eboulements and its vicinity is liable to frequent but slight earthquakes.

There is no reason to believe that there is any volcano north of 45° north latitude in America. Mr. Thompson, of whom I have already spoken, one of our greatest travellers among the Rocky Mountains and the Indian territories bordering the Arctic Seas, never saw or heard of one.

Having gratefully visited the excellent Rousseau family of St. Paul's, I left direct for Quebec on foot over the summits of Cape Tourment and its neighbouring heights; but as I have nothing particular to tell I shall now close this excursion.

EXCURSION THE FIFTH.

PART I.

LAKE ERIE AND THE RIVER DÉTROIT.

The Boundary Commission, its officers, objects, labours, &c.—Lake Erie—Mr. Beaumont—Rev. Mr. Morse—Amherstburgh—Captain Stewart and his negroes—Chevalier and Madame de Brosse—Rattle-snake hunt—Indian cure—The Prophet—The Kickapoo Indians—Détroit—My Inn and its guests—The Professor, the Judge, and the Barber—Moy—The Mennonites.

I BELIEVE that the report of my geological tour (the northern part of which up the Ottawa River, &c., forms the second Excursion), gave satisfaction. True it is that my masters did not know much about the matter, scarcely "quartz from pints," as a witty Irish lady once said of herself, but they had the wisdom to see how little could be expected from a solitary individual flung helpless into a tangled forest, or on the rugged shore of an oceanlike lake.

My tour of nearly two thousand miles showed,

as far as could be discerned from shores, and banks, and broken hill-sides open to examination, that some of the rock formations had not found a place in geological classification,* and that all were too old to contain bituminous coal. Canada West was found to be abundant in iron ore, limestone, fine marble, serpentine, gneis, and granite. I sailed within a mile of the copper mines of Lake Huron, but saw no traces of that ore, because I did not land. In the discovery of new fossils I was fortunate.

During the following winter I received the appointment of British secretary and medical officer to the Boundary Commission, under the sixth and seventh articles of the Treaty of Ghent.

This Commission consisted of two portions, British and American; each with a commissioner, an agent,† secretary,‡ astronomer, two or more surveyors, steward, and a number of *voyageurs* and boatmen, varying according to circumstances from ten to fifteen.

* I had neither the practical experience, the science, nor the ability of Sir Roderic Murchison. He saw the same order of rocks in other parts of the world, and had the honour of working out and proclaiming a grand discovery, the Silurian system.

† The agent was an assessor and adviser to the Commissioner. He corresponded directly with his own Government, addressed state papers to the Commission, and managed the accounts.

‡ I succeeded Mr. Stephen Sewell, brother to the Chief-Justice of Lower Canada, who resigned, and soon after died.

During two summers the Commission had the assistance of two schooners, the Confiance and the Red Jacket, on Lakes Erie and Huron; one belonging to each Government.

Of the Red Jacket I know nothing, having never seen her. The Confiance had a crew of twelve seamen, and was commanded by Lieutenant John Grant, R.N., an excellent officer and truly amiable man.

The Commission had been in existence three or four years when I joined it, and had worked from the starting-point up to the head of Lake Erie, 550 miles, through districts in parts exceedingly intricate.

It was the duty of the Commission to examine, designate, and trace upon correct charts of their own construction, a boundary line between Upper or Western Canada and the United States, along the middle of certain water communications, commencing at the Indian village of St. Regis on Lake St. Francis, where the 45th degree of north latitude strikes the St. Lawrence, and passing up this river, through the middle of Lake Ontario, of the river Niagara, of Lake Erie, of the river Détroit, the Lake and river St. Clair, of Lake Huron, the Straits of St. Mary, and of Lake Superior, as far as the Grand Portage.

They were to decide to which of the two con-

tracting parties the several islands, more or less struck or approached by the boundary line, respectively belong, in conformity with the Treaty of 1783.

From the Grand Portage on Lake Superior the Treaty of Ghent directed the boundary to pass up Pigeon River and along the water-communications, a chain of lakes, rivers, and swamps, which lead to the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods; from which point or corner a line was to be struck due south to north latitude 49°, and from thence along that parallel across the American continent to the Rocky Mountains.

The country to be examined and apportioned was, for convenience sake, designated in two articles, the sixth and seventh, of the Treaty of Ghent; the former ending at the Straits of St. Mary, and the latter continuing the line to the Lake of the Woods.

An accurately-described co-terminous line between countries so extensively and closely contiguous as the Canadas (with Prince Rupert's Land) and the United States is of the first importance, both in a civil and military respect; chiefly, however, in the former.

Positions of military offence and defence on the Canadian frontier are innumerable on both sides, so that the national interests are on that

point but little affected as far as the 6th and 7th articles of the Treaty of Ghent are concerned. But a clear and acknowledged boundary is indispensable in questions of allegiance, of fiscal and legal jurisdiction, of general and local taxation, and among other particulars, in the pursuit of criminals, debtors, and deserters from military service. It also apportions territory, often of great value, and is advantageous in other ways which need not now be enumerated.

The details of the work evolved from time to time many difficulties, arising from a variety of circumstances, of which I can here mention only a few.

The want of any established precedents in international law was a good deal felt. They would have greatly facilitated discussion. The words used by the treaty-makers, whose topographical knowledge was limited, were sometimes vague. For example, it was uncertain whether the term "water communication," employed in the treaty, had a commercial or geographical signification. The Commissioners decided on the latter, as being the most useful.

The "north-west corner" of a lake was another debateable expression, which occasioned great difficulties.

Commercial routes were sometimes double.

They might be used or disused (who was to say?). Portions lay between main and island, both occupied by the same nation, and so necessarily falling to that nation, to the great discontent of the neighbouring inhabitants, who forgot that their right of passage and other uses would be secured afterwards by treaty.

The distribution of the very numerous and often fertile islands caused great labour in soundings, measurements, and valuations. The islands which were unequally divided by the boundary-line were usually given to that party which became entitled to the largest share, compensation being made in some other part of the frontier, as contiguous as possible. The inconvenience of two nationalities on one small island was not to be endured.

Good-feeling, caution, ingenuity, knowledge of various kinds, were required from time to time in both parts of the Commission, to avoid apparently insurmountable obstructions—dead-locks, as they are called—and to decide wisely in doubtful cases.

The Commissioners acted very much upon a set of principles tacitly or openly laid down from the first as general rules.

I feel assured that the work was faithfully and well performed, both from my own near observa-

tion,* and from the telling fact that the award was neither a take-in nor a triumph to either nation.

The quantity of fertile and commodious land which was set at liberty for public sale and safe enjoyment on both sides of the boundary was very large, being equal on the British side to a country ninety-five miles long by four broad; for until this designation had taken place no titles could be given. By far the greater portion of the land is of excellent quality, with a tolerably dense population either surrounding it or creeping fast towards it, and worth all the expense incurred twenty-fold and more. The British came into secure possession of Wolfe, or Grand Island (31,283 acres), close to Kingston on Lake Ontario, of Wells, Howe, and other valuable islands in this vicinity. The island of St. Mary, in Lake St. Clair, and the rich and beautiful St. Joseph, in Lake Huron, seventeen miles by twelve, also fell to the share of Upper Canada.

Although I speak without having the accounts before me, I believe that the whole expense of the Commission during nine years, the term of its existence, was under £110,000. It was paid in equal shares by the two Governments concerned. As an elaborate topographic and diplo-

* I was five years in the Commission, and left it on account of my health.

matic labour, undertaken by two great nations, and carried on for a series of years, the expense incurred cannot be considered great. The space under survey and decision was about 1700 miles long by a variable breadth, for the most part wilderness, very distant, often most intricate, and only accessible in the summer.*

All this stretch of country had to be mapped accurately, as a standing official document in evidence—a work which includes minute surveys by astronomical observation, and by triangulation, various measurements, &c., and the construction of numerous maps on a large scale in quadruplicate,—a copy for each Government and each Commissioner.

I need not say that the field service of this Commission was rendered arduous by the heats, severe labour, by the provisions being salt, by annoying insects, heavy rains, and by the unhealthiness of some of the districts under examination.

Several of the surveyors, although in high spirits at first with their good salaries and new mode of life, soon left us, subdued by toil and exposure.

I have in my eye now one gentleman of con-

* The topographical survey of Great Britain has already cost 1,500,000*l.*, although its officers and men are mostly taken from the military service, and therefore work very cheaply.

siderable energy, sitting by the half hour on a bare rock in the sun, wiping his perspiring face, and in angry contention with a cloud of mosquitoes. He soon went away. Another resigned because work was begun at four o'clock in the morning, or, as he called it, in the middle of the night.

It was, however, at the upper end of Lake Erie that sickness effectually disabled the united Commission. Scarcely a man escaped either ague or bilious remittent fever under severe forms.

The whole American party, General Porter (the Commissioner), included, caught one or other of these diseases among the marshes of the Miami River, or at Point Pelé in Lake Erie. Not one of them died; but many had narrow escapes, and few recovered until the succeeding spring.

Mr. Ogilvy, the British Commissioner, was taken ill on the 12th of September, 1819, on Boisblanc Island, in the river Détroit; and ten days after died in the contiguous village of Amherstburgh. He did not complain much, and suffered chiefly from utter prostration. For several days he lay in a lethargic state;—in fact, until a few hours before death.

Mr. Ogilvy died at the age of fifty, much regretted. He was on the whole fitted for his task, being familiar with the country with which he had to deal, both in Canada and in the Indian

territories, and he understood the views and interests of the respective nations. There was about him, I am informed, an unusual amount of public spirit and talent; but he was variable, apt to be obstinate in trifles, and immediately afterwards too pliant in matters of more importance.

He was in good circumstances, and during the last American war lent Government three or four thousand pounds; for which seasonable aid he was offered (but declined) a lucrative public appointment.

During the last five or six years of his life he spent seven or eight thousand pounds in improving his estate of Airlie, near Montreal, and in land speculations which his unexpected death prevented from ripening.

Mr. David Thompson, the British astronomer (already introduced to the reader), fell sick early in the same September, at first with extreme weakness, and then with high fever and delirium. He was ill twenty-one days, and as soon as he was able, left for his own home on the St. Lawrence, near the Glengarry settlement. There he remained, feeble and out of health, all the winter.

Two of the British boatmen died of remittent fever; one at Amherstburgh, and the other at Montreal.

The whole country about Lake Erie (always

unhealthy in the warm months) was visited that year (1819) with unusual sickness. I was then on my geological tour; and in due course arrived in Sandusky Bay, at the south-west end of Lake Erie, usually a gay and interesting scene, but then most pestilential, and therefore deserted. The greater part of the inhabitants of Sandusky city had fled, while the adjacent small town of Venice was left by all its population (1500), excepting one man aged seventy years. It was most melancholy to walk among the untrodden streets, the empty houses, wharfs, and warehouses. Venice stands in a swamp, the water of which is more than milk-warm in summer.

As the Commission had again to work in Lake Erie, and in the sickly regions on the way to Lake Huron, it was resolved to place a medical man in the office of secretary, then vacant by the resignation of Mr. Stephen Sewell; and I was appointed.

Lord Castlereagh, then holding the foreign portfolio, conferred the vacant commissionership on Anthony Barclay, Esq., of the London bar, brother to Col. Delancey Barclay, of the Guards, aid-de-camp to the late Duke of York, and son of the late Col. Barclay, who for many years held various important employments in the United States, on behalf of the British Government.

Mr. Barclay was selected with peculiar felicity, if fitness for office be determined by personal character, by great diligence, ability, and firmness of purpose, and by a large acquaintance with its duties, acquired as secretary to a similar Commission under the 4th and 5th Articles of the Treaty of Ghent; while he of all men was enabled, by previous education and quiet amenity of manner, to cope with the eager and exacting temper of American diplomatists, and to make good the right thing.

I am at the same time far from saying or hinting a single word to the moral prejudice of the United States' portion of our Commission. They were men of strict honour, and frank and friendly to all—to myself personally most kind. But it is well known that American civil servants are under strong pressure, and ever anxious to establish new claims upon the gratitude of the republic. The length of their state-papers, notes, replies, rejoinders, &c. &c., was wonderful to me, unacquainted as I was with the style and method of official correspondence.

It had been arranged in the winter of 1820-21 that the United Boundary Commission should meet at Amherstburgh, as early in the ensuing spring as it was possible for the surveys to be prosecuted.

On the 7th of May, 1821, therefore, the

British Commission, including my humble self, arrived at Waterloo, a sleepy little cluster of houses at the head of the river Niagara, and on the Canadian side of Lake Erie.

It was impossible to proceed further. Lake Erie was blocked up by a fixed mass of rough ice, forty miles long. From a neighbouring height, we were glad to think we saw a narrow lead-coloured line, the open lake, beyond the great white expanse.

We were told that, by the help of a strong south-west wind, all that immense body of ice would crack and rend, and come tumbling down the river Niagara in ragged fragments. And so it fell out; but we waited in a wretched pot-house for six days.

The passage of the ice down the Black-Rock rapids was an interesting sight. We often watched the jammed masses, blocks and sheets of all shapes and sizes, hurrying down the river, at peace, however, among themselves, except near the banks, where there was an abundance of quarrel and mutual damage. But with a cautious start from either bank, crossing seemed quite safe. The boat and the ice were quite passive as regards each other, because driven by the same current.

We crossed several times. Of course it is a tedious affair, as the boat is taken the best part

of a mile too far down. On one occasion we went to a pleasant dinner at Black-Rock, at the large and commodious house of the American Commissioner (General Porter), the very house which was sacked a few years before by the 41st British Infantry. The soldiers fell principally on the larder and cellar, and were not disappointed, as an eye-witness informed me. Although a grievous act of barbarity, the affluent American general could speak on the subject with the greatest good-humour. The whole frontier was ravaged by the British by way of reprisal.

On the 13th instant the ice had almost all disappeared;* and we embarked in the Buffalo steamer for Amherstburgh, a distance of 224 miles, where we arrived on the 16th instant. There are now (1848) the surprising number of one hundred steamers on this lake alone.

We rarely saw the Canadian shore, as we kept close to the American the whole way, calling at Dunkirk, Erie, Cleveland, and other places, to land and receive passengers and cargo.

This shore is a remarkably straight and mono-

* Does not this show that forty miles of water left the lake in less than six days,—*i. e.* from the moment the ice broke,—each mass descending with the water it floated in? Mr. Allen has calculated that 701,250 tons of water flow out of Lake Erie at Black-Rock every minute. — "American Journal of Science," vol. xliv. p. 71.

tonous line of rich sloping woods, with a clearance here and there. There are no materials for description of scenery.

We were favoured by no incidents, except that the servant of the British agent was robbed of a shoe, taken from off his foot while asleep on the deck at night. His great lamentation was the uselessness of the parted shoes to anybody.

If, during our three days' voyage, we escaped dulness, the merit lies with the passengers. I was much pleased with the agreeable manners and extensive information of Mr. Beaumont, a surgeon in the American army, on his way to Michilimackinac. He there had soon afterwards the good fortune to meet with Martin the Canadian, whose process of digestion could be seen through an aperture in the abdomen; and the world had the good fortune to have so important a phenomenon fall in the way of an observer as able as Mr. Beaumont.

It will be recollected that Mr. Beaumont witnessed in this man's stomach (laid partly open by a gun-shot wound) all the successive steps in digestion—the accumulation of blood in the stomach, the effusion of the pale gastric juice, the curious muscular movements of the organ, and finally, the disappearance of the changed food.

He made also very curious observations on the comparative digestibility of most of our ordinary articles of diet.

I was very much attracted towards a young cabin-passenger, named Hunter, from Maryland, a most prepossessing fellow, full of ability and spirit. He said he was a descendant of Pocohontas, the Virginian princess, who saved the life of Captain Smith, and afterwards married him. He had still very evidently the clear bronze of the Indian, and his never-to-be-forgotten eye. He was on one of those exploratory tours so frequently made by American youth, and bound for Lake Michigan; from thence to make his way by Greenbay and the Fox River to the Mississippi, and so round home. I longed to be his companion. The ivory haft of a dagger occasionally peeped from within his waistcoat. I asked him the use of it. He answered, that he hoped it would be of no use, but that it was best to be prepared for the lawless borderers of the west.

The young men of the Atlantic shores of the United States may often feel competition at home too strong for them, or may wish to know personally the capabilities of other regions, in fertility, water power, or commercial openings.

Again, we had an American clergyman on board, the Rev. Mr. Morse, very distinguished

at that time for his exertions in the cause of missions. He was dressed with a preciseness very unusual in the United States—wholly in black, with small-clothes and silk stockings. His coat was single-breasted, descending to his heels, and was adorned with large cloth buttons. A white neckcloth and broad-brimmed hat I must mention, and then go on to say, that his physiognomy was mild, pleasingly devout; his nose aquiline, giving his face the convex profile we see on the coins of Louis XVI. of France. He was fit for his work, and while not without the wisdom which is from above, possessed the activity, frankness, and tact of the man of the world,—and the decision, let me add, of which his dress was the symbol. He was always amiable and accessible, but always the minister. He did not act upon the Jesuit maxim of entering a man's heart by *his* door and coming out at your own. The use of his pen was incessant; his note-book was flooded with remarks, but upon what, was past my comprehension.

I have said that Mr. Morse was a good man; and therefore could not help sighing when I saw the triumphant eagerness, the large flashing eye, with which he mounted a high railing, to mark and talk over, in the presence of Englishmen, the exact locality where, a very few years before, the

British and American squadrons had met in battle,—an open sheet of water, as smooth as glass when Mr. Morse was gazing upon it, with the Put-in Bay group of islets close at hand, other islands farther off on the north, and the low, woody, south main almost disappearing in the distance. I perceived that in the mistaken patriot we had lost, for the moment, the Christian. Did he not know that his country was fighting the battles of Napoleon the oppressor, and against her agonising parent? and that a war against Great Britain at that juncture was base, matricidal, and a political mistake? Hundreds of thousands of American citizens held up holy hands against that war. We can now rejoice that public opinion is vastly purified, and that thoughtful men seldom find pleasure even in victory.

The American papers soon afterwards told us that the Rev. Mr. Morse did not go beyond Green Bay, in Lake Michigan. He was laid up there by sickness.

The Boundary Commission left the steamer at Amherstburgh, at that time a village of about five hundred inhabitants; but now having, with double that number of people, a new court-house, market-place, five churches and chapels, and other remarkable improvements. In 1821 there were two companies of infantry at Amherstburgh, under

a lieutenant-colonel, a man of talent and refinement, an excellent officer, but an invalid in an unhealthy station, and obliged by his duty to live here in a crazy cottage, with little or no society. Such is life in the army.

We met with every civility from the slender garrison. I here first tasted the grey squirrel. Although I am not fond of new flavours at the dinner-table, I thought this an excellent dish.

Our business here was confined to the settlement of accounts, and to framing directions to the surveying parties as to the summer's work. They were ordered to make a map of River and Lake St. Clair, with the upper part of the River Détroit, and the head of Lake Erie — a very unhealthy district.

The two commissioners, the English agent and the American secretary, returned home; the American agent and myself remained, to accompany the working parties.

As the British schooner Confiance, on board which we were frequently to reside, and which was to convey us to the seat of work, did not arrive for a week afterwards, I passed this time very pleasantly at Amherstburgh and at the American town of Détroit, eighteen miles above Lake Erie.

The river and lake of St. Clair, with the River

Détroit, form the water communication between Lakes Huron and Erie, taking from the former to feed the latter. They are noble bodies of pure, transparent water (except certain parts of Lake St. Clair), flowing through an immense plain, through millions of acres of forest, full of smaller rivers, sometimes consisting of dry, useful land, at others sinking into swamps or even extensive lakes. The hand of man is only felt on the principal streams; all else is in a state of nature. It is now, however, fast replenishing with an industrious population.

The Rivers Détroit and St. Clair have a lively fringe of comfortable and even pretty dwellings, embowered in pear, apple, and peach orchards, with here and there a church-tower or a clump of wych-elms shadowing an advanced bank of the river. Productive farms stretch out of sight into the woods behind. When first I saw this region of plenty and beauty, I was enchanted with it; but nearer acquaintance moderated my admiration.

Even at and about Amherstburgh there was much to interest,—not the moist, flat, half-cultivated environs, nor its couple of streets, humble and narrow, but some of the temporary residents.

The climate, aguish and worse, and the great heats of summer, may account for the drooping,

aimless look of the people of this village, as well as its stagnant appearance generally.

The shopkeepers and small exporters complained of the times; but their stores were well filled; they were bartering freely with the back settlements in tobacco, wheat, Indian corn, &c.; steamers and sloops were constantly bringing and taking away. The shopkeepers had a news-room and library—a sure indication of life and spirit. So I concluded that, upon the whole, things were not very bad.

The farmers complained to me that the shopkeepers ruled them with a rod of iron, because they were mostly their debtors, and had to sell to them, their creditors, produce at a very low rate, or receive a visit from the sheriff's officer. This says very little for the prudence or energy of the farmer.

I remarked that, except when the climate had touched them, the general appearance of the country people was tolerably good, and indicated easy circumstances. I never saw in England better crops of wheat; and their tobacco brings a high price.

Strong drink is the bane of Canada West, especially on outlying farms, and still more especially, I fear, among half-pay officers. All goes on soberly and pleasantly while the buildings and

land are getting up and into order; but as soon as this is done time hangs heavily, annoyances arise, vain regrets are felt, infirm health is apt to follow; when the only resource seems to be the whisky-bottle. The man begins to remember only the pleasant part of English and military life, and laments his chair and plate at the regimental mess. He is very glad of an invitation to dine with the little garrison twenty miles off; and in the end sinks into the sot, and drags his sons, if he have any, down with him.

The gentleman settler is unfit for the gloom of the woods, and should select a ready-made farm, not more than ten miles from a town. This can be done any day on reasonable terms.

There were in 1821 some remarkable persons in and near Amherstburgh, to whom I had the good fortune to be introduced. I am sure I shall be satisfying my own feelings, and doing honour to a man of high merit, in giving a brief account of Captain Stewart, late of the Honourable East India service.

Although Captain Stewart resided at Amherstburgh, and was still not thirty-five years of age, he had passed many years in India, and had had some concern with the mutiny at Vellore; but his part in the affair must have been small; for his jealous masters dismissed him with full pay

for life. He was handsome, frank, and energetic. His iron frame was indifferent to luxuries or even comforts; any hut was a home, and any food was nourishment, provided he could be doing good to others; for he was, and is, a working Christian.

At this time he was waging successful war with the negro slavery of the United States. As a branch of this holy enterprise within the grasp of an individual of small means, and totally unaided, he devoted himself to providing a home for runaways from the slave states.*

Being at least twenty years before his generation, and having views as much above those of the careful traffickers of Amherstburgh, as the heaven is above the earth, the excellent captain was totally misunderstood, and well abused, for bringing them customers, forsooth.

His design was to establish in the neighbourhood a negro colony. For this purpose he bought a small tract of land in the rear of the village. As the poor fugitives came in, friendless and breathless, though exulting, Captain Stewart offered them protection and subsistence; the first being still necessary against the stratagems,

* In 1847 I had the pleasure of meeting Capt. S. at Bristol. I knew him instantly; there was the same carelessness about the outer man, and the same restless zeal for the old object.

and even violence, of their pursuers; the latter his land supplied.

The greater portion of these negro refugees became his tenants, and to this day form an orderly body of British subjects, numbering 174 in 1842. So well known throughout the United States is the fact that there is such an asylum for the wretched slaves, that from 1820 to the present day, at least 15,000 persons of colour have come and settled in Canada West. That number is supposed to be there now, with churches and schools in different parts of the province. During the late rebellion, when the American sympathisers invaded the British possessions, the blacks eagerly offered their services to Government, well knowing their fate if Canada should glitter as an additional star in the spangled banner of the American Confederation. Their offer was accepted. There is (or was) a coloured company of soldiers at Stone Bridge, Lake Erie.

I spent a very pleasant evening at the cottage of Captain Stewart, a plain but comfortable abode on the edge of his purchase, in which he lived with his widowed sister, and her numerous and fine family.

The negro village and the clearances were then but just begun. As it was a very rainy season, the land seemed to be a swamp, and the huts very

indifferent affairs, but were thought to be palaces by the freemen who inhabited them. Subsequently heavy crops were obtained from their farms. Captain Stewart had the goodness to walk over some of them with me; and I am glad that I had the discernment to cheer him on in his difficult undertaking. Happy is the man who, with wisdom, selects and pursues some great, unselfish object. Its influence upon himself is most beneficial, as well as upon others, and will not cease with this life.

"A good man *seen*, though silent, counsel gives."

If this had been Captain Stewart's only work it would have been a noble benefaction to his fellowmen—well worth a life.

There was near Amherstburgh, at this time, a family in which all must have been greatly interested, a lingering relic, in the distant western world, of the old court of France.

Medical men have a very general *entrée* into the domestic circle. Sooner or later their services are indispensable, and they often become almost integral parts of the family. So it was here. The medical officer of the garrison was on these intimate terms with Chevalier and Madame de Brosse.

Dr. N. thought fit to take me with him to spend an evening with his French friends.

They resided a couple of miles from Amherstburgh, at the extreme point of the river, just where the fine woodland expanse of Lake Erie comes into view. In walking there we passed much pretty scenery, cottages with verandahs, clumps of drooping willows, park-like openings, and sand-banks overrun with sweet-briar, vines, and briony.

The cottage of the Chevalier stands between the lake and the highroad, and is a convenient jumble of added parts, each under its own little roof. The apartment with which I was best acquainted (the family sitting-room) looked with a wide bay-window upon the water. The large garden and the offices were on the opposite side of the road, upon rising ground, and sheltered the cottage from the cold north winds. They had a handy black galloway, and a Dearborn waggon on easy springs, to carry them about to the Canadian French families in the vicinity.

The moment I entered this sitting-room I felt myself in France. I was among the fanciful articles of *virtù*, the *bijouterie*, and feminine knick-knackery with which Madame de Genlis has made the untravelled English familiar. There was no carpet, but little rugs instead, in favourite spots, before two short hair-seated sofas covered with yellow plush, with four arm-chairs to match close

by (*à la* Louis XIV.), and none of the newest. The tables were of the native walnut, and very beautiful. They were more or less covered with books and culled flowers, and the one in the middle of the room had a large Limousin plate, painted over with blue and white saints, and holding fans, seals, and medallions. For dear Versailles' sake, well remembered through a vista of chequered years, Madame had preserved, or somewhere picked up, a somewhat shattered cabinet of marqueterie.

Portraits adorned the walls of the room; an excellent likeness of Marie Antoinette, in the gloomy mezzotint of fifty years ago; a dashing powdered likeness of Madame de Brosse when very young; and another, much more humble and more modern, of her only daughter, a pretty little brunette, recently married to a worthy Frenchman, living on his property, twelve or fifteen miles off.

I must not forget two Watteaus, pictures of shepherds and shepherdesses, risking good looks and gay clothes on wet grass, with open mouths and music-books.

If there were a transcript of the ample and genial face of the Chevalier, I did not see it. I hope there was, for there are few so worthy of the painter's pains.

A tolerable piano was not wanting, and two or three capital guitars stood in corners upon piles of music.

I had been long familiar with Grimm, Marmontel, and other describers of French life in 1770–1790. It was, therefore, most agreeable, as well as unexpected, to find before me a very pleasing representation of the *vieille cour en action* in the heart of North America—not for a moment wishing the *vieille cour* back again.

I was received at the door by the Chevalier, with the warm but refined welcome which high-breeding alone can give. He was a magnificent person, six feet five inches high, under sixty years of age, with an open, gentlemanly physiognomy, and a free, springy carriage even now. There had been a time when he was finely proportioned, but an indolent life of twenty years had added more to his bulk than to his beauty.

He led us very pleasantly into the sitting-room. There, ensconced in an easy chair, close to the bay-window, and its quiet scenery of cypress, and willow, and shining lake, we found Madame de Brosse, a portly old lady, once fair, and certainly handsome, now lively and gracious, with a certain high manner blending in, but anything rather than offensive. She received us most cordially.

The new-married daughter, in a simple dress, sat by her side, evidently ready to contribute to a pleasant evening. How she came to be a brunette I do not know.

In a few minutes their only son, a lieutenant on the half-pay of a Canadian regiment, walked in. He strongly resembled his father in everything but his hilarious features, for those of the son, with a woodland negligence of dress, were decidedly pensive, and that perhaps from vain regrets for the lost distinctions and pleasures of his ancestors.

We had of conversation great plenty. The Chevalier and his lady were full of anecdote about courts, and camps, and lengthened wanderings. They found in me, at least, a new and respectful listener.

After coffee Madame called upon her daughter for a romance to the guitar, which she gave at once, very unaffectedly and well. Then M. de Brosse himself thundered out a "*Chanson à la chasse.*" It was too loud to be musical. I feared for the windows. In the duet that followed between himself and Madame de Brosse he sang the old French air upon which it was based as gently and sweetly as he had been boisterous before. Madame's organ might be thin, but her singing was correct and tasteful. Throughout the

evening the amiability of this family, and their determination to look brightly on the present, and confidingly on the future, was delightful.

Having been a very humble cultivator of the gay science, I tuned up my small pipe in two or three French airs which had not as yet been wafted so far west. Having the great advantage of being "a new man," I was approved, and more than once repeated my visit. Gâteaux, creams, and fruits, I ought to add, ended the evening very agreeably. This interesting family were then in their best spirits on account of the marriage of their daughter.

The Chevalier had fallen in love with his lady at the court of Versailles, where they held some (perhaps) subordinate situations about the person of Marie Antoinette in the beginning of the first French revolution. That great political tempest drove the aristocracy of France, and these two young people with them, to the four winds.

After a variety of painful adventures M. de Brosse found himself an officer in the De Watteville regiment, in the pay of Great Britain, and having always corresponded with his Léoline, soon afterwards married her. They were in Spain, Sicily, England, and latterly in the Canadas, where he took leave of active service upon the half-pay of a major. He purchased a farm, and settled on the Détroit, where the comforts of life

are readily procured, and where there are several French families of property and consequence.

Do they regret the elegant frivolities of the Trianon, and do they esteem themselves driven from Paradise?—Yes! certainly. Youth and distance have given lustre to the gay, and softness to the darker parts of their early life. The brightness of the scene immediately around them, and the amiability of their master and mistress, had shut their eyes to the miseries of universal France, which it was the design of Providence, by the revolution, to lessen.

My medical friend one day made a party to hunt rattlesnakes in the marshy islands, a little below Amherstburgh, as I had never seen one. We put on strong boots, reaching nearly to the knees, and thick pantaloons. We therefore did not fear a bite. As to our weapon of offence, we had a long elastic switch.

We landed on a field of long grass, twenty or thirty acres in extent, and found mowers at work, defended by pieces of blanket tied round their legs. They said they had seen several rattlesnakes in the course of the morning, and we were not long in finding six—three among the long grass, and three among some fallen timber. We had the pleasure (such as it was) of several runs, and of hearing the dread rattle in full force. We killed two, each more than a yard long.

Amherstburgh is famous for rattlesnakes. Dr. N. told me that a few months before, one of the children (aged six years) of an officer was bitten. The usual symptoms set in with severity. He used all the known remedies assiduously, external and internal, but the child only grew worse. As its life was now despaired of, the parents sent for an old Indian woman with the medical man's full concurrence. After having looked upon the child she hastened into the woods, and returned with some rattlesnake root (*Goodyera pubescens*). Of part of the leaves she made an infusion, of which she caused the child to swallow doses at certain intervals, and of part she made a poultice, which she applied to the wound. The child soon began to improve; one by one the symptoms disappeared, and in forty-eight hours the little sufferer was out of danger. This is a well-authenticated case, and very remarkable.

The only other circumstance worthy of note, which occurred during my stay, was the gathering of the Indians of Wisconsin, Iowa, and other parts of the United States, for the purpose of receiving their annual presents from the British Government. Some of them were brawny, well-fed, but sullen men, of middle-age, with little covering but a blanket, blue middle-cloth, and necklace of large bear's claws. Among them I saw the most

interesting Indian of these regions, as much on account of his own great capacity and influence as because he was the brother of the renowned Chief Tecumseh,* killed in the last American war. I am speaking of the Prophet, most faithfully delineated in Catlin's series of Indian Portraits. I could not help shaking hands with him, and addressing to him a few friendly words by an interpreter. He was evidently a conservative of the true water—a sombre, reflective savage of the old times, large, gaunt, square-featured—the able coadjutor of his brother in his scheme of leaguing together all the Indians of North America, to sweep the white men out of the land altogether. In the war of 1813 he assisted the British very effectively, but it is supposed only with the view of weakening his future foes. The Prophet was some time afterwards killed in a fray with those Ishmaelites the backwoodsmen.

It seems unfortunate that the Indians of the

* Tecumseh, the Indian hero, will never be forgotten on the Great Lakes. In 1811, at a council held with the Americans at Vincennes, Tecumseh, having finished his address, showed some displeasure that no seat was kept for him. General Harrison hastened to order one to be brought. "Warrior," said a bystander to him, "your father, the General, presents to you an arm-chair." "He, my father!" cried the chief, fiercely. "The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. She nourishes me. I sleep upon her bosom." And then the haughty savage sat on the ground, cross-legged.

central parts of North America come in contact generally with outlaws and desperate men, who are not to be called Christians, even for a moment, in courtesy.

Another large body of Indians then present was quite distinct from these. They came from the western prairies on horses, and were slender young men, dressed from head to foot in purple calico; the seams of their little coatees, its cape, and their leggings, edged prettily with a short white fringe.

Close to Amherstburgh there is a grassy common a hundred acres in extent. On this, these young braves were perpetually galloping, and wheeling, and checking in full career their slight horses, in a most absurd and reckless manner, as it seemed to me. One evening the Buffalo-dance was performed by thirty or forty stamping savages, disguised with the horns and portions of the skin of this animal. We were favoured with innumerable frantic bellowings, grimacings, and shufflings here and there.

Three or four days before the expected arrival of our schooner, the Confiance, I went to Détroit, sixteen miles up the river, the capital of the then territory of Michigan. I wished to see for myself the physiognomy and manners of a small frontier town. I embarked in the periodical steamer. The

river scenery has been noticed before. The stream is a mile or more broad, and flows, all alive with sloops, canvass, and scows, through a settled country, placid and productive, save on the British side for a few miles above Amherstburgh, where the Huron reserve remains a wilderness.

Détroit now contains (1847) more than 10,000 inhabitants. The territory has become an important state (repudiating). In 1821 it had 1400 inhabitants, scattered over a long straggling street parallel to the river, with a few lanes behind. In the middle of the town was a very singular staring Roman Catholic church, of great size. In the rear was a large common, on which troops of horses were grazing and frolicking.

About nine o'clock on a Saturday morning I landed opposite to a decent inn with two signs—"General Washington," with white tie and black coat with stand-up collar, fronting the river—and an angry eagle, of gilt wood, behind, to face the street. Although this double-facedness did not suit my English notions, I carried my light portmanteau up the bank of twenty to thirty feet, and into the door-way of the inn, where I met with the crummy landlady. On asking her if I could have a bed,—"Oh! yes to be sure."—"And bed-room to myself?"—"Oh! no; but you can have a room with only three beds in it." My eye

catching at the moment the sign-board of another large wooden inn, I declined the lady's invitation to walk in, and passed over to the rival house of entertainment under the patronage of "General Winfield Scott," even now a famous and very tall American general, judging from a blue painting of him on the wall.

Presenting myself here meekly, for I had not breakfasted, I was informed that five beds in a room was the smallest allowance they could offer. So humbled was I, and so disinclined to face the "Golden Eagle," that I took my traps up-stairs, and came down to an excellent breakfast.

I shall not carry the reader with me all adown the sweltering, dusty streets of Détroit, empty of every living thing but pigs and poultry. So I left the string of shabby wooden houses, rubbishy stores, full of coarse dry goods, and the loaded gutters, loudly calling for the feathered scavengers of Georgia and Florida. I betook myself home and read the "Détroit Gazette," an out-and-outer, writing boldly and well up to the times.

One o'clock brought dinner, a rough, substantial meal, with at least twenty commensals, in every variety of costume. They were clerks, shopkeepers, lawyers, land-agents, and doctors. Most of these lived in the house; others roosted among their goods. The dinner was soon despatched,

and the clatter of plates among the things of the past. The bulk of the diners dispersed, leaving a meditative batch of three or four.

Among these was the editor of the "Gazette," Mr. Sinkler (Sinclair, St. Clair), and Mr. Crittle, the land-agent, shrewd in his own business, but friendly and mild, and very curious about England. To these I must add a very strange personage, who turned out to be a professor of Hebrew, wrapped up in a sort of ample dressing-gown of purple serge or flannel, with trousers of the same. In these places you may dress as you like, provided you are dressed at all. The land-agent wore corduroy cossacks and jacket, as being suitable for his sylvan rambles. The editor and land-agent became great gossips of mine at once. But I must first speak of the professor, as being the greatest original of the three.

As I walked up to the door of the "Winfield Scott," my attention was arrested by the flowing purple of the professor, as he was lounging on the broad bench which ran along the houseside. He was a powerfully made dwarf, high-backed, legs short, and very stout. His head was great and protuberant, and he had large red features, eyes blue, quick, and expressive; his red hair hung over his shoulders in clubs twisted like cables.

This singular being was really a professor of Hebrew, wandering in search of pupils wherever he was least likely to find them. Many such persons there are in the byways of the West. He was swinging his squat person about, and haranguing a small knot of loiterers. For lack of other listeners, he would have lectured to the black cook, as she was splitting a fowl.

The professor was more odd within than without. He was a Scotchman of respectable origin, and a truly learned man; but every word and look of his was so spiced with the extravagant and ludicrous, that there was no listening to his sonorous sounds without a riot of laughter, to the poor man's great loss, grief, and astonishment.

The professors of the university at which he was educated, respecting his attainments, procured for him a private class; but it had only one sitting. After listening to his odd and egotistical discourse for ten minutes, first one foolish student filliped a paper pellet at him, and then another, until the shower was universal; and there was a great row, in which some of the pupils were in danger of being thrown out of the window by the enraged doctor, who although short was extraordinarily strong in the arms.

I sat next to him at breakfast one morning, when he obliged me by some magnifical dis-

course, of which the following is a faded specimen :—

"So, sir! you are from the good old country, like myself. Why did you leave it? Answer me that! But three-fourths of us professors here are either British, or of the British. Look at Renwick, of Columbia College, Highland Mary's grandson; at Dunglisson; at Pattinson of Glasglow; at myself, a near kinsman of the Gentle Shepherd. One good native teacher I know and honour, Sam Mitchell, of New York. I listened with delight the other day for two good hours while he gave us (quite new to me) the natural history and uses of that admirable esculent the turnip, directing our attention to his diagrams with an African assagai (a dart). Sir, this is an inquiring and an acquiring country. They will know and will have. I shall soon have plenty of pupils. I shall soon be off to the new self-governing and self-supporting college in Ohio, where a man of my calibre is grievously wanted. I have letters to those people, and have sent them my little treatise on the Canaanitish Mysteries. Do you know Professor Parker, of Northland College? Although he is a pupil of mine, I am bound to declare that he has no more brains than a soldier carries in his knapsack. A planet-load of such fellows is not worth a rush. To be sure he

would not walk into a well; but as to Hebrew!—Pshaw! I first called on him in the month Chisleu. Certainly he was not sacrificing to Nisroch, his eagle-faced god; but he was with many other fools in his drawing-room, so bewitched with a silly singing-woman, that he told a professor of the Hebrew tongue to call again. But that professor of Andover, with the long name, is of another sort. Yes! with the long name — Longfellow!—'long, long ago,' as somebody used to sing. He is a man of very fair American abilities. When I was at his college, giving a course of Egyptian antiquities, I might have been the noble Asnapper himself, such was his courtesy to the man who is now addressing you. He is good, too, in verse. But, speaking of these poets of the west, I know them all, from Florio of Poughkeepsie, through Percival, 'all purple and gold,' up to Bryant, who chaunts the wild ducks——" &c. &c. till midnight, had I not respectfully called the professor's attention to the cold tea and now solid buttered toast.

I afterwards saw this individual at Quebec, trying to lecture. His money, however, had run out, and he kept his bed three days in despair. Kind words and a subscription revived him. He was grateful. His "subsequents," as the Americans would say, I do not know.

The land-agent, Mr. S. Crittle, and myself, with five others, inhabited at night the same bed-chamber. Mr. Crittle and two friends of his used to keep me awake until twelve at night, by sitting on my bed and asking questions about George the Fourth and George Robins the auctioneer—equally great men in their opinion, as filling up much space in "The Times" newspaper—and about London, Windsor, and Liverpool, &c. In return, I received no little information on the difficult subject of land-sales, private, public, or on military-service tickets. Crittle owned that a smart man might do a good stroke of business at Détroit; that there was a demand for his article; the land, climate, and market, all good; and that the townships were filling up not amiss. He shewed me about the town, saying he could look after trade quite as well in the street as in his little office. I was shewn the Museum, which was very creditable as far as it went; and the library of 1400 well-selected volumes, being one for each inhabitant. Novels I observed were about one-third of the whole collection.*

My little editor was a lively, sharp New Englander, chatty and well-informed. During the extreme heats of the day I twice spent an hour in

* Few towns have made such progress as Détroit since 1821. Its population has increased seven-fold. Among its public build-

his dirt-encrusted printing-office. We talked as he worked off the paper. His leading articles, short and strong, were put into type at once without copy. The paper was of small size, the main part of its contents taken from the latest English arrivals; but the stay and support of the concern were the advertisements, which being duty free were cheap and numerous, and condescended to the smallest imaginable transaction. He did the whole work of the paper, excepting its delivery to the subscribers. In fact, I saw that the Détroiters fared well and worked hard; they were therefore making profit. Many grumbled, but few left.

"Sir," said I to the editor one day, "you told me you were a bookseller. I see some reams of brown and white paper, and a few pieces of paper-hangings. Where is your literature?"

"Oh!" he replied, "I blocked up my windows with books for two years, but they were noticed only by the flies. I did not sell three copies. People have not read through the town library yet. A box in the garret without a lid contains

ings are a state-house, city-hall, state-penitentiary, gaol, eight churches, three markets, a theatre, library, and museum. Country seats stud the environs. Two railroads into the interior are being made. The central railroad is finished to Marshall, one hundred miles; and so is the Erie and the Kalamazoo, thirty-three miles.

my stock of books." So going up-stairs and overhauling the box, I found several American reprints much to my taste.

Men must speak as they find. I have resided for months in various parts of the United States, and have always met with obliging people.

On the Sunday of my stay here I went to the Episcopal church, and was glad to see an attentive and well-dressed congregation. General Macomb, the governor, and his family, were in a neat pew, not differing from those of other people, the general in plain clothes; but his two aide-de-camps in uniform, escorting his lady-like daughters dressed in white. The sermon was good, and the church comfortable.

The following day I visited the prison. It contained a single prisoner, a young Indian, accused of murder. I entered his small round cell. He was squatted on the mud floor, unwashed, unkempt, with an old blanket over his shoulders, and half off. He gave us no glance, but seemed fixed—in an iron dream. Here, indeed, was a soul shut up! I could say nothing. This was one of the most painful sights I had seen in America.

I will change the subject for the following homely but characteristic incident:—

Although I seldom submit to professional shaving, it was indispensable so to do soon after seeing

the captive Indian. The operator was a black man, very dressy, self-sufficient, and talkative. During the process I was foolish enough to stiffen my upper lip, to give the razor a firmer surface to work on. He had already cut me twice.

"Now, please, sir," he exclaimed, "do not so—be natural; it will be best for us both. I love nature; with her I know where I am."

Soon afterwards he again drew blood. I held my face then rather low; but he chucked me gently under the chin, crying, "Up, man! up with it." I tell these little things to shew the droll impertinence of free coloured men in the United States. This artist sat down to dinner, I doubt not, without the most distant idea that he had done anything out of the way. In different parts of the world I have come across puppies in dress, but never one, either in Paris or Baden-Baden, at all to be compared to the black man-servant of the celebrated orator Randolph. It was a great treat to see this personage peacocking (*paonisant*) in his flame-coloured waistcoat, frills, &c., before our hotel door at Washington.

I was one evening sitting at tea alone, near the window in the eating-room overlooking the river, after a hard day's work mineral-hunting in some quarries four miles below Détroit. My being served with tea out of the usual course was a great

favour. The kindness of the landlady had added the luxuries of preserves, honey, and buck-wheat cakes to the refreshing meal. All the boarders were gone to a rifle-match. I had taken one cup, and was deep in a new-bought book, when I was suddenly awoke by a singular command uttered close to my ear.

"Put down that book, sir! You and I are to pass the evening in this room; and it is not to be spent in reading!"

I looked up at the stranger, and my vexation was at once quieted. I beheld a remarkably good-looking, white-haired old gentleman, smiling kindly upon me out of open, candid eyes, from under a broad-brimmed hat. He was dressed much like a Quaker; and yet he did not belong to that sect of prim faces and noble hearts. He had on a brown single-breasted coat, and pantaloons to match, white neckcloth and white stockings, and—rare to see hereabouts—his shoes were well blacked. As somehow I did not speak, after standing some moments, he said—

"Pray, sir, who are you?"

"Oh! sir," I replied, beginning to be not well pleased at the interruption, "I am a poor, unfortunate, stray Englishman."

I was about to say more, when he broke in upon me, exclaiming, "I am surprised to hear you speak

so lightly and untruly. The poverty is not great where there is butter and honey (glancing at the table); and let me tell you that it is an estate to be an Englishman. Never jest with your lofty birthright. You are the countryman of Alfred, Shakspeare, Newton, and Wilberforce. To England and her lineage is committed by the God above us the schooling of the nations. I shall take tea with you." With that he called for a cup and saucer, and a fresh infusion of hyson.

Having sat down, he at once asked me from what part of England I came. Having told him from Nottinghamshire:

"What!" he cried out, "from the county of Byron and Kirk White, of Cranmer and Hartley, of the Savilles, the Willoughbys, and the Parkyns?"

Here I interrupted him in my turn: "Under the circumstances, I am entitled, sir, to ask respectfully to whom I have the honour of addressing myself."

"I am," he answered, "Judge Perkins, by descent a Parkyns of Nottinghamshire, one of the blood of blunt Sir Thomas the wrestler; my grandfather being the first to leave English soil. To-morrow I hold a district court at this place for the despatch of legal business. I reside at Greenfields, about eight miles down the river,

where I shall be happy to see you, and shew you my numerous family and pretty place."

I thanked him cordially, but expressed a fear that the shortness of my stay would deprive me of the great pleasure of accepting his friendly invitation.

I had previously heard of Judge Perkins as being popular and much respected in this neighbourhood, and that it was quite impossible for him to *intrude* at Detroit.

I think he occupied full two hours in questions about his dear old county, its present condition in agriculture and manufactures, its nobles and gentry, Merry Sherwood, Thoresby, and the square old tower of Bunny Hall, the seat of the Parkyns. He even knew the quaint motto over the door of the old-world village school-house,—"*Disce vel discede.*" England was still to him the home of ancient days, and in her fortunes he took a deep interest, like most other involuntary exiles.

He then spoke long and well of Europe and America, of their blots and beauties—said that he was satisfied with his adopted country,* but not insensible to its imperfections. He thought that in America both virtue and vice were gigan-

* Neither the Mexican war nor the repudiation of just debts by many of the states had then occurred.

tic—that here, bad men were exceedingly bad, and the good exceedingly good.

He remarked upon the flattering welcome with which Americans are received by all European nations, excepting, perhaps, the British, between whom and the Americans there is a sort of family soreness—the prosperous young nation being too noisy and presuming, and the elder branch too austere.

"But," said he, "it is hardly fair to pass any judgment upon us as yet; we are immature, unripe, formed from a multitude of different races, and hardly coherent—necessarily too busy with the coarser wants of life to attend to the elegancies and refinements of a higher civilization. It is true that the moral sense is low among us—lower than in England. Even there, are you all you ought to be? What says your finest poet?—

> '. . . . . Earth is sick,
> And Heaven is weary of the hollow words
> Which states and kingdoms utter when they talk
> Of truth and justice. Turn to private life
> And social neighbourhood; look we to ourselves!
> A light of duty shines upon every day
> For all; and yet how few are warned or cheered!'"
>
> *Excurs.* p. 204.

Being joined at meals by strangers is common at inns in the country parts of the United States. Besides, in a person of Judge Perkins's age

and station, it was an act of condescension to join my tea-table. Far greater liberties are taken in the middle and back districts.

I remember, when the Boundary Commission sat at Utica, in the state of New York, a party of our surveyors were quartered at the second inn of the place (10,000 inhabitants). One of our gentlemen—for such he was by education and by conduct, although a half-caste Indian—was awoke in the middle of the night by the glare of a candle, and the noise of the landlord showing a newly-arrived stranger into bed to him. The stranger had far better have ventured into the lair of a wild cat and her young. My friend lay quiet, and with closed eyes, until the man began to get into bed, when he put his foot to his body with such force and good-will, as to drive him headlong against the door, right across the apartment. Thankful was he to be allowed to pick up his clothes and disappear.

On the evening of my last day at Détroit I crossed the river to a little hedge-inn on the British side, close to Moy, at that time the residence of Mr. Mackintosh, a wealthy and respected merchant. Moy is close to Windsor, a flourishing little village famous for its fine pear-trees.

I had not been long sat, when in stepped a

bold pedlar, with pack and box. He was a broad-chested, short man, with a profusion of sandy whisker. "Well, mistress," said he, "I've had a long tramp this blazing day. I am both dry and hungry. Let us have something comfortable. But of course you know we must trade!" "No, indeed," the landlady replied, "I cannot; I do not want anything in your line." "But, mistress, it is the universal rule of the road." "Except here," says she; "my friend Sugarbutt deals with me, and I with him; and he knows to a day when my thread, soap, and tea are out." "Well, then, mistress," rejoined the pedlar, "at your greatest need may you have a cloudy new moon, your thread break, and your needle want an eye! We don't trade." He shouldered his bundle and departed.

In the meanwhile I was sitting at a little window of one pane, looking up the road. Soon after the pedlar had gone, I descried approaching at an easy pace two strange bearded figures, on large, rough horses, with saddle-bags behind them, and stout over-coats before.

They alighted at the door, in beards to be coveted,—in broad, slouching hats,—long, free-flowing coats, waistcoats, and trowsers of snuff-colour, with strings everywhere instead of buttons.

They were middle-aged men, bulky, erect, deliberate, with large, mild, satisfied faces — elders of the Mennonite persuasion on a tour of inspection among their people, scattered over the upper or western province.

Taking their place among us in the kitchen, they talked unreservedly with every one as they made their simple meal.

I joined them; and after some general conversation, I asked them why they dressed so differently from Christian people in general. The person to whom I addressed myself smiled, and said that dress was not a principal matter, and merely concerned the feelings, &c. For themselves, they bore a love to the Saviour so personal, that they wished to imitate him in outward things as in inward. As He wore a beard and loose garments, so did they. And further, they found this external badge or testimony a great safeguard against the seductions of the world, and any slowly progressive conformity with prevailing practices which might otherwise creep in among them. "Moreover," he added, "I am not sure that bearded Christians are so greatly in the minority throughout the earth as you have taken for granted."

I questioned them as to the great doctrines of revelation, and received correct and sober an-

swers. They certainly differ from us widely in church government, but in little else of importance. As they lead the quiet, godly lives of believers, I could not but indulge them in their harmless peculiarities; and I felt in my heart to love them.

Their people, the elder went on to inform me, at my request, were to be found in many of the western districts, but are most numerous in Gore and Niagara. Many of them are Germans, or of German extraction. German families of Mennonite sentiments are now continually settling in Canada West from Pennsylvania, preferring the stillness and security of the British colony to the racket, worldliness, and most probably the petty persecutions (local), of the United States.

I once met in the woods a migratory family of this kind, reposing on their journey. They had with them two waggon-loads of substantial furniture, drawn by sleek, stout horses. The people themselves were pictures of health and common sense.

During the last war with the United States, when the Canadas were invaded, the British Government wisely permitted the Mennonites to remain at home peaceably, on commuting by money for military service. This was no hardship, because the war had produced high prices,

of which the ordinary militia could not avail themselves, as their farms were necessarily neglected.

I afterwards passed through a district of Mennonites, between Fort Erie and Grand River, a swampy country, but with fertile and elevated spots here and there.

Though not a healthy neighbourhood, the Mennonites did not complain. I went into one or two of their houses, which were low, plain, but comfortable. Extreme neatness prevailed everywhere. Their brass vessels were as bright as gold, and their pewter looked like silver. Large pails of milk and cream stood pure and cool in their little dairies; the fatted calf and the home-reared lamb were playing about the homestead and orchard. The owners were a large, fair, calm race, evidently cheerful with Christian hope. I felt glad that there was upon earth such unruffled peace, enduring from childhood to old age—so complete a separation from the temptations and corrosions of ordinary life.

EXCURSION THE FIFTH.

PART II.

THE ST. CLAIR AND LAKE ERIE.

H. M. schooner Confiance — Lake St. Clair — Sickness — Sailor shot — River St. Clair — Belle Rivière Island — The sick Traveller — The banished Lord — The Black River — Fort St. Clair — Thunderstorms — Missionaries — Lake Erie — Boat Voyage — The Settlement — The Governor-General — The Methodist Missionary — Religious Statistics and Observations — Schools — The Storm — The Roman Catholic.

On returning to Détroit from my visit to Moy, as just related in the first part of this excursion, I found that H. M. schooner the Confiance had arrived at Amherstburgh from Penetanguishene, and would next day again mount stream for Lake St. Clair. I therefore early next morning, after a hurried leave-taking, hired a little skiff and two rowers for Amherstburgh, where I had several trifling matters to settle. I had, however, to take another opportunity; for about

half-way down we met the Confiance painfully winning her way against the current.

The first thing I saw on deck was the round bald pate of Monsieur Pomainville, our purveyor, and his fine French features, as he was emerging from the hold, where he had been in search of a ham for dinner.

He was full of chat about good looks and a pleasant summer to come, but said no more. Four or five days afterwards, awaking from a siesta on the hot deck, he cried out, "Ah! M. le Docteur, I tell you while I remember, there are two letters from England for you in my cassette." "Then," said I, "had you better fetch them?" which he still seemed slow to do. They were letters from my family, of whom I had not heard for eleven months, through the post-office irregularities of that day. None but such as have been in my place can fully sympathise in my vexation at this tardy delivery of letters.

We were made as comfortable as possible in the gallant little Confiance. Many a happy day did I spend in her. She was commanded by Lieutenant Grant, R.N., the son of a banker of that name at Portsmouth.

Our first surveying operations lay among the many mouths of the River St. Clair. They form a number of large, marshy islands, of course

partly in Lake St. Clair. Neither of these, nor of the lake, shall I say much topographically, as they present no striking features.

We were three or four days in working our way from Amherstburgh to a convenient berth in Anchor Bay, near the north-west shore of Lake St. Clair.

When we arrived we found the scenery here very pretty, the borders of the lake, for miles inland, being a savannah of long, bright green grass, with woods in the rear disposed in capes, islands, and devious avenues. I was delighted, and landed for a run; but to my surprise, I stepped into water ankle-deep, and forthwith returned. But a more serious evil was the bad quality of the water, as we were to be here for several days, and the weather sultry and close. It was tainted and discoloured by the dead bodies of a minute pink insect, and was only drinkable after straining and boiling.

Our people spent most of the daylight in the insular channels, and Lieutenant Grant in sounding the lake. The natural result of all this was sickness; but while in the lake the only person seriously ill was my friend the lieutenant. He was attacked by the dangerous fever of the country, with great general excitement, delirium, &c. &c., but bleeding and other appropriate remedies

brought him round, first, by conversion of the continued fever into the remittent, and then into common ague, which was driven off by quinine.

Other members of the working party were attacked more slightly a few days afterwards in the River St. Clair, but in such numbers that the survey was discontinued for a fortnight.

From this pestilential spot we removed, in the prosecution of our work, to one of the channels in the island of St. Mary near Baldoon, amid aguish meadows of coarse grass, now (1845) cultivated after a fashion by various remnants of Indian tribes.

As the place looked very likely for game, and the sailors had little to do, permission was given to four or five of them to beat up with fowling-pieces an open marsh of many hundred acres close to us, with clumps of wood on the higher ground.

Towards evening one of the sporting sailors came running to the schooner, to say that a comrade had shot himself; but he was so breathless and frightened, that he could only point in the direction of the body about a mile off. Three or four of us ran off, and, after a little search, we found the unfortunate man quite dead, lying across his discharged gun, on his face, which was in a pool of blood. The cast-off skin of a

snake, beautifully perfect, lay near him. As there was nothing to point to foul play, we supposed that he had struck at the seeming snake with the butt-end of his gun, and that the gun had gone off and lodged its contents in the neck, where we found a small round hole close to the jugular vessels.

The seamen—all of us, indeed—were very much affected by this deplorable accident, far more so than I could have anticipated.

His companions carefully prepared for his grave a strong wooden slab, on which they engraved an epitaph of their own composition.

The burial-service was read over the remains, and listened to with unaffected grief, which did not wholly disappear from our countenances until we moved to Belle Rivière Island in the River St. Clair.

There is little to describe in Lake St. Clair. It is a round pond exaggerated into a circumference of ninety miles, extremely shallow, and surrounded by marshes and low woods, with occasionally an unhappy clearance. The ship-channel to Lake Huron is very narrow, and so changeable, that it requires fresh buoying every spring. Its shallowest part has only a depth of 6½ feet.

Its principal rivers are the Thames, the Huron,

and the Bear Creeks. I shall only speak a few words on the first, one of the most important and picturesque of the second-class streams in Canada West.

It is navigable for sloops and steamers to Louisville, thirty miles from its mouth, with an average depth of 16 feet, and a breadth of 200–300 feet. This river passes through some of the finest parts of Canada West, among farming-land of the first quality. Many of the farms here have been under cultivation for fifty years, and have fine orchards.

The flourishing town of London (eighty-five miles from Hamilton in Lake Ontario), with 4000 inhabitants, is situated upon it, as well as Chatham, with a population of nearly 2000, sixty-six miles below London.

We now made our way into the River St. Clair, and cast anchor at the head of Belle Rivière Island, five or six miles from the lake. This river runs a tolerably straight course of thirty miles long, and from three-quarters to a mile and a half broad. Its banks of earth and clay are high along the upper and middle portions, but lower down they gradually sink into marshes.

As before mentioned, the banks of this river are, upon the whole, well settled.

Belle Rivière Island is so called from the con-

siderable creek of that name which enters opposite to it on the south. This island may measure about a hundred acres. It is many feet above the river, and is, for the most part, covered with fine wood.

We soon cleared sufficient space for three or four tents on the bluff at the upper end, commanding a fine reach, with a line of farms on the American side, and on the other a wilderness: the whole settlement on the British shore having, in 1813–14, been clean swept away, burnt, and devastated, in the winter, by the American soldiery, destroying, in its brutality, the means of existence of non-combatants.

A weaker growth of trees, or small, grassy openings, with the gables of ruined houses, still mark the spots.

A beginning was made, in 1821, to re-people this fertile district. Now (1847) the whole north front of the river is occupied; and there are the two cheerful villages of Sutherland and Talfourd, each with its neat Episcopal church smiling upon the wilderness.

We were a week at Belle Rivière. Several little characteristic incidents occurred while we were there.

Not always having a boat at my command, I remained for the most part on the island. On

the third day of our stay, scrambling along the tangled margin of the island with the intention of going round it, I saw, some hundred yards from our camp, that the long grass and coppice were beat down and broken into a barely discernible pathway. I mounted by it into the thicket, and fifty yards from the water, hid from all the world, I fell in with a squatter's bark hut, in a clearing of a hundred square feet, on which were planted some potatoes and a few hillocks of Indian corn. The door was open, and on the threshold a couple of neatly-dressed white women were sitting at needle-work, mother and daughter, the younger being the wife of a shoemaker. Their little place was clean and tidy. They showed no alarm: neither did their stout dog attack me. They said that the husband was mending shoes in the vicinity.

I have no doubt but they were in hiding for some unpleasant reason. We had been three days within 400 yards of them without their stirring or approaching us; but now we gave the man a good deal of employment, and the women washed for us.

It was from our present encampment that I watched the first labours of a settler in the woods, as related in the excursion to the Ottawa River.

One very hot day, the sun in mid-heavens, without a friendly cloud to screen us from his fierceness, I observed a canoe, with two men in it, leave the American shore and make for our tents. Their errand was to ask me to visit a young man at their house hard by, ill of the country fever. Of course I went with them.

He was a respectable young American from Oswego, on the south shore of Lake Ontario, on a tour of commercial inquiry, and detained here by this sudden attack.

I found him lying on a hard, uncurtained bed, in a large, low room, with the open window looking into an orchard of apple and peach-trees, then teeming with young fruit.

My patient was passing from the morbid strength of the hot period of a severe remittent fever into the languor of the perspiring stage, and presented a spectacle which few but medical men and clergymen ever see. To use the beautiful expression of an old French writer, he looked like "*le roi déchu* des existences de ce monde" (the discrowned king of nature).

As yet, the pink and white features glowed with most expressive brightness; the liquid eye, vermilion-tinted, was full of painful meaning.*

* In the latter stages of consumption, and in other disturbances of the circulation, when the connexion of soul and body is loosen-

His voice was a whisper, but earnest, and almost spasmodic. The face and heaving chest were beaded by a thousand drops of moisture; and although his feeble arm, when let go, dropped like lead, he was restless, and fought feebly with the flies and mosquitoes which always infest the sick.

I spoke to him encouragingly, told him he should be well attended to, said that I had been at Oswego, and should soon pass through it again. He eagerly interrupted me to beg I would call on his mother and sister, and threw his eyes on his portmanteau, which was near on a chair; but I begged him not to think of business for a day or two; and for some moments he was quiet.

ing, an extraordinary and singularly delicate impress of the new and angelic life is occasionally stamped on the features at certain periods of the day: so, in the hot stage of a severe remittent, the general contour becomes full, and the complexion fervidly brilliant, the most ordinary face is rendered beautiful by some new arrangement of its parts. Arterial blood is evidently accumulated on the surface, and is also stimulating the brain to vivid sensation and thought; so that every part of the frame—every expression, tone, and movement—becomes instinct with unwonted eloquence and force. I have seen this among the humbler classes repeatedly, in persons and places least expected, and in the young of both sexes especially. But when the individual has mixed with pious persons of superior education, the change is still more striking and more lofty. There is then a heavenward tendency, an exalted purity and serene joy, most affecting to contemplate.

He was with kind but ignorant people. The case was similar to that from which our commander was recovering, but the prostration was greater. I had some trouble with him, but he eventually recovered.

As we float over the smooth waters of the St. Clair, having perhaps just escaped from the turbulence of Lake Huron, it is delightful to gaze upon the succession of dwellings, low and roomy, which its western bank presents, embowered in orchards, the children playing under the far-spreading elms, and the cattle grazing in rich meadows; but if you land, the effect is greatly damaged. You are shocked at the meagre, sickly appearance of the inhabitants. They have the thin white face, the feeble, stooping walk of the over-wrought, in-door artizan of an European city. Their minds, you find, are almost as unready and infirm as their bodies. Neither, at the time of my several visits, were they blest with the consolations of religion, except at distant and irregular periods.

The vast tracts of marsh lands around are the cause of all this, bringing upon the settlers the constantly-recurring plague of ague and remittent fever, to be remedied by drainage sooner or later.

It is common for the borders of American rivers to be dry for a mile or so back, and then the land sinks into swampy and rolling country.

The American climate is, at best, changeable, first exciting and afterwards exhausting. Its heat and cold are in extremes, very often most agreeable, exhilarating, from its remarkable dryness, both in winter and summer.

Great portions of the unsettled lands in the United States are extremely unhealthy: such as the south sides of Lakes Ontario and Erie, the states of Illinois, Indiana, and Mississippi; while Canada, except in the extreme south-west, is all but *perfectly* healthy. I would not wish to live in a more salubrious climate than that of the Bay of Quinté, the River Ottawa, the eastern shores of Lake Huron, and many other places; and I am immeasurably astonished at parties from England preferring unwholesome, distant, and often lawless parts of the United States, to regions of plenty and health in this colony, under laws and customs with which they are familiar.

I have reason to believe that the excessive quantity of animal food, which the Americans hurry down, injures them seriously; perhaps bringing on in early life what our Irish recruits call the meat fever, and giving rise to a weak-

ened and too excitable state of the alimentary canal for the rest of their existence. Then come the deleterious agencies of tobacco, ardent spirits, and ill-regulated labour.

Compare the meagre, ill-set frame of the American farmer, and his haggard, uneasy features, with the robust, compact figure of the English yeoman, his open, ruddy, smooth face; and say which of the two is the stronger and happier animal.

In the extensive and fertile districts about Lake Erie, and to the south of Lakes Huron and Michigan, both man and beasts suffer grievously from insects. During the months of June, July, and August, mosquitoes torture thick-skinned animals even more than man. Fires of wet leaves and grass, which give out great volumes of smoke, are made for them to run into; and so anxiously do they thus take shelter there, that many of them are severely burnt. Animals are much troubled here with a fly which I do not see elsewhere. It is of the same shape as the large fly of the butchers' shops, but is black, an inch long and more, and is armed with a long sheathed lance, which enters deep, and brings out the blood in streams. They often attack men, as I have personally experienced. Their incision is not poisonous, like that of the sand or black fly and mos-

quitoe. We only know that we have been bitten by an effusion of blood, as if a small vein had been opened.

Along the Rivers Détroit and St. Clair you may see in a meadow a number of cattle trying to feed, with their tails in constant motion, when all at once perpendicular up goes the tail, and the whole troop is cantering round the field, in the vain hope of getting rid of the flies. After a time, if possible, they rush into the water, and there remain with nothing but the nostrils and eyes visible. Many a time have I observed the patient eyes of the poor beast watching the progress of my canoe, and the momentary bobbing into the water of their heads to shake off some impudent mosquitoe.

I was sitting about mid-day in the shade near my tent on Belle Isle, the sky on fire, as is usual at that hour, and the gossamer air trembling over the shiny river. Having been immersed in one of Coleridge's rhymed dreams, I happened to raise my eyes, and saw coming down the stream in a canoe a strange-looking person standing upright, with a double-barrelled fowling-piece in his hand, while a boy in the stern was paddling direct for our camp. They landed close to me, and climbed the little bluff on which I was posted. A more singular Robinson Crusoe-like figure I never beheld than the elder stranger.

In the sequel everything was explained. Although seldom seen on the St. Clair, this gentleman was not unknown, and was called by the squatters "the Banished Lord." They knew no other name. His speech and bearing at once revealed that he was an Englishman of distinction. How he came there was another thing. Perhaps he had been *mal-adroit* at Boodle's; or crossed in some darling wish; or else was simply eccentric —who knows? I did not then.

He was a middle-sized, well-made man, slender and sinewy, as erect as at twenty-five, although evidently much on the wrong side of fifty. He had a small, oval, wrinkled face, with the ruddy bloom of out-door life still lingering on it. There had been a time when he was handsome and very fair. His eyes were grey, bold, and uneasy; the nose rather high and well-formed, as well as his lips; and he could not stand steady, on account of a little nervous twitch which was always at work somewhere. He had on a rusty, napless, but well-shaped hat, with some turns of cord round it. His coat was green, single-breasted, built in the year one, and patched with drabs and greens of all hues and shapes, evidently with his own hands, with white thread, most unskilfully. Two or three coils of leather thongs hung in his coat button-holes, as if to carry home game

with. The first time I saw him he had no waistcoat; but a coarse clean shirt covered his chest, crossed with a silver watch-guard; but in cooler weather he wore a deer-skin vest up to his throat. His pantaloons were of faded blue calico, fitting loosely, and tightened below the knee with leather straps. His foot-wear was the strong mocassin, the best of all for woods and rocks.

His young scamp of a boy was in corduroy and cap, and was soon lying on the grass looking at the sun through his fingers.

"Sir," said my visitor, when he had made good his footing beside me, "it is very seldom that an Englishman is met with in these waters; we see him pass — that is all. I heard, at my place on the Bear Creek, of your surveyors planting their little red and white flags up and down the St. Clair, so I thought I would take a peep at you, and knock over a turkey on the way; but I have had no sport as yet. Seeing that you are at ease and idle on this bright working-day, what office do you hold in the camp?"

"I have the honour to be, sir," I said, in reply, "*medico* to the Boundary Commission, and British secretary. I may surely say that we are honoured by your visit. I am sorry my friends are out on duty, and that the Commissioners themselves are

not with us." He then asked a variety of particulars about our proceedings.

The secluded life of the banished lord seemed to have blunted no faculty. He was not a hollow-eyed misanthrope; but, with a dash of the eccentric, was full of right thoughts; and fitting expressions for them were found at will.

As I was on the wing, and not likely to intrude into his den on the Bear Creek, he was pleased to talk freely with me. He took a gloomy view of the domestic state of Great Britain, and expressed his satisfaction at having escaped from an impending storm, from the great conflict he saw about to arise between the popular will and George the Fourth's camarilla.

"There are," said he, "vast questions, religious, political, and commercial, to be settled, by many destructive oscillations between extremes, and hundreds of thousands will pay in purse or person. Then, sir, I see a very bad sign in great force. Property of all kinds is centring in vast masses, while the millions are in the deepest poverty. In England, destitution will not sit tamely down by the side of repletion. The king cares not to see this; and the great party now at the helm of state will not. The people are silently educating for the struggle; and it will take place in my day. Therefore I fled, as have

done many others; but most of them into the United States.* As I have had in my day a good fill of London life, and am passionately fond of field sports, I rushed into the most solitary wild I could find. I was led by mere chance to Bear Creek, in Sombra. It abounds in game of all kinds—the deer, moose, wolf, bear, water-fowl, turkey, and so forth. My patch of land lies high, in a dry section, and we live in health and plenty. It is true, and I confess it, I have been too impetuous. The change was too violent and sudden for my poor wife, who, although she had to suffer much from my relatives, and gladly escaped from them, yet she drooped and wearied in our lone place, and was every day missing some little comfort or other. I could have had all I enjoy here, within fifty miles of Montreal, with easy access to gossip and female fal-lals. She died about four years ago. And now a new and pressing concern has grown up — what to do with two boys and a girl; and, truth to tell, I get stiffer in the joints; so that I am now pondering on a return to civilized life for the education of my children."

The exile had all the talk to himself. He par-

* At this period two or three gentlemen gave me these reasons in nearly the same words for withdrawing themselves and their property from England. They were nervous persons, and liable to act on sudden impulses.

took of some refreshment, and took a courteous leave. His home was six or seven miles into the woods, along a blaze, a little distance lower down the river. I saw him again at Fort St. Clair, our next station on this stream, at the mouth of the Black River, a large affluent from the south.

I had in the meantime obtained some information about him; but his name I did not learn. His reserve and lofty manner, together with some command of money, had procured for him his bye-name.* He had been a good husband. His small farm was in tolerable order. His singular dress must have been a whim. He made no companions, save one or two good shots, who lived ten miles from him; and now and then he had a hurricane tobacco-smoke with a renowned Indian hunter.

At Fort St. Clair he brought me his daughter, ten years old — a handsome, freckled, sunburnt lass, and somewhat delicate in appearance; but full of spirits, as she did not know the object of her visit; which was to have a surplus tooth extracted: this, of course, was done — but re-

* While not very young he had made a *mésalliance* with a beautiful and gentle girl, who joyfully vowed in an English drawing-room to follow the man of her heart anywhere — across the ocean, and into the wilderness; but she sank under the rudeness, the gloom, and strangeness of her new abode.

luctantly. I do not like pulling at ladies' teeth. They never forgive you; but you are to them an executioner for all time.

I suggested to the father the propriety of sending this forest-maid to England, or at least to a good school at Toronto or Kingston; and he took my words in good part.

In the Canadas remarkable persons are continually turning up. The Chevalier and Madame de Brosse are not the only members of the old court of France in the western country. I have repeatedly passed the house (then shut up, and going to ruin) of the Count and Countess of K., persons of high consideration in France before 1790, now long since dead. They had no children, and literally shut themselves up in a Swiss cottage, which they built on the Niagara frontier. It had a heavy roof, and two wooden galleries running round it.

I was extremely pleased (as well as surprised) one Sunday in the woods by a sermon preached by a meek old clergyman, passionless quite, externally, in a little church hid in a wood, and hardly holding thirty persons. I asked an old farmer how it came that such piety and such eloquence were so buried in that out-of-the-world nook? "Mr. Addison," replied he, "is beloved far and wide; but he won't quit his first haven

of rest. Thirty years ago he came here from England a broken-hearted widower, with two little daughters. They are married and gone; but he will not go till soul and body part."

I could easily increase this list, if necessary.

The survey having been completed from lake St. Clair up to and beyond Belle Isle, the camp was moved to the mouth of the Black River, ten miles higher up, the British bank being then a forest, and the American occupied by good farms, the brisk and sparkling river running between.

We took possession of a deserted orchard, thirty feet above the St. Clair, and close to the site of an old French fort, on the left bank of the Black River.

The astronomer and all his party left me here for the head of the St. Clair, intending to survey homewards. The bulk of the stores remained with me.

I only saw my friends once in the three weeks of my stay there: company I had none but my servant. There was a large house about three hundred yards off; but it only contained two women and some small shy children. My sight was now and then gladdened by a schooner dropping lazily down the stream, or by the quicker flight of a canoe.

The weather (June 10) was for a week truly

dreadful. For a moment I thought of deserting my charge. Every evening brought its severe thunderstorm and torrents of rain. The lightning every ten minutes during the tempest plunged into the surrounding woods in comparatively thick columns. Trees and cattle were struck; and a woman was so excited by the proximity of one flash, that I bled her with benefit. One dark and stormy night, although my tent was sheltered by trees, the wind blew it down while I was asleep. I thought the wet canvas would have suffocated me; and I was only released after much exertion.

The clouds never left our sky; the mornings were gloomy; but it was in the evening that the tempests occurred. The Black River rose, and brought down an abundance of mud and trees.

One night, a little before dusk, as I stood by its margin, watching the large tree-roots and the entangled masses of turf and stones as they swept down the boiling stream, three men on horseback, with large-caped great-coats, came to the opposite bank, travellers evidently. They shouted for the ferryman; but there was no such official; and my servant had been taken for the survey in place of a boatman laid up with fever. There lay close to me a large pirogue (a hollowed tree-trunk), with a good deal of water in it. But who

was to navigate such a ticklish water-machine? —none but myself, utterly inexperienced in that sort of navigation.

I did not like either the vessel or the troubled stream; but, after a little more shouting, I caught the word "Mission!" when the thought struck me — partly jocosely, I fear — that if I was to be drowned it could not be in a better cause. So I fetched a bowl, and baled the rain-water out of the pirogue; and, seizing a broad, heavy paddle, loosed my bark, with no little trepidation, and drove her to the opposite shore. At three trips we then took the men and horses across. By this time it was becoming dusk.

I ran over to the large house, and asked shelter for the dripping horses, and for a little butter; for the party consisted of my friend, Captain Stewart, and two American clergymen, on their way to establish a mission among the Saguina Indians, on the fertile banks of a river of that name in Lake Huron.

I was delighted with my guests, and forthwith covered the two short planks which formed my table with biscuit, chocolate, and some savoury salt pork. Then having placed the large kettle full of water on the fire, I had done my best.

"Captain Stewart," said I, "all the articles that are on the table belong to the King of Eng-

land. Do you think it right to refresh your republican friends with them?"

"Yes," he answered, "for they are the servants of the King of kings. But," he went on to say, "we have not travelled far to-day; could not Mr. Hudson address a little congregation after supper? The few settlers here are far from church or chapel; it would be a pity to let such an opportunity slip."

As the night was creeping on, I ran again to the house (which I had never approached till that day), and prevailed upon the females to give us the use of their largest room, and to light it up with four home-made candles firmly stuck into the plastered walls. Not only that, but they started off a girl, bareheaded, into the bog for some Irish families, while I ran half-a-mile up the river-side, to tell the people of four huts there that a prayer-meeting would be held at Mrs. Palmer's in twenty minutes.

At half-past nine o'clock we entered the lighted-up room, and were agreeably surprised to find thirty persons assembled — straight-haired, long-faced Yankees, with their wives and children; some shock-headed Irish, all shining with haste, and taking the affair partly as a show, and partly for instruction.

The service was conducted in the Presbyterian

method, almost wholly by the Rev. Mr. Hudson; his brother missionary and Captain Stewart only adding a few sentences; the latter in his usual brief, direct, and soldier-like style.

An easy tune to well-known words enabled most of the assembly to join in the hymn. The sermon was very suitable. The attention was great, and much thankfulness afterwards expressed.

The Irish were such freckled, red-headed, thorough Celts, with the characteristic massy jaws, that I have no doubt but they were Roman Catholics; if so, their presence in that assembly was creditable to them.

Our three friends slept on the floor of the room which they had consecrated, and early next morning they were on their journey.

This seems not an unfitting place for a few desultory remarks on missions to the Indians, suggested by the visit which has been just described.

Are we to be contented with the puny efforts at present in operation towards making this finely-organised and impressible race of red men acquainted with the blessings of the Christian religion? Is it enough to be idly repeating "the wordless mourning of the dove?" Should we not be doing?

In 1848 there were 14,000 Indians in the Canadas, and very many more in the Hudson's Bay

territories, while the missionaries were extremely few.

I am persuaded that there is not an inhabited place on the earth's surface where a Christian, with God's blessing, may not convert souls, and raise a church and churches. Nothing can withstand the excellence and loveliness of Gospel principles arrayed in the brightness of a Gospel life. Success is not doubtful. It is simply an affair of time, patience, and prayer.

The following Indian stations should be occupied immediately: — The Rice Lake, on Lake Ontario; the Sheriff Valley, on the Ottawa; the River St. Clair; Penetanguishene; the Falls of St. Mary; the Rainy Lake and River; the Saskatchawine, and its many branches; the Peace River; and many points on the sides of the Rocky Mountains.

These may suffice for the present; for faith is weak, and love is cold. Englishmen have pitched so high the standard of personal comforts and family display, that there is but a small surplus left with which to scatter blessings. Evangelisation is expensive, and requires support from without. The rich will not go; at least none that I know of, since good Dean Berkley went to Bermuda a hundred years ago. It is even difficult to find a suitable *paid* missionary. It is sad to think

that the maintenance of the missionary interest at home and the collection of the necessary funds are only accomplished by the super-human exertions of a few, who leave no decent means untried, no argument unpressed, and no corner of England unvisited, in behalf of this best of causes.

I desire chiefly and emphatically to insist upon this great point — that, if possible, missionaries should go out in numbers together, and act upon fixed principles, under the guidance of a responsible local head, to whom you may give any name you please. Missions should not be, as hitherto, established piecemeal and fortuitously, but according to some well-digested plan, taking in the present and future wants of a considerable region. Hitherto, in our schemes, we have not looked into the bright future, but have been confined to the limited prospects of to-day.

It has too frequently been forgotten that conversion from heathenism includes civilization; that therefore conversion brings new wants, new sensations, and new decencies; for all which there should be provision.

In the Indian countries of North America, the missionary should be enabled to show in a striking manner that the practice of Christianity is great gain in this life. He should therefore be accompanied from our shores by a considerable staff of

assistants, ready to operate upon the heathen mind in a variety of ways simultaneously — as through the schoolmaster, the medical man, the cultivator, and the various artisans, as well as by his own ministrations, which should fertilize and sanctify the whole.

The permission of the authorities (such as they are) of the district to be operated upon having been obtained, a model village should be established as a palpable object, showing forth all the privileges, comforts, and security of the Christian economy. The Indian should be invited to reside in the village; the young men and women should be taken into the missionary-house as helpers, and as near witnesses to the amenities and graces of a Christian household. They will be the first converts.

Schools, the chief means of conversion for the first twenty years, should be gradually established. The necessity for continuous labour must be cautiously insinuated, because the savage is extremely averse from it. The many simpler arts of agriculture or manufacture should be taught; and, above most things, the weak, aged, and sick should be fed, cured, and cared for.

If these points be kept in view in any tolerable manner, and the Gospel at the same time plainly and affectionately preached, by the blessing of

God, in due season, the result wished for—conversions not only numerous but permanent, will follow; chiefly, however, among the young and very young, rarely among the middle-aged and old, who will have to die off, as a rule, with occasional gratifying exceptions. Their minds are so bricked up with heathen habits and prejudices, that the good news can scarce enter. Meeting with no response in their hearts, it is an unknown sound, and has no significance.

Thus, the grand system of converting the Indians is to provide as many large regions as possible with some such centre of Christian civilization as that just adverted to, with ramifications here and there, as circumstances point out, the branches superintended if possible by natives.

This plan economises labour, and greatly hastens the appearing and ripening of fruit. It is especially adapted to the rude populations of North America, Africa, and the South Seas.

The relief thus brought to the clerical missionary by the division of labour and by the sustaining proximity of friends is enormous; it quadruples his forces.

I speak the more earnestly, inasmuch as I have looked upon the dejected face of the solitary labourer among the heathen, bowed to the earth by weakness and anxiety within; and without, by

the perversity and fickleness of his converts, and the active rage of his enemies.

These missionary communities were one great means of propagating the Christianity of the middle ages. St. Bernard planted his Clairvaux among marshes and woods, far away from ordinary society. These deserts he and his companions drained and cultivated; by their kindness and wisdom attracting, in the course of time, a large and prosperous population, untouched by the desolating wars of those dreadful times. There were then many such social and religious asylums in Europe, or man must have been extirpated; and each had its off-sets, sanctuaries of knowledge and help, to which the regions around gratefully resorted.

Something like this has been practised by British missionary societies in modern times, but not fully and systematically. I plead for this as the best and most effectual method.

The Christians of the United States, in their missions to the Osage, Sioux, and other Indians, have long made use of associate groups of labourers, and their success has been proportionate.

One of the most comely spectacles in the world is exhibited in the United States, when one of these missionary bodies is travelling from some city on the shores of the Atlantic westward to the Indian countries. They journey all together.

The time of their arrival being previously known at the towns and principal villages on the route, they are met at convenient distances, and, after a short interval of cordial greetings and prayer, are escorted with singing into the town, where they are entertained by the chief inhabitants. The evangelists depart in the same way, and are often laden with such gifts as are likely to be of use in the wilderness.

This apostolic tribute of respect and sympathy frequently occurs. I wish it were constant.

I have reason to believe that the American Board of Missions will not suffer their agents to accept of or purchase land from the natives under any pretence. This is a point upon which all barbarous people are peculiarly sensitive and jealous. Missionaries are not to pay themselves in this way. Their motives must be beyond suspicion. No policy can be more injurious to the cause of missions than that of grasping or even accepting land. A great English missionary society, otherwise admirably conducted, has made the unhappy mistake of permitting its missionaries to acquire land from the natives; with great reluctance, doubtless.* An association of Quakers at Philadelphia, some years ago, sent a mixed body of preachers and artisans

* *Vide* Report for 1849.

to the Pawnees (or Osages). The Indians granted them permission to occupy from three hundred to four hundred acres of land. They became greatly attached to the wise and patient strangers, fond of their society, and received from them daily benefits in the shape of clothing, medicine, reparation of tools, education, counsel, and especially, what was fast beginning to appear of the most importance, the message of heavenly peace. All was prospering, when enemies to the Gospel from a distance interposed their opinions. "This is the way of the pale faces," said they; "they are enslaving you. Your land they have, and strong houses upon it. They will soon have your hunting-grounds and yourselves. Go into the white country. Have they charmed their own people to be such fools as you are?" The Indians deserted the mission. The Friends immediately perceived the change and the cause of it. They were ordered by their employers at Philadelphia to break up and come home directly. The Pawnees did not hinder them; but in a little time they discovered the loss they had sustained. Some few, from the first, were inconsolable from honest affection; more regretted the lost helps and comforts; the birds ate up their ill-sown and neglected corn; the guns, hoes, and spade were useless. They had begun to delight in the Bible,

but there was no interpreter. They were at their wits' end, until they resolved to send a deputation a thousand miles to Philadelphia to bring back their benefactors at any price. The Quakers returned. (*Weyland on Population.*)

If there seem so much ground to be occupied, and the means so scanty as not to permit the planting of large missionary societies, a married missionary, with or without a schoolmaster, is the next best method of conducting this excellent work. Their strength should be principally spent among the young, and in the formation of schools for both sexes. From hence comes the main harvest. Itinerancy, for the purpose of preaching and the distribution of tracts, need not be neglected, but it should be quite a secondary object at a new station. While little impression is thus made upon the older people, a great injury is done to the health of the missionary by the unavoidable exposure to the sun. A room or chapel must be set apart at or near the missionary premises for the regular celebration of Divine service, to which the natives should be kindly and urgently invited.

If missionary societies were to establish a system of periodic inspection by persons of piety, influence, and practical wisdom, the benefit would be great. Mr. Backhouse and his friend were

of very considerable service in visiting at their own charges the numerous missionary stations in South Africa, the Mauritius, and elsewhere.

The publication of the report of such tours would pay the greater part of the expense; and, now that steam pervades all lands, the labour and loss of time would not be great. Such publication would stimulate and comfort the distant missionary, and vindicate him when unjustly accused, for evil tales are not wanting in the South Seas, &c. It would rectify mistakes, and stop rising abuses. It is my conviction that our missionaries in the mass are doing their work well, and are thoroughly worthy of our esteem and support.

Missionaries should be adapted to their spheres of action. Send the scholar and the controversialist to the Mahometans, the Chinese, and Hindoos, men of disciplined minds and literary tastes, Send the plain man of God, of a simple character and patient, familiar with the common arts of domestic life, to the uncivilised tribes of North America, &c.

Too much time, I fear, has hitherto been allotted to Latin and Greek in our missionary institutions;—not that they are to be altogether thrown aside, but I am clear that they have greatly usurped the place of more practical things, such as some acquaintance with medicine and

surgery (the great recommendation in heathen lands), the management of schools, the use of tools, the reclaiming of wild land. Every missionary should spend a little time at an agricultural college. A great part of the value of a missionary, it should never be forgotten, lies in his being a good administrator, the skilful director of a group of minds not so gifted as his own.

These things will teach the servant of God, among other things, how to provide occupation (so indispensable to the best of us) for his convert, and how to enable that convert to earn his own independent bread,—a power so elevating to the individual, and so carefully insisted on in the Scriptures. The change from the heathen to the Christian often involves a total change in the mode of subsistence, and is one of the greatest obstacles met with in hunting and pastoral countries.

Who have been the most successful missionaries? Not the men of high collegiate attainments. They are invaluable as translators; but the great pioneers, the most eminent cross-bearers, those who have sweetly drawn multitudes into the Gospel net, are Brainerd, Swartz, Moffat, Freeman, Cochran,*

* A schoolmaster in 1825 in a secluded village in Nottinghamshire, and afterwards eminently successful as an ordained minister of the Church of England at the Red River Settlement, Hudson's Bay.

John Williams, who fell at Rarotonga, and the two brothers Williams of New Zealand.* These are a few among many, all full of Bible principles,

* The two Williams' are from the same county as Cochran. Their usefulness has been so great, and their preparation for the work so appropriate, as to be unmistakeably providential.

Their mother was a pious and talented lady. She devoted herself exclusively to the education of her numerous family; first and foremost, doubtless, imbuing them with her own personal interest in the Saviour and his grand designs.

In secular matters her method was that of Pestalozzi, before his day. She familiarized her children with the origin, nature, and uses of every object that met their eye. In a large work-room given up to them, they were taught to delight in the use of tools and how to construct boxes, tables, ships, globes, philosophical instruments, &c. &c. Every child too had his own garden.

Reverses in fortune soon afterwards followed, in which she and hers were blameless victims.

Henry, the elder brother, entered the navy, obtained a lieutenancy, and long bore the buffetings of the sea. Being placed on half-pay, he married wisely, and in no long time sailed as a missionary in the service of the Church Missionary Society, in 1822, to New Zealand, then in the undisturbed possession of the cannibals.

His younger brother William was (and is) of a remarkably mild disposition. He for some years studied medicine at Southwell, &c., but in the end was received into holy orders, and followed his brother Henry. These brothers were from the first unconsciously fitting for hardships and perils under the eye of a Christian mother, who, it is pleasant to record, saw the fruit long waited for.

Hence in New Zealand they were prepared to face the savages, to build houses, a missionary ship, make furniture, and thus, assisted by their Wesleyan missionary brethren, they became the honoured instruments of causing the desolations of heathenism to disappear before the felicities of the Christian religion.

of great practical skill in governing and educating barbarians.

These men have been mostly taken from a rank of life somewhat below that from which the Episcopal clergy are taken. They have not been too delicately brought up, and are ready to meet cheerfully great personal privations.

The class of men especially fitted for this work are farmers' sons of piety, good constitution, and skilled in country labours. A large acquaintance with the Bible, and some knowledge of languages, are also necessary. Such have hitherto been the best Wesleyan missionaries.

I think I see a long line of efficient and pious labourers in this field, about to spring from the new order of schoolmasters and mistresses preparing, by the help of government grants, from among city missionaries, and from the colonies themselves.

The colonies now contain a large and stirring population. I have seen in the Canadas several young men well adapted to American missionary work, but there is great reason to expect difficulties and opposition to any great and liberal effort from the known ultra high-church principles of some of our colonial bishops.

Lest I write a pamphlet, I must now return to the St. Clair and Lake Erie.

Having finished our survey of these waters, we left Fort St. Clair on the 1st or 2d of July; very gladly on my part, for although pretty confident in the powers of my constitution, I did not like the kind of country. Clearances having greatly extended since 1821, it may be more healthy now.

We sailed in the Confiance to Amherstburgh, where for a fortnight or so we took leave of that pleasant vessel.

After a day spent in refitting and revictualling, we left in our own roomy barge for a spot on the shore of Lake Erie, near "The Settlement," in the township of Colchester.

We embarked after an early dinner on a still and sultry day. Gliding gently past the picturesque and not unenvied cottages which stud the Détroit river-side, the last being that of my friends the Chevalier and Madame de Brosse, we entered the broad expanse of Lake Erie;—no land in sight, southerly, except a few specks, called the Sister Isles, and the low mainland, nowhere visible for any distance.

We hugged the north or British shore for twelve miles, with just enough water to float in.

For much of the way it was not easy to point out the actual margin of the lake. There was a curious intermingling of forest, grassy savannahs, and clear water. On narrow ridges of land were

growing most august plane-trees in prolonged rows, with a magnificent profusion of leafage. Other trees in drier situations, such as the oak, chestnut, black walnut, were remarkably fine, such as the Huron and other northerly districts cannot boast of.

Upon the long and tortuous roots of trees which jut into the lake, terrapins (fresh-water turtles) were in hundreds, with their little twinkling eyes, sitting as quiet as mice, but plunging by dozens into the water as we approached. They are from six to ten inches long, and prettily marked.

Entangled among these tree-roots, rocked by the waves, we saw a poor dead deer, which, from the freshness of its dapple skin, must have been alive that day.

After a few miles of this low umbrageous country, "a world of leaves, and dews, and summer airs," rises a line of earthy cliffs, from thirty to one hundred and fifty feet high, which continues for many leagues, nay, throughout the principal part of the north shore of Lake Erie.

We pitched our tents about five miles from the north end of these cliffs, on their flat summit, one hundred and fifty feet above the lake, and commanding a very striking range of view.

Standing with my back to the lake, and looking northward from my tent-door, the eye swept over

a vast surface—many miles—of low lands and marsh, beginning almost at our feet; an undulating and all but impassable jungle, full of ponds, reeds, alders, vines, willows, and such-like in the hollows, and of the harder woods in the little land that is dry, all of unusual luxuriance, and teeming with animal life, from the panther, the bear, the eagle, and the rattlesnake, down to the smallest insect that plies the wing. This pestiferous morass discharges its surplus waters by the Canard Creek into the River Détroit.

Close to us runs the rarely-trodden Talbot Road, skirting the whole of this side of Lake Erie, more or less practicable, and here overgrown with young trees, among which the graceful foliage of the sumach preponderates,—a sure indication of mosquitoes innumerable.

Turning round and looking south from our tents, we had before us the wide expanse of Lake Erie (for we had cut away the intervening shrubbery to let in the breeze). There was the opposite coast of Ohio, grey in the distance, and the intermediate waters, ornamented with groups of woody isles, from the leafy depths of some of which (the British) the smoke of a free negro hut arose,—an incense grateful to the Almighty Father of all, who hateth oppression.

The whole day after our arrival it had rained

in torrents, but in the evening the weather cleared up, and I ventured out for a walk eastward down the lake.

I had scarcely gone a mile when I met an illustrious group of travellers in most undignified pickle, just where the road was a mere track overgrown with coppice. It was no less than the Governor-General of British North America and suite, part on horseback and part in a country cart, all looking as jaded, and downcast, and saturated with moisture, as if they had been dragged through and through a mill-pond for their misdeeds.

I did not fail to show due reverence, and to offer the poor comforts of my tent; but, after receiving directions as to his route, the Earl of of Dalhousie wisely determined to continue his journey through the bush, sixteen miles more, to Amherstburgh, while there was light; for little had been done to the road further than to fell the trees and border it with a ditch. I do not forget that I was served with more than one ejectment into the raspberry bushes in travelling slowly and doubtingly along this same highway.

I also found my way one day westwards for a couple of miles. There I met with what is called "The Settlement," twelve or fourteen decent cottages, standing apart in a line, each with

its cleared land behind. There may be many more, but I did not see them. The inhabitants were evidently decent, industrious people.

Close to the lake, in front of the Settlement, was an Episcopal church, with a tower of white limestone, nearly finished.

There is now a Baptist chapel also.

When I was there the religious wants of the people were differently supplied, and in the manner shown in the following little narrative:-

Towards dusk, on Saturday evening, I was sitting before my tent, thankful for the cool air from the waters, and examining some bright red sand I had found at the foot of the cliff, which proved to be small garnets, when a boy, while he tapped my shoulder, suddenly whispered into my ear, "There will be preaching at Widow Little's of the Settlement, at nine to-morrow morning."

Before I could thank him the boy was gone; and I ought to have mentioned, that a couple of hours before I had been roused by the heavy, measured fall of a horse's foot, an unusual sound; and soon there passed by me, on a well-fed bay mare, a man of about thirty-two years of age, of staid and intelligent features, rather good-looking, dressed in a good coat and waistcoat of dark-grey jane, with drab pantaloons, clean and tidy. He saluted me and rode on. This was the preacher.

At nine o'clock the next morning I was at Widow Little's. She was a respectable cottager, and, besides the willing heart, she had a room rather larger than her neighbours.

I found the place full of people, in their Sunday-clothes, sitting on a few high-backed chairs, and upon very low forms only intended for children.

All was earnest and solemn: every face showed a to learn. The missionary stood with his back close to the fire-place, and clearly and unaffectedly he read out entirely the beautiful hymn, which begins

> "Yes, we trust the day is breaking!
> Joyful times are near at hand!
> God, the mighty God, is speaking,
> By his word, in every land!"

And then, clasping with both hands the back of a chair, he led the spirited psalmody, in which the little company of about thirty, chiefly women and children, joined loudly and well.

A prayer followed, which I thought too long, but otherwise good; then another hymn, and after that a sermon from the text, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," (Isa. lx. 1); on the necessity of salvation to all; that it is our first concern

to seek for it ourselves, and then to endeavour to communicate it to others.*

The sermon was very striking, but not violent: indeed, except now and then, his tones were low and his manner unusually subdued.

He made many good remarks, and one or two which were called for by the occurrences of the day.

"I was sad and sorry," he said, "to find bro-
"ther Simmons lying on a bed of sickness, and
"some of his children were weakly.

"John has a heart for the work. When well,
"blessed be God, he could and did work both
"for his Redeemer and his neighbour.

"I pray that he may be soon restored to us;
"but now he can do nothing for anybody.
"has lost that strength and harmony of feel' gs
"which we call health, and which is absolutely
"necessary either for thinking or doing.

* Although camp-meetings occasionally take place in Canada West, yet for six years I never was within reach of one. They cannot, therefore, be common.

The crazy and wicked scenes said to occur at them I take to be exceptional or exaggerated; though, doubtless, there is often a good deal of religious extravagance and absurdity. This is to be accounted for by the secluded lives of those who attend, the rareness to them of religious addresses, and the effect of sombre woods on the imagination. Simply being in a crowd is sufficient to intoxicate the inhabitant of a back-settlement.

" His fellow-creatures, nay, his dearest friends,
" may be on the brink of destruction, but they
" can have no help from John Simmons.

" For the present, disease has made him utterly
" powerless. He is not to be reckoned upon—
" scarcely for a prayer.

" This is very bad, if properly considered; but
" let me tell you that there is a far deeper and
" blacker pit than this. I mean where a man's
" soul is diseased. A man with a diseased soul—
" an unconverted man, if I am to speak out—
" seeks the chief good, the spiritual good of
" none. It is possible that he may desire the
" carnal benefit of a few in the things which
" perish in the using. Such a soul is dead and
" insensible to the mercies of God in heaven and
" earth. He is so blinded and infatuated as not
" to feel his own misery by nature, and there-
" fore seeks for no deliverance. How can such
" a man deliver others? He has neither the
" wish nor the power. He is the slave of Satan,
" and Satan is as strong and cruel as ever; none of
" his weapons of war have perished If there be
" any answering this description before me now, let
" us pray for him or her, until he become one of
" the saved; until he call out in triumph, 'I was
" 'dead, and now am alive.'

"And it rejoices me to tell you that the sol-
"diers of the cross are every day becoming
"bolder and more numerous. The baptism of
"love is spreading, the kingdom of Christ is fast
"enlarging, while that of the devil is dimi-
"nishing. Yes, my friends! the kingdom of
"Satan is already rim-cracked and centre-
"shaken" (in allusion to their household vessels of wood), "and shall be swept away as an un-
"clean thing." After a pause he added, "If I
"had as many lives as there are stars in the
"heavens, I would spend them in the service of
"my gracious Redeemer."

After the service I thanked the preacher for his excellent discourse.

We spoke of the state of religion in the parts of Canada West, with which he was acquainted.

He said he was a travelling missionary preacher of the Canadian Wesleyans, and was constantly perambulating a large circuit, embracing a number of half-peopled localities, destitute of religious instruction. A horse was found him, and he received an annual money-payment of 21*l*. He always found a welcome at the various stations in the houses of friends. The number of this class of ministers varies; in 1847 it was seventeen. The

Church of England has (1847) six itinerating missionaries in Canada West.*

He said, that the number of ministers and places of worship was very insufficient; but at the present day (1847) it is ten times greater than in London. He found that while many were indifferent, the bulk of the people heard him gladly, and came from great distances. The new neighbourhoods soon felt the want of a place of worship, and sooner than might have been expected supplied that want. Of whatever denomination the majority happened to be, the minority worshipped with them until they could provide a minister of their own, when all used the same edifice, until each could afford to have its own, which was felt to be a great advantage.

The following is the number of the churches and chapels in Canada West in the year 1847, as far as can be compiled from Smith's "Gazetteer,"

* The Rev. Thomas Green, Episcopal travelling missionary in Canada West, in a letter to the present excellent Bishop of Montreal, describes his duties as very severe. He writes, that since his arrival in his district he has preached nearly a sermon a-day, and has ridden fifteen miles a-day, nearly equal to thirty in England, in every variety of temperature, undergoing constant privations, and frequently resting at night in log-houses, whose unstopped chinks admit the cold air and damps of midnight.

but some, planted in obscure and thin neighbour hoods, must have been omitted :—

Episcopalian.	Baptist.	Methodist.	Presbyterian.	Quakers.	Catholic.	Lutheran.	Free Church of Scotland.	Christian.*	Free to all.	Coloured Persons.	Irvingite.	Moravian.	Unknown.	Disciples.*	Unitarian.	Total.
107	22	114	90	5	48	3	9	5	8	4	1	1	2	1	1	421

The exact amount of the population of Canada West is not known, although a near estimate may be made. It is supposed to be 650,000. In this total is included an undoubted increase since the very imperfect census was taken in 1842. The officers superintending the operation so frightened and confused the enumerators by dividing the information required into 120 heads, that from many of the districts no returns whatever were made.

If, in like manner. we add one-fifth to the number of churches, we shall have one for every 1287 of the population; a result which would be very favourable if the churches were always accessible, which they are not.

No account is taken of the Mennonites, but they are a considerable body.

* Names given to themselves by separatists.

The number of ministers serving these churches is shown in the subjoined table, also compiled from Smith's "Gazetteer" for 1847. The Roman Catholic clergy being omitted, the proportion of ministers to population cannot be given:—

Episcopal.	Wesleyan.	Scotch.	Free Church of Scotland.	Congregational Presbyterian.	Baptist.	Unitarian.	Total.
111	153	40	31	29	38	1	403

The number of the inhabitants of Canada West who are totally or nearly destitute of public worship is not so great as is supposed; but there are, unhappily, too many so situated.

Poverty has driven them into distant wildernesses, where land can be had for little or nothing. They are to be pitied and relieved. Is their conduct to be compared with that of the 80,000 miserable persons in Glasgow who daily hear the church-bell, but systematically for years never obey its holy call? Besides, these lonely settlers know that a few months or years will bring a church or chapel to them.

It seems to me that the Episcopal clergy are taken from too high a class for colonial service. They are usually so dissimilar from their flocks in tastes, habits, and prejudices, that they might

almost come from another planet. Their early nurture has been too nice, and their education too academic, to admit of that familiarity, combined with true respect on the part of their people, which gives such well-earned influence to the Roman Catholic clergy in certain parts of Europe, and to the Wesleyan in Great Britain,—an influence which pervades both civil and spiritual life.

English bishops (I speak deferentially) are too well paid, are set up too high above their fellow-clergy, have too much direct patronage, and are placed apart in some distant park or castle, so that they are apt to see only with the eyes of a busy, expectant chaplain or two, and therefore but indifferently.

These and many other crying evils in the Church of England, brought on by the lapse of time and the cupidity of men, are in the course of extinction. The very next generation, it is confidently hoped, will only wonder that such things could have ever been. A thousand influences, open and secret, are at the sure work of their early suppression. As a conscientiously-attached member of the Church of England, I see the necessity for "*nova post lucem lux.*"

The colonial bishops are more active. Many of them are laborious and useful men, but others

again are deeply tainted with Puseyism (so worshipful of bishops), and are doing no little harm by frowning down evangelical religion—oppressing it, I ought to say—and encouraging formalism, which is sure to end in Popery.

Greatly as I prefer the constitution and formularies of the Church of England, I am not sorry to see a considerable share of evangelical dissent in Canada West. It shows, that thought is active in the woods upon subjects of extreme importance, and also that many of the settlers are from the independent and meditative classes.

Some say, "Oh, that dissent were altogether swept away from England and her colonies, and that the Established Church held universal and undisputed sway!" But, no; a greater calamity could not befall English Christianity. Despotism in its direst form, the despotism of ecclesiastics, would follow. Freedom of opinion and individual responsibility would be gone. There would soon grow up a small dissentient minority, which would be called heretical, malignant, and then be hunted to the death by an inexorable and all-powerful confederacy. Able and ready instruments for any form of tyranny or cruelty in so sacred and profitable a cause are easily found.—I could name them while I write, prompt either to direct or execute.

Differences of opinion among the real children of God on minor points will always prevail. They seem to be part of our intellectual constitution, and are beautifully adapted to our welfare. Among other advantages, they afford a field for the exercise of humility, mutual forbearance, and patient love.

It is delightful to think, that in Canada the State supports equally all the denominations into which true Christians have classed themselves. It has been there conceded that kings and queens are not to be nursing fathers and mothers to a part of the Church of Christ only, but to the whole.

It is well to remember, that "the strength and "glory of a Church consists, not so much in its "temporalities, as in the presence of the Saviour, "the power of the Holy Ghost, the vital godliness "of her ministers and members, and the faith-"fulness, boldness, and evangelical tone of her "ministrations."

All this is undeniably true; but truth, like light, offends the feeble eye, and at first repels: but although, for a time, it may be hid, and hindered in its solemn manifestation, nothing can extinguish its brightness, nor prevent its final triumph upon earth.

There is an elaborate system of schools in

Canada West. I do not undertake to explain it. A book which treats upon all subjects becomes unreadable.

I have reason to think that it works well. The returns, however, are as yet very imperfect; but it can be gathered from Smith's "Gazetteer," that, in Canada West, 353,317 of the population have 1508 schools, called common schools; which is in the proportion of 234 persons to one school. This is independent of many private boarding and day-schools for both sexes. In the thinly peopled districts, 20,000*l.* per annum is paid to the public schools, in addition to small local rates and the weekly payments of the children themselves. The school-houses are built by the districts.

A good system of superintendence has been devised, and tolerably well carried out. Of the details I know nothing.

Besides these means of education, it is the practice of the settlers to form circles of a dozen families each, and engage a young man to teach their children in some centrical situation. He is usually from New England, hired by the year at a moderate salary, and boarding with the parents in turn, for a month at a time. There are serious evils attached to this system. I shall only mention one—the republican principles un-

consciously taught and recommended in school histories, &c. &c.

I had personal intercourse with only one of these young schoolmasters, a very interesting person, with whom I resided for three weeks in the same house, on the River Détroit. He was an able and painstaking man, of sound religious principles. He told me a good deal about the plans for self-advancement of young people in the rural parts of New England.

It was the universal custom of the poorer of these to act as schoolmasters in the western settlements of their own country, and of Canada, for a time, in the hope of collecting a little capital for ulterior purposes.

My friend was one of these, a gentle, slight-made, fair-haired young man. He had been four or five years among us, and was on the eve of marriage, and of being settled on a farm in the state of Ohio.

Much might be said on the religious and secular colleges of Kingston, Toronto, and Coburgh—much in commendation, something in reprobation; but, as the passing glance which I can bestow would carry no weight, I prefer being altogether silent.

Our surveyors having only had to complete some triangulations, which sickness had before compelled them to leave unfinished, after a week's stay we left our lofty encampment on the cliffs of Lake Erie, where, by the bye, we had the pleasurable exercise of carrying every drop of the water* we required 150 feet up the steep.

A few hours took us back to Amherstburgh. There we found the Confiance ready to convey us down Lake Erie to the mouth of the River Niagara.

Lieutenant Grant and myself, while walking along the river side the same evening, met a couple of Indians trotting to Amherstburgh, in their usual way when loaded. One had a fine deer across his shoulders, and the other carried four wild turkeys. The latter we bought for a shilling a-piece, and half the deer for four shillings, to be paid for on board our good schooner, where soon afterwards our messmates gave the game a cordial welcome.

The next morning (Aug. 1), we sailed cheerily down the Détroit, and with a favourable but light breeze. So we proceeded at an easy rate, all in high spirits at returning home, down the lake, passing the Sisters, the St. Georges, the three

* One evening the water was at 92° Fahren. in the open lake near the shore. It boiled for our tea all the sooner.

Bass Islands, and lastly, the Island of Pelé,—all looking lovely.

Towards dusk, however, when these isles were dimly seen behind us, the sky became overcast, the wind arose, and by two o'clock A.M. the next morning had become a raging hurricane.

Just before daylight we came far too near the perpendicular rocks of Cleaveland, on the American shore, looming lofty and black in the darkness. These, after great anxiety, we succeeded in avoiding; but I must refrain from a lengthened description of this, the most violent storm on Lake Erie for many years; and it is infamous for them.

We were three nights and two days exposed to its fury, driving from side to side of this narrow lake, but with a general easterly course.

We should have perished, I verily believe, but with God's help for our stout commander and his brave crew. The waves swept away boats, binnacle, deer, turkeys, &c. &c., and strewed the sand of the lake bottom in great quantities upon the deck, and the table-cloth of a sail which we ventured to hoist.

Nobody thought of cooking, and few of eating. I confess to a couple of biscuits. I remained much in my berth, on account of the violent motion of the vessel, with simply a shirt on,

white jane trowsers, and light shoes, ready for a jump and a swim. I certainly thought (with the others) that our safety was very problematical. Of course, I felt for myself; but I also regretted the loss of all our surveys, and of our very valuable instruments. The shipwreck would have cost the public very many thousand pounds.

Once only was I nearly on deck to survey the scene; but I had hardly got high enough to see —standing on the companion-ladder—when a large wave, opaque with mud, soused me on the face, and drove me down again, accompanied by not a little water.

Our Canadian *voyageurs* were vastly disturbed. One old fellow with a sharp vinegar face jammed himself into a corner of the hold, and broke his usual silence by giving public notice that, if permitted to land alive, he would burn a candle one pound in weight in the nearest church, in honour of the Virgin—"the mild Mother"—the "Star of the sea."

He had scarcely uttered the vow, when the vessel quivered under a tremendous blow, and was buried for a moment beneath a great wave. Grénier shouted out, that he would pay for six masses. Another shock. The poor man, in an agony, doubled the weight of the candle, set his teeth spasmodically, and never spake more, until

the storm had ceased; for he saw all his summer wages a-melting. I have no right to found an argument upon this poor man's ignorance and fright.

Early on the third morning we saw the North Foreland (Long Point) on our north-west. The scud moved quick, and the waves were still high and full of sand, but the force of the storm was broken.

The land on either shore looked most charming. I envied the very cattle which were browsing in the pastures, in gentle contention with the mosquitoes. In due season, to my undisguisable joy, we anchored inside a reef near the Village of Waterloo, our destined haven; and we landed, thankful to our divine Preserver for a new and signal mercy.

One sloop foundered; its crew and passengers all lost. There happened to be but few vessels on the lake. These were much damaged.

We are within about twenty miles of the Falls of Niagara: thither we shall next repair.

END OF VOL. I.

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UPPER
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